PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

December

BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE

GIRL OF THE MOMENT
The Life Story of
JUNE ALLYSON
by
Adela Rogers
St. Johns

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MRS C SLOSBERG
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To make a Lovely Lady Lovelier...



BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris

GIFTS OF



For starlit moments . . .
you want your hands to be pretty
as a love tune . . . soft, beguiling.

So guard their beauty with
Trushay . . the "beforehand" lotion.
Smooth it on every day . . before
household tasks.

This rich velvety lotion helps
prevent roughness and dryness
. . . guards busy, beautiful hands,
even in hot, soapy water.

Try Trushay today.
See how it helps your hands
stay lovable.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

You remember how America thrilled as a voice came over the radio—"Our planes have bombed Tokyo!"

★ ★ ★ ★

We thrilled again and again to learn how Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle led his men in the greatest gamble of the war—how they took off from the carrier "Hornet"—how they loosed their bombs on the city—how some were forced to abandon their planes over China—and how they found their way out.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that epic story reaches the screen in M-G-M's mighty film, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", based on Captain Ted W. Lawson's *Collier's* serial and best-selling book.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you can see for yourself what that adventure meant to the men who went out to avenge Pearl Harbor—the human story behind the boys who left home and sweethearts and wives to dare death in the skies.



"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the story of their courage and their glory.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is one of the very few truly great pictures to come out of this war.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

★ ★ ★ ★

AND—as a crowning touch—SPENCER TRACY as Lieutenant Colonel Doolittle.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is a thrilling picture that will make your American heart swell with pride...a prophecy of things to come.

★ ★ ★ ★

As this is being written our planes are coming closer and closer to Tokyo. By the time you read it they may even have bombed Hirohito's capital again. If not, it won't be long now.

★ ★ ★ ★

And if we seem a little excited about the picture, you'll understand why when you see it.

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOERS

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It's their fun-most comedy! (M·G·M of course)

The Potentates of Comedy in an Enchanted Paradise—playing tag with the Sultan's Darlings and his Evil-Eye Headsman! How'd you like to be in their turbans?

BUD LOU

ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN LOST IN A HAREM

with MARILYN MAXWELL

JOHN CONTE • DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE

JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Ah! That Music!

"It Is Written"
"I Know It's Wrong"
"What Does It Take?"
"Sons of the Desert"
"John Silver"
"Noche de Ronda"

PLAYED BY JIMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA!

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin, John Grant and Harry Crane • Directed by CHARLES RIESNER • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT



The Story of the World's Favorite Playground

IN THE YEAR'S TOP MUSICAL HIT!

The romance and spectacle of the boardwalk and beach ... songs galore, stars without number and hundreds of beautiful girls!

ATLANTIC CITY

STARRING

CONSTANCE MOORE ★ BRAD TAYLOR

featuring

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JERRY COLONNA

and ROBERT B. CASTAINE • STANLEY ANDREWS

and PAUL WHITEMAN & ORCHESTRA

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA

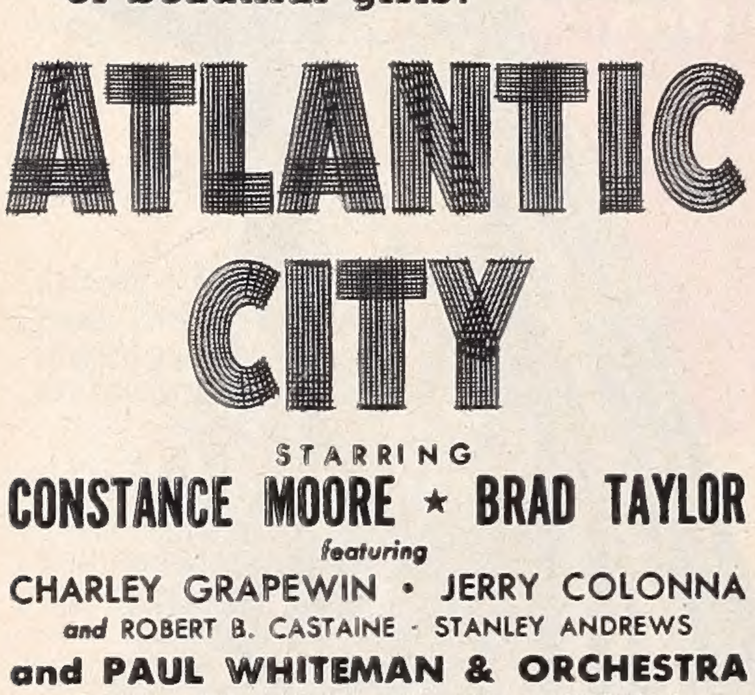
with BUCK AND BUBBLES • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

BELLE BAKER • JOE FRISCO

GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Kenny & Al Shean)

VAN & SCHENCK (Gus Van & Charles Marsh)

A REPUBLIC PICTURE





From Farley Granger's ex-roommate comes a firsthand description of a great guy

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
Bing's Treat

THE immortal Bing "came our way" the other evening.

Father Bing didn't have on his priestly collar, in fact he had no collar at all and no coat, either. He just dropped into a drugstore about two blocks from Omaha's Union Station for cigarettes and ice cream. The young lady clerk simply said, "What kind of cigarettes, please?" and in the next breath gasped, "Oh, aren't you Bing Crosby?"

"Guilty," replied Bing.

The news spread like a flash and it was "Bing" day at Gassman's Drug Store. Kids by the score crowded in to get a glimpse of their idol—some were clean, most were dirty, but Bing loved them all to the tune of ice-cream cones.

"Gee," remarked Bing, "I like it here. Mama and the boys are coming this way in the trailer and I'm sure going to tell them to look you up."

Bing didn't have to ask, "Going my way?"—the kids just had to escort him back to his train.

Ralph A. Foral,
Omaha, Neb.

$5.00 PRIZE
Thankful Reader

GRADUALLY and gratefully I am becoming aware of how fortunate we Americans are. I do not attribute this to any movie personality, but to the news reels shown in the numerous theaters.

Seeing French children, not old enough to know what war is, hiding in caves, scantily dressed—innocent little children unacquainted with a comfortable bed—brings tears to my eyes and a willingness to help. And then seeing helpless old women, aged and bewildered, stumbling over wreckage which once might have been their home.

I feel like thanking God for all I have. News reels may not be pleasant to see but they bring a certain realization closer to the hearts of each American.

Betsy Kastenbaum,
Belle Harbor, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
History Made Real

A FEW weeks ago I had the pleasure of seeing the film "Wilson." The picture was superb—the sets, the costumes, everything.

But it was not these things that kept the people glued to their seats. It was the magnificent performance of Alexander Knox in the role of Wilson. This actor's artistry has made Woodrow Wilson a warm human being, not just a name in a history book.

Mr. Knox should undoubtedly receive the Academy Award for the best performance of the year. I sincerely hope that he is not typed, but that we shall be seeing more of him soon.

Jane Webber,
Lewiston, Me.

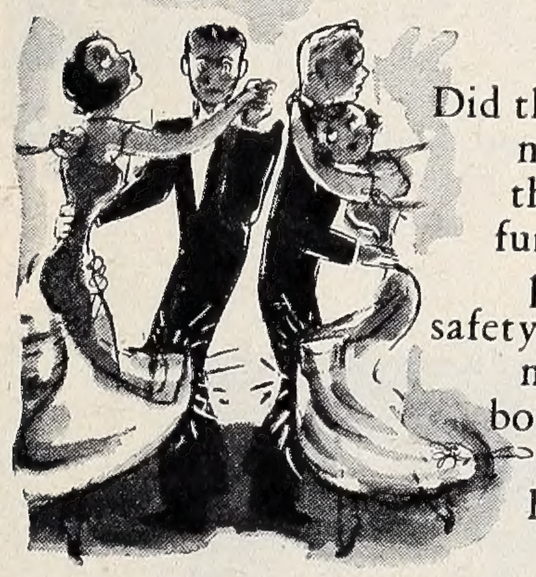
(*Continued on page* 120)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Melisse says: "Come Along With Gail And Diana On A Wonderful Tour De Farce!"



Two "innocents" decide they have to "go places if they want to get anywhere!



Did they meet men – did they have fun! Those petticoat safety-pockets make the boys dance to a hilarious tune!



It's a "sinking sensation" when they think the ship's awash because the decks are being scrubbed down.

It's the shock of the staid London Savoy when the girls arrive with "bunnies" on. A rarebit of humor.



GAIL
Russell
and DIANA
Lynn

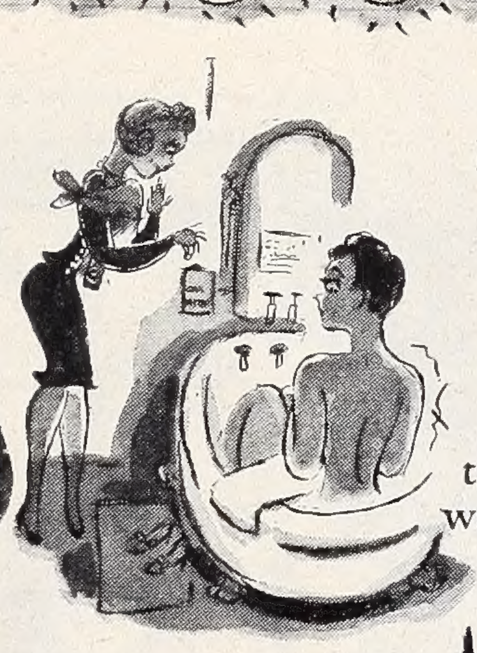


Your Gay Girl Guides To
THE YOUNG AND GAY
COMEDY HIT OF THE YEAR
from
THE GAYEST BEST SELLER
IN YEARS!

Millions laughed through the story in Cosmopolitan, Reader's Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month –now the whole world will roar at it on the screen.

PARAMOUNT'S
"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

with
Charlie Ruggles · Dorothy Gish
Beulah Bondi · James Brown · Bill Edwards
Directed by Lewis Allen
SCREEN PLAY BY SHERIDAN GIBNEY



Gail and Diana get tangled up with "Geezers" and geysers before they're all washed up!



And who else could get stranded on top of Notre Dame and flag the Boulevard with their "undies"!



They didn't get home until morning one night—giving you a gay idea of the "next time you see Paree."



Nothing can stop the flood of laughter and romance when these light-headed travelers set out to take the world by storm!

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Applause from Greer Garson, seafaring Cesar Romero and Constance Collier for entertainment—and Elsa

The camera catches Cary Grant in a pensive mood—with lovely Mrs. Feldman—at Elsa Maxwell's party



DRAMA ON THE AIR: Maybe you were listening—and maybe you weren't—when that very dramatic heart-tug occurred during one of Dick Haymes' broadcasts. Judy Garland was his guest star on this particular show, during which the wife of a service man was able to make a telephone call to her husband overseas. Just as she was about to start talking, the soldier's wife broke down—right there at the mike! Then Judy broke down and started to cry. Dick had to pull himself together (he almost wept too) and think fast. As a matter of fact, things were so disrupted by the real-life drama that was going on that he had to ad-lib for almost two whole minutes. And the audience never knew!

S. O. S. from Sea: Lana Turner received a desperate S. O. S. from a Coastguardsman saying, "Please send two dozen photos immediately. Unless I deliver shipmates threaten to toss me overboard, nailed to an anchor!" The telegram was from Vic Mature. P. S. He got the pictures.

Remembered Faintly: When Lauren Bacall (they say that her first picture "To Have And Have Not" will make her a star) was a girl of thirteen her father, a well-known lawyer, took her to visit Bette Davis who was then in New York. The purpose of the visit was to ask Bette questions about the best way for Lauren to break into pictures when she was a little older. Lauren was so nervous when she met Bette that she fainted dead away! The other day over at Warners where both are now working, the two were remembering the whole incident—and both had a good laugh. But it was a real tragedy to Lauren at the time. (*Continued on page* 8)



Birds of a feather—singing Sinatra and The Pidgeon snatch a moment for a serious chat



gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

Literally millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a handshake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

If you've been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic . . . attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" that so many nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold's most distressing symptoms.

You can see how important it is to guard against a "mass invasion" of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel at right.)

Listerine's quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



Do you habitually take the negative side when a *change* is suggested? Or do you say, "Let's *try* it and *find out* if it's better?" These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how *young you feel*. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women's colleges!

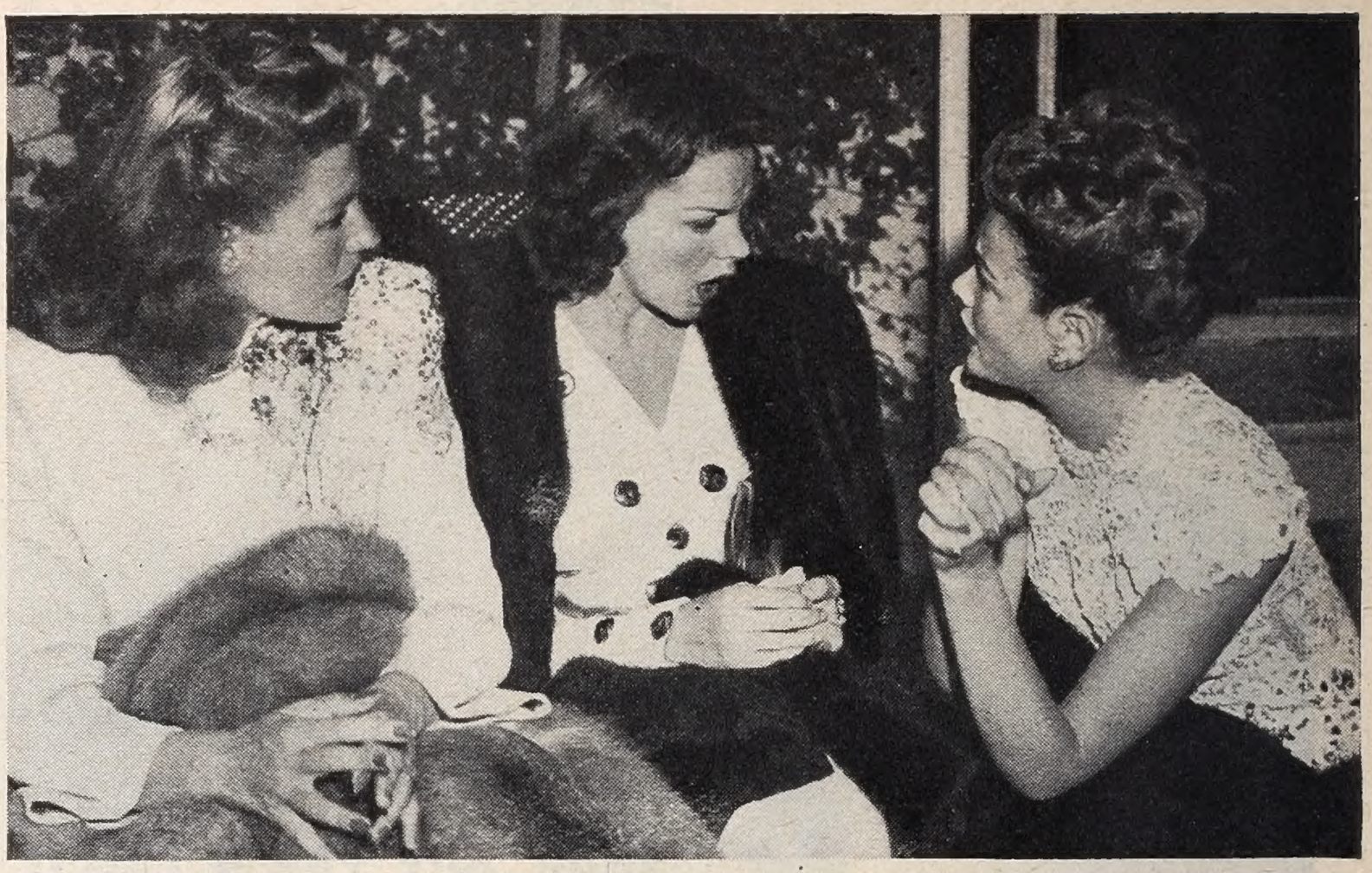


The *principle* of Tampax (*internal absorption*) has long been known to doctors, but this famous product makes the method available to women generally. Pure surgical cotton is compressed into dainty one-time-use applicators, so that changing is a matter of moments. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. Easy disposal. Start using Tampax this very month!

Sold in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Oh-my picture: Rita Hayworth, Judy Garland and Gene Tierney in a strictly feminine huddle at the big Elsa Maxwell party

(*Continued from page* 6)

Payne Comes Home: Johnny Payne came "marching home" the other day, the first of the long list of Twentieth Century-Fox stars in the armed forces to be discharged. Johnny spent almost two years in the Army Air Corps' Air Transport Command. Recently, his particular unit was disbanded and its members released.

So now he is back on the Twentieth lot, getting ready to go to work in a big musical comedy film in which he will be starred with Joan Bennett. And at night he is sleeping comfortably for the first time since he enlisted. The thing is, John is six feet, three inches tall and the combination of this height and an ordinary army cot hasn't been too conducive to comfort. He has learned a good many folding tricks, none of them half so satisfactory, however, as that big oversized bed of his which was about the only thing he didn't sell when he went into the Army.

Now he has bought a home in the Santa Monica Hills, put the bed into it and the heck with the rest of the furniture which the place needs, he says. He can get that later. "Later," incidentally, is also the term the telephone company uses to describe that happy but dimly distant date when Johnny will have a telephone. Meanwhile, he's thinking of installing a covey, or whatever you call it, of carrier pigeons in his back yard.

Deanna Vows: Deanna Durbin swears she won't marry anyone for five years now! But old Cal thinks he knows something that will make Deanna just swear—when she finds it out. It's that Maria Montez, who works in the same studio, has been assigned two still-cameramen for the sets on her picture, while Deanna at this writing is only rating one! Anyway, to get back to the Durbin's latest vow about marriage—a big star, who is getting a lot of Deanna's time along with Felix Jackson, may make a big change in her plans!

Busy Signal: Poor Van Johnson who is the sensation of the hour is just about the only one in Hollywood who hasn't gotten to see his latest picture, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." Every time the picture was being previewed, Van was either working in the studio on his new movie or away on location for it. And you can say "poor Van Johnson" again! With most gals just dying for a date with him, Van keeps showing up at parties stag! Once in a while he goes night-clubbing with June Allyson (but Dick Powell is still her best beau) or some other gal—but for the most part he's around socially and late-spotting alone! What's the matter, Van? All your favorite phone numbers busy?

New Plans: Don't count too much on seeing Betty Grable and Alice Faye together in the much publicized "Dolly Sisters" when it goes into production. It would be swell having the two of them together, but Alice has other plans. However, the very fact that Alice wants to do another type of picture after being off the screen so long may give Gale Robbins, a talented young dancer and singer, the break of a lifetime—a chance at being teamed with Betty.

Looking Around: The reconciliation between Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton didn't surprise Hollywood—certainly not old Cal. They've been too close too long to call it quits just like that. What's more, when the war is over and people can travel anywhere in the world again, then look for the Grants to buy or build a permanent home for themselves in Egypt! Barbara says to live just outside of Cairo has been a dream of hers for years. It's the one

(*Continued on page* 10)



BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTIONS

presents

"Dark Waters"

...from The Saturday Evening Post's most thrilling story success, starring

MERLE OBERON



FRANCHOT TONE



THOMAS MITCHELL

with

FAY BAINTER

JOHN QUALEN • ELISHA COOK, JR.

Produced by

BENEDICT BOGEAUS

Directed by

ANDRE DeTOTH

Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL • Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

P M M

(*Continued from page 8*)

"atmosphere" she feels she can be really happy in. You'd never guess who beaued Barbara to a party just before the reconciliation—Lt. Bill Orr, of all people.

Cupid and Clark: Clark Gable, though he still takes Kay Williams to parties, is having lots of dates for himself with different gals these evenings. But he's seen mostly with Sally Wright, an attractive nonprofessional, who almost went to the altar with Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby Restaurants, a few months ago.

Honeymoon House: Old Cal wants to make another prediction—and that is about Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott. He'll bet you they'll be married before Christmas—even though Anne says wedding bells are a long way off. She just bought the old Garbo house in Beverly Hills and that will probably be their honeymoon cottage.

Elsa Maxwell's party: Frankie was there and sang for the guests, too—and how he sang! Walter Pidgeon (he's a rabid Sinatra fan) and Roz Russell, Maria Montez, Judy Garland (she sang as only she can, too), Greer Garson (stunning in a long gold lamé gown that really set off that red hair of hers), Norma Shearer (the only star there in a short evening dress—and that's news!), Sonja Henie, who has gotten so slim you'd hardly know her, the Charles Boyers, Edgar Bergen, the

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

Adolphe Menjous, Basil Rathbone (he practically swoons when Frankie gives out), Loretta Young and oh, so many others dined, wined and danced into the wee hours.

Sight of the Month: Dale Evans, rushing down Hollywood Boulevard in a nightgown and fur coat on one of the season's hottest days! No—she hadn't lost her senses. But she had been making bedroom scenes on "Next Comes Love" and when she finished she had about ten minutes to make the broadcasting station where she was due to sing a song. The only thing she could do was grab the nearest coat (which happened to be a long fur coat) and throw it over her glamorous nightie and make a dash for it.

Perfect Present: At that baby shower for Ann Sothern—and what presents she got!—Joan Crawford gave her one of those little screened-in outdoor beds —the kind you can't buy any more.

Currently Armed: Jon Hall was telling someone that Frances Langford had brought him a huge Japanese sabre for a souvenir from her South Pacific tour with Bob Hope. "Gee," said the someone—"too bad you didn't have it sooner —might have come in handy the night of the Tommy Dorsey fracas!" It's a shame that Jon should suddenly be involved in all that mess. He's been around Hollywood for years—and no one has ever heard of his getting in any kind of a fight, talking out of turn or doing anything but minding his own business. By the way—guess who rushed out from a neighboring apartment to call the police the night of the famous Hall-Dorsey fight? It was Paul Lukas. One wit said he ought to be given the Oak Leaf Cluster!

Did You Know: That Jeanette MacDonald once modeled fur coats for thirty dollars a week to help pay for her singing lessons? . . . The night that Joan Crawford and Phil Terry celebrated their second anniversary at Mocambo was the first time that either had danced with anyone else since they were married! . . . Old Cal wouldn't be a bit surprised if the most popular guy in Hollywood today is Bing Crosby. Everywhere you go all you hear is what the soldiers overseas think of him. Hope came back from the South Pacific telling people that everywhere he went the boys yelled, "Where's Crosby?" What an amazing and wonderful career . . . June Havoc and Helen Walker, supposed to be having a big feud, confused everyone by showing up for dinner together at La Rue . . . and Judy Garland and her ex, Dave Rose, confusing everyone by sopping up music and moonlight together at a

For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

the most seductive shade . . . TO DATE! Irresistible's Raspberry



For gala holi-dating, rely on the inviting, exciting, crushed berry tone of IRRESISTIBLE'S RASPBERRY . . . outstanding favorite in a lipstick famous for color flattery. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Available now in a magnificent new SWIVEL case. Lovely to look at, colossal in size . . . yet only 25¢. A wonderful gift for yourself and the nicest girls on your list.

10c—25c SIZES

Irresistible LIPSTICK

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER . .

S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME Assures Glamour

Bowl concert . . . Ava Gardner and Howard Hughes are having battles—which doesn't bother director Mervyn Le Roy at all—he gets to see more of her. But, of course, he has to beat Artie Shaw's time too . . . Cooingest couple in town—Jane Russell and her husband Bob Waterfield . . . Lots of people think that Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey, who have been seeing so much of each other since her return to Hollywood, will remarry one of these days. But Cal is willing to take bets that they won't . . . and Esther Williams is forgetting everything with Sergeant Ben Gage.

Tongue Un-tied: Jean Parker and her groom of a few months are having some of the loudest and funniest arguments that the neighbors ever heard! . . . Pola Negri came back to Hollywood and moved right into the old Rudolph Valentino mansion on the hilltop . . . Connie Moore says she blushed when she saw the rushes of herself doing the strip-tease she does for her current film, "High Among The Stars." Says if it gets past the Hays Office, she may change her name to Fifi La Moore. P. S. She's only kidding. . . .

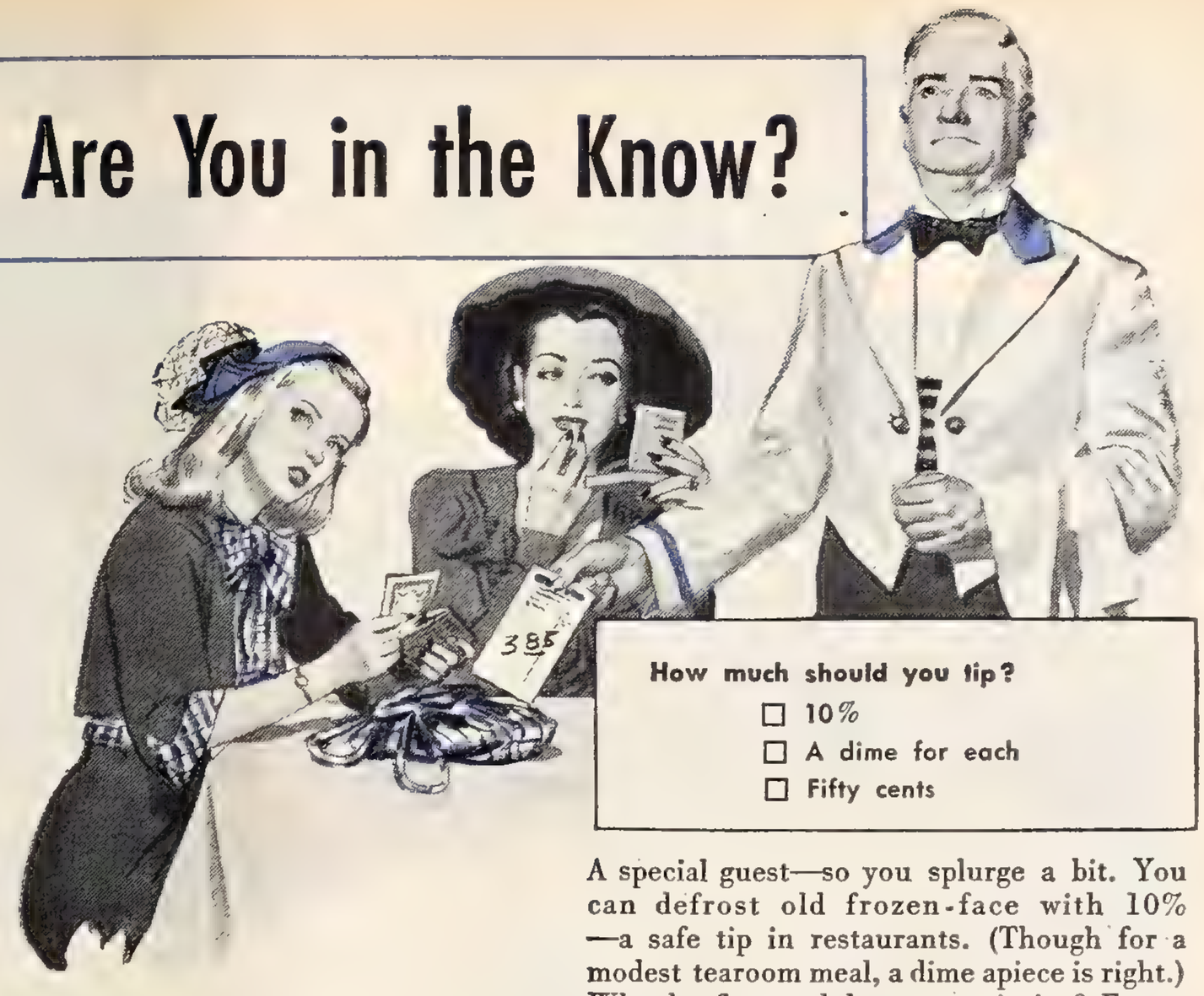
Just to give folks something to wonder about, Ginny Simms and Pat Nearney, her one-time full-time beau, have been doing the spots . . . Imagine the hilarity when, during the making of "Hangover Square" the other day, Laird Cregar fluffed the line, "I'm highly complimented" and said instead, "I'm highly complicated!" Everybody on the set rolled with laughter! What a boner, Cregar!

Gable and Kay: Kay Williams now announces she's not going to marry



Soldier gets a smile: Jennifer Jones does some special khaki entertaining

Are You in the Know?



How much should you tip?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ A dime for each
- ☐ Fifty cents

A special guest—so you splurge a bit. You can defrost old frozen-face with 10%—a safe tip in restaurants. (Though for a modest tearoom meal, a dime apiece is right.) Why be flustered by uncertainties? Forget even the little worries of trying days by learning the difference between Kotex and ordinary napkins. The ends of Kotex don't show for they're *pressed flat* . . . not thick or blunt . . . so with Kotex there's no tell-tale line . . . you'll look *smooth*, feel secure!

What is she doing?

- ☐ Slicing
- ☐ Dribbling
- ☐ Lobbing

While you cheer from the sidelines—your team's star is *dribbling* the ball. She's going places, but fast! And what's to keep *you* from going places—basketball games or wherever? Surely not "difficult" days! Not when the super safety and comfort of Kotex can be yours! You see, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. It protects you in an *extra special* way. And the softness of Kotex has *staying*-power. Unlike other pads, it doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch, but actually *stays soft while wearing!* So why *shouldn't* a girl be carefree, more comfortable—with Kotex sanitary napkins?





Which neckline flatters a l-o-n-g neck?

- ☐ V
- ☐ Deep Oval
- ☐ High

Poets write about "swanlike" necks—but never an ode to an ostrich! No need to emphasize your lovely long throat. Wear your necklines *high*, wide and handsome . . . round or square. "Choker" beads will flatter you, too. So will *personal daintiness*. Don't neglect it, on "those" days above all. Remember Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was *made* for use on sanitary napkins. Quest removes all question of offending. It's the safe, unscented powder that keeps you assured—and sweet.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Make the Most of It



You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees . . . So you make each one count . . . You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm . . . Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, anymore than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use *DeLong Bob Pins* because they hold that line! They have a *Stronger Grip*, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have *Delong* quality.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



P M M *Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years*

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Night-club notes: Gloria De Haven with Baron Polan at Ciro's . . .



. . . Louise Allbritton Mocambo-ing with Edmond O'Brien of the great Army Air Corps picture "Winged Victory"

Clark Gable because he hasn't asked her, which is as good a reason as any.

At a party the other day Kay, whose divorce from the South American Macoco is final, announced a fortuneteller had told her she'd marry twice.

"Oh, then you won't be marrying Mr. Gable, will you?" came back a knowing one.

Kay looked crestfallen. She had obviously overlooked her first marriage in Erie to a Mr. Copps.

Brave Little Girl: Six-year-old Ellen Powell displayed more courage than most grownups when she attempted to separate her dog and another engaged in a ferocious quarrel. The long gash from eye to chin required thirty-two stitches with Ellen never uttering a whimper. Her brother Norman was so proud of his sister he sat down and cut out a heart from purple cardboard and pinned it on her.

"Now I'm just like the boys on Guadacanal," Ellen said. She's still fearfully watching the long white scar lest it vanish too soon.

The accident brought Ellen's father Dick Powell up from his boat at Balboa. Joan Blondell, Ellen's mother, scheduled to leave for Washington D. C. that night for the premiere of "Wilson," canceled the trip.

Ellen is, of course, the heroine of Selma Avenue with older brother Norman taking bows for both of them.

Where Hearts Are Concerned: Martha O'Driscoll, who announced her separation from Lt. Com. Richard Adams but has not filed for divorce because her husband refuses to sign the papers, is said to be seeing actor Eddie Norris.

Despite the fact Lucille Ball and her husband Staff Sgt. Desi Arnaz were dancing together and posing happily for photographers a night or two before

(*Continued on page* 14)

A LONE WOLF WITH *Woman Trouble!*

His business is taming bad men . . but when two females..one bad, one good..lay siege to his heart..he finds that pretty faces can be the more dangerous!



JOHN WAYNE · ELLA RAINES

in

Tall in the Saddle

Based on Gordon Ray Young's rip-roaring Saturday Evening Post Serial

with WARD BOND · GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
AUDREY LONG · ELISABETH RISDON · DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Screen Play by Michael Hogan and Paul P. Fix

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES

YOUR CHILD'S LAXATIVE— HOW DOES IT ACT?



Some Laxatives are Too Strong—

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a child feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild—

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly,* yet be kind and gentle!



But— EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle,* too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening —use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30 million jars already used. Ask for Imperial size.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS

GOLDEN PEACOCK CO., INC.
Dept. MWG-14, PARIS, TENN.
Please send me a free sample of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Catching up on current events: Bette Davis with Loretta Young's husband Major Lewis

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 12)

their divorce announcement, Hollywood wasn't surprised. Not after the battles of these two.

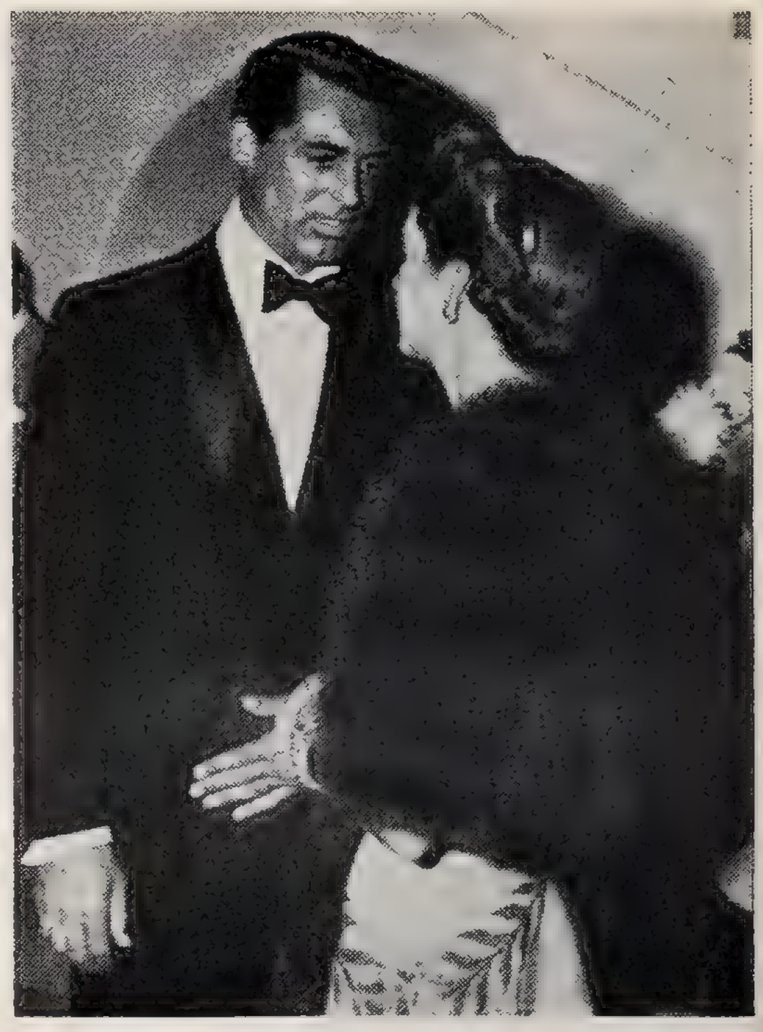
Lucille has really leaned over backwards in her attempts to keep her marriage of four years a success, even to adopting Desi's religion. But the tempestuous and temperamental Cuban was difficult to live with and Lucille's frank and open disposition was added fuel to the fire that has finally blazed. Hollywood feels Lucille will be much happier a free woman.

When Pvt. Mickey Rooney was on his second Hollywood leave, he and a friend were entering the Chinese Theater just as Ava Gardner with Artie Shaw was coming out. Apparently Mickey was over Ava even then and ready for a new cupid attack—in the person of Miss Betty Rase, Miss Birmingham of 1944, whom he met and married in one mad week.

Paul Brinkman who became Paul Brook under a Warner Brothers contract is definitely inside man with pretty Jeanne Crain, and Lon McCallister, who was once Jeanne's beau, is now so enamored of Shirley Temple he put in three telephone requests to get a line through before she arrived in New York. That's how badly he wanted to talk with her.

Turhan Bey is so in love with Lana Turner he literally haunts her set at M-G-M and talks freely of taking Lana out of pictures one day and placing her in the home. His home, presumably. What a ridiculous idea. All that glamour on a patio!

Turhan gets a bit of competition when Lt. Robert Stack comes down from Alameda. Stack spent one entire morning of a two-day leave on Lana's set.



All eyes on this corner: The separated Cary Grants meet at Elsa Maxwell's party, take time out to talk it over—and two weeks later announce a reconciliation!

Lt. Dan Dailey got in from Fort Riley, Kansas, on a leave, which scotches those separation rumors between Dan and his wife, Liz Dailey.

Alan Ladd's second induction into the Army was stayed by order of the National Selective Service Headquarters in order that Alan could complete his role in "Salty O'Rourke."

Hear Lt. Richard Greene and his wife may soon be in Hollywood, and Col. David Niven plans to bring his family here after the war. Both will take up their film careers where they left off.

Lt. Wayne Morris of the Navy received the Distinguished Flying Cross for strafing six enemy aircraft. Reports have it Lt. Morris may remain in service after peace is declared.

Red Skelton's blonde girl friend Georgia Davis has been placed on the entertainment staff at Camp Roberts, which should at least entertain Red.

(*Continued on page* 16)



Want to see one great big honey of a picture about
Rookies and their cookies?

HERE'S A SCREENFUL OF HUGGIN' AND KISSIN' WHERE
EVERY HUG AND KISS FEELS LIKE IT'S MEANT FOR YOU!
WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN — WHAT WE MEAN FUN?
THEN HURRY OVER FOR SOME HEAVY ROMANCIN' WITH

DENNIS MORGAN ★ ELEANOR PARKER ★ DANE CLARK

That big guy in his biggest hit! Dennis' sweetheart—and yours! Sensation of 'Destination Tokyo'!



TO DENNIS MORGAN FANS:
He leaps to the top of the star-ladder in this one! Dennis gets every chance to do those wonderful things in that wonderful way of his.

IN

The Very Thought of You

THE VERY PICTURE FOR YOU

A WARNER PICTURE!

with FAYE EMERSON • BEULAH BONDI • HENRY TRAVERS • WILLIAM PRINCE • ANDREA KING

Screen Play by Alvah Bessie and Delmer Daves • Original Story by Lionel Wiggam

• JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Directed by DELMER DAVES

Produced by JERRY WALD

P
M
M

SCALP ODOR- *Not you?*



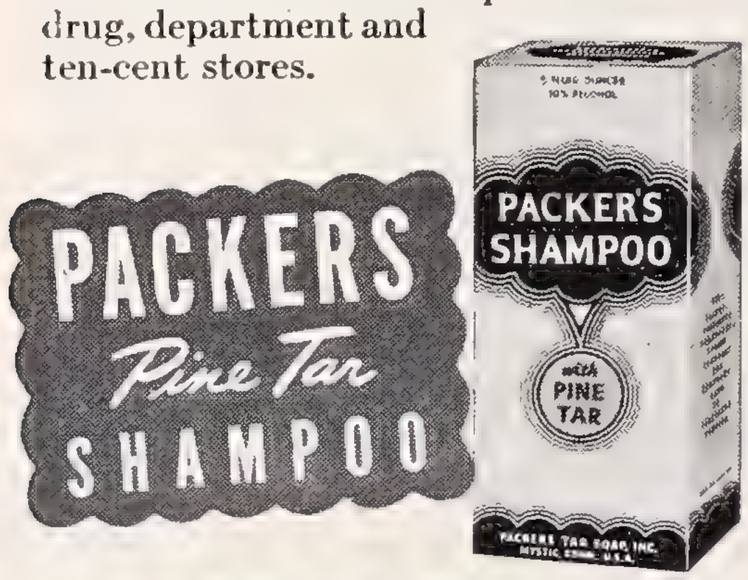
Your hairbrush knows!

You *might* have scalp odor—*and not know it.* So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work —then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



ROYLIES

These beautiful, inexpensive lace-paper doylies save linens, laundry. Many sizes and designs.



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Carryover from his "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo": Van Johnson wheelchairs out to lunch

Two at a table make a Mocambo special: Eddie Norris with quipster Betty Hutton



(*Continued from page* 14)

Hear tell the comic is a swell soldier and offers no complaints. But then Red never did much complaining.

Pvt. Donald O'Connor with his wife Gwen opened in Palm Springs in the new Air Corps show labeled "Air Force." Pvt. O'Connor wrote and directed many of the skits in the show. Gwen is very pretty on the stage.

Mary Brian, on an overseas tour with Jack Haley, ran headlong into her old beau, Lt. (j.g.) John Howard on a street in Naples. Mary says they laughed and wept together to the delight of the natives. In Rome Mary found Lt. Com. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in the lobby of her hotel and during the five days she played there Mary says she and Doug never stopped talking, and both at the same time. Lt. Com. Fairbanks has been transferred to the American Navy. Nobody can picture the eagerness of our boys over there for news.

Hear Capt. John Carroll of the Air Corps will be back in civilian clothes soon, due to that leg injury suffered in a plane crash in the Mediterranean theater.

An elated letter from Jean Pierre Aumont tells Maria Montez he was the first Frenchman to enter his old home town of Saint Tropez and that he planted the Free French flag there. He and a major were in the town for thirty-six hours before the rest of the Allied forces arrived. "I'm very tired," he said. "I don't know whether from the fighting or from the kisses of the population."

The on-again, off-again divorce rumors between Kathryn Grayson and Lt. John Shelton have quieted down simply because John is overseas.. The last Kathryn heard he was in the Pacific theater helping to rid ships of bedbugs of all things.

When Cesar Romero of the Coast Guard came home on a twenty-day furlough after service at Saipan, Tainan and the Marianas he seemed a changed boy somehow. Running into him on the Fox lot he told Cal something of his experiences.

"The return trips with the wounded set you to thinking," he said. "We ran out of plasma once—off Saipan. All the boys went below and gave their blood in an emergency move to save those boys. At a time like that, when you see color coming back into white faces, you know what blood plasma means in battle. You realize it's a big part in the fighting job of the people at home."

Ann Miller *in* "CAROLINA BLUES" *A Columbia Picture*



Max Factor • Hollywood
Face Powder!

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

WHAT is your type?...*blonde, brunette, brownette,* or *redhead?*...there is a Color Harmony Shade of Face Powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to bring out all the beauty of your natural complexion colorings. Try it today...One dollar.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK





DOROTHY LAMOUR
Star of the new Paramount picture,
"RAINBOW ISLAND"

HOLIDAY
a 14-karat gold jeweler's piece... destined to melt the heart of the most blasé

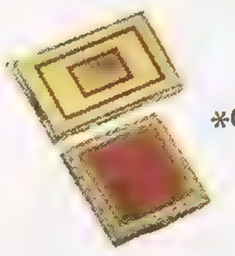
PANDORA'S BOX
a whimsical box of hope in Sterling Silver for a whimsical lass

SENSATION
for the woman of assurance ...who always and forever will make her every entrance dramatic

"If you have designs on her heart... give her a Wadsworth Personality Compact"

says DOROTHY LAMOUR

If you have a secluded place in her heart and mean to keep it, give her a Wadsworth Personality Compact! Maybe she's only eighteen and the image of you...Maybe she's your Mother ...or maybe she's the pin-up queen of that kid brother overseas. Makes no difference whether her hair is spun of gold or silver—there's a "Personality" compact *especially* for her. And the joy these compacts bring at Christmas is a lasting joy, for each is as carefully and exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores—priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.



*OTHERS AT $2.00, $3.00, $5.00 AND UP TO $300.00

*Plus Tax

THE Wadsworth
WATCH CASE COMPANY INC. • DAYTON, KENTUCKY

*Holiday, $300... Pandora's Box, $20.00... Sensation, $7.50

P M M

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precise parts

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

WHEN YOU BOYS COME BACK: Compare those three blonde honeys, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven and June Haver and try, just try to decide who is the loveliest . . . Don't be surprised if Dolores Moran seems less lovely than her photographs, for Dolores has dieted away some of those luscious curves . . . Remember to investigate a little Warner Brothers charmer called Angela Greene. Hasn't done much in movies yet but the boys think she's their dream sweetheart come true . . . Don't talk movies or be movie-conscious if you happen to meet up with Diana Lynn. She likes to think you like her for herself . . . Cute little Lois Collier out at Universal is now free. She was only sixteen when she married . . . Although you thought of them as kids when you marched away, both Gloria Jean and Shirley Temple have reached the dating stage, providing you can persuade their respective mamas . . . If you want to jitterbug your head off, Peggy Ryan is your girl and if you want a mind-of-her-own spitfire, call up Susanna Foster . . . The girl who's grown up most since you went away is Anne Baxter but Lana is still Lana and the in-lovest of them all, as usual . . . Jeanne Crain is more like the kid that lives in the next block back home and Gail Russell is really coming out of that shell a bit. Needs someone to make her laugh, feel confidence in herself and take her riding on the roller coaster.

Incidentally: Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton posed prettily for photographers at an Elsa Maxwell party but it didn't mean a thing. Cary is said to be interested in pretty Betty Hensel of Kansas City and Helmut Dantine is rumored bewitched by Barbara.

When a friend asked Barbara Stanwyck if she were invited to a certain party, she laughed and answered, "Oh no, I'm never asked to chic parties unless I give them myself."

Those were mighty fine gold wrist watches Frankie Sinatra gave to the crew of "Anchors Aweigh." Frankie, who was going to sue all over the place for that remark anent pictures stinking and "so do most of the people in them too," quieted down when his own studio had to admit that, yes, Frankie had said it and named Harold Swisher as the writer Frankie popped off to. As a reward M-G-M signed him to a three-year contract that will put him in the million-dollar earning bracket.

Bits and Pieces: What an ovation Ward Bond received when he hobbled into the M-G-M commissary on crutches. Only the use of penicillin saved his leg injured in an automobile accident, and his life.

The man who held by the hand his little girl while he enrolled her at Hollywood's Gardner Street Public School was John Garfield with his Katherine. Incidentally, Joel McCrea

attended this same school as a kid.

Lupe Velez let go a back-hander at a soldier who addressed her too familiarly at Mocambo. And then, typically Lupe, she gathered him up, kissed him kindly and invited him to lunch.

Oddly enough, Sonja Henie, present wife of Dan Topping, now overseas, and Arlene Judge, former wife of the Lt. Com., have become fast friends.

Sonny Tufts won first place in the "Stars of Tomorrow" poll, which leaves several young hopefuls with their egos badly smashed.

One-Line Facts: Loretta Young wears the best-looking hats in Hollywood and looks the best in them.

Montez wears the screwiest ones and looks so chic no one minds.

Lana Turner refuses to cut her mid-waist blonde mane and dresses it herself so beautifully.

Frances Langford deserves a medal for the best performance by an actress in behalf of our united forces.

Ed Gardner of Duffy's Tavern can't understand why fans keep sending him books on English grammar.

Errol Flynn's new book, "Be Good, Sweet Maid," is to have a sequel and some of Hollywood's title suggestions are a panic.

Fred Allen wants his fans to know his new picture, "It's In The Bag," has nothing to do with the ones under his eyes.

Jean Arthur gives no reason for her threatened retirement from the screen, but Betty Grable declares she's just too happy with Harry James to continue with her screen work.

Chevalier: From French Captain Dauphin himself, an actor prior to the war and a close intimate friend of Chevalier who roomed with him after the fall of Paris, comes this revealing insight on the situation which at this writing is still a mystery, despite the rumors of Chevalier's death. He says:

"Chevalier and I agreed in 1940 that neither of us should ever play in a Paris theater so long as the Germans were there, no matter what offers they made us. Some of these offers were dazzling. Chevalier had a girl friend and she was a beautiful Russian Jewess. In their efforts to get Maurice on their side, the Nazis gave this girl a diploma certifying that she was an Aryan. I hate to say it, but I believe Maurice was too appreciative.

"He did go to Paris and he did make a tremendous hit in a theater where only Germans went. They paid him astounding sums of money and then he went on to Germany, where he sang in prison camps.

"He made his big mistake when he went to Berlin and gave a performance for the Nazis there. That finished him. Whether he actually was a traitor is beside the question. He could not live long when he returned to France."

The captain, himself, escaped to North Africa after the Nazis went to France, then went to England and even to New York where he made a film for the Office of War Information, with Burgess Meredith as co-star.

THE END



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt
loves smooth, creamy Dreamflower "Rachel"

Lovely young Mrs. Roosevelt has an exquisitely contoured cheekline which gives her face fascinating lights and shadows. For her type of blonde, sculptured beauty, the right powder is especially important. It must be irreproachably smooth in texture—perfectly blended in her own creamy-blonde complexion tone.

Mrs. Roosevelt has made Pond's Dreamflower *Rachel* her choice. "Its rich ivory tones give my skin such a smooth, smooth *creamy* look—and Dreamflower texture is so exquisitely clinging!"

Pond's "LIPS"

stay on and on and ON!

New! *BEAU BAIT*—rich, round, rosy-crimson. *Newest* Pond's "Lips" shade!

Two sizes, 49¢, 10¢ plus tax



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

You'll find *your* misty-soft Dreamflower complexion in this gay, flower-sprinkled box! 6 flattering shades to choose from.

49¢, 25¢, 10¢—plus tax

P
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TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

If beauty



is your trouble



I've got the answer...

just do this

1 **Listen to experts**...more doctors advise Ivory Soap than all other brands put together. (It contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even a baby's tender skin!)

2 **See how much** this simple Ivory beauty routine can do for you:—Stop careless skin care—cleanse thoroughly, regularly with a pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

3 **Then watch your complexion** get that Ivory Look—become clearer, finer-textured, more glowing. Begin Ivory care today . . .

and get that Ivory Look



More doctors advise Ivory



—than all other brands put together

99 44/100% pure

MAKE IT LAST—USE IT UP! Soap is a necessity. Soap is made of vital war materials. Don't waste Ivory.

THE SHADOW STAGE

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Mrs. Parkington (M-G-M)

CHARACTERIZATIONS ride high, wide and handsome over this enchanting story, for certainly it's the performances of Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon that send its banners flying high.

As the eighty-four-year-old *Mrs. Parkington* (looking forty years younger than her predecessor, *Mrs. Skeffington*) Greer's only rival is herself as the young girl of a Western boarding home who marries the fabulously wealthy *Major Parkington* and matures graciously. Pidgeon seems more at ease in the role of the Major—forceful, dynamic and at times rascally—than he has been in any previous role. As a team they are truly magnificent.

About the selfish offspring of this vitally forceful couple hinges the story—their greed, indolence, selfishness, with the exception of Frances Rafferty, the great granddaughter who clings to her father, Edward Arnold, through his disgrace, and is the beloved of her great-grandmother.

Gladys Cooper, Dan Duryea, Lee Patrick and her fourth husband, Rod Cameron, Helen Freeman and of course, Arnold, comprise the weak and despicable descendants of the famous *Parkingtons.* And each and every one of them is marvelous.

An outstanding bit that will not soon be forgotten is contributed by Cecil Kellaway, as Edward, Prince of Wales. Here, my friends, is an actor.

Tom Drake as the young man in love with Miss Rafferty, Tala Birell as *Lady Norah* and Fortuno Bonanova as the tenor contribute outstanding bits and Agnes Moorehead, as the French baroness, deserves a review all of her own, so excellent is her portrayal.

Those who have read Louis Bromfield's novel will find no fault with his translation to the screen. Few alterations have been made and those that have seem for the best.

We feel Garson-Pidgeon fans will declare a holiday over "Mrs. Parkington."

Your Reviewer Says: A truly important screen event.



Greer Garson as the aging matriarch with Frances Rafferty in "Mrs. Parkington"

✓ None But The Lonely Heart (RKO)

THE longing, searching of a cockney's heart, his attempts to reach out and up to a better life, his miserable failures and final gropings to the light, all laid against the poor and penny-dreadful atmosphere of London's grimmer side, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn's, who gave us "How Green Was My Valley."

Exactly opposite in theme, this story is a bit too bewildering; *Ernie Mott's* search for freedom is too long drawn out. As a result the film suffers as entertainment. And yet in a way it's a gem, too, and won't easily be shaken off.

Cary Grant gives a rare and truly understanding performance as *Ernie,* the cockney. The English-born Mr. Grant seems to get into the very soul of *Ernie* himself. Ethel Barrymore as his mother is equally good, delivering a beautiful performance.

June Duprez is an impressive and different newcomer with a haunting voice. As *Ada,* the girl Ernie loves, she makes quite an impression. Jane Wyatt as the girl who hopelessly loves *Ernie* is a sincere and splendid actress. Barry Fitzgerald, George Coulouris, Dan Duryea, Konstantin Shayne all add to the tale that depresses the heart but appeals to the soul.

Your Reviewer Says: Morbidly haunting.



Cary Grant as *Ernie Mott* with Ethel Barrymore in "None But The Lonely Heart"

✓✓ And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)

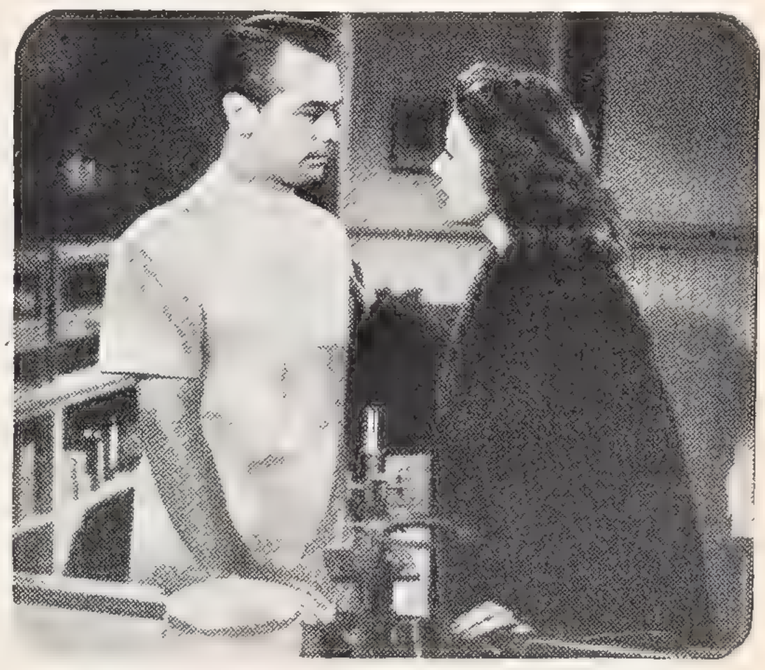
HERE'S a picture that offers not only a grand dramatic story but top-flight stars outdoing themselves. As *Doctor Mereck Vance,* who used to be a poor Polish boy in a Pennsylvania mill town and is now famous for his cures of deafness, Alan Ladd returns to the screen and in one romantic and dramatic swoop establishes himself right back where he was before he went into the Army.

The story is based on Rachel Field's best-selling novel. It tells of Blairstown and the rich *Blairs* who own the mills. *Emily,* played poignantly and convincingly by Loretta Young, loses her hearing as an aftermath of spinal meningitis—just before her marriage to the aristocratic *Jeff Stoddard.* She refuses to go through with their wedding until she consults famous world specialists. While she is doing this her younger sister (played by Susan Hayward) falls in love with *Jeff* and sees to it that *Jeff* falls in love with her too.

It's the old family doctor, finally, who brings *Mereck Vance,* his protege, back to Blairstown to exert his skill in *Emily's* behalf.

Need we go on? We needn't—because if we did we would spoil the suspense. More happens than you guess—and differently.

Your Reviewer Says: This is that drama, without a hint of war, that you have been waiting for.



Loretta Young as *Emily* and Alan Ladd as *Dr. Vance* in "And Now Tomorrow"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 26

By Sara Hamilton



MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND THE *"Patch Test"* PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I DON'T just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the *"Patch Test"* Tonight!

You'll never believe the difference a *single application* of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this *one cream* is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a *dazzling-fresh* skin!



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

✓ Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)

THIS lusty tale of adventure told in such beautiful Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine and Arturo de Cordova is a story that somehow lost its punch along the way and we're inclined to lay the blame upon Mr. de Cordova who doesn't quite come off as a pirate. Nor, come to think of it, does the fragile Miss Fontaine seem exactly the type to leave her family and don boy's clothes to live and love, to fight and brawl, with a pirate. So maybe it's faulty casting all the way around.

Ralph Forbes as Miss Fontaine's weak and blustering husband is outstanding in his role. His friend who comes between the two and in the end meets violent punishment is played well by Basil Rathbone whose role has obviously been cut. Cecil Kellaway as the servant gives a superb performance. Nigel Bruce, Patricia Barker, David James round out this tale that is almost Robin-Hoodish in theme, daring, bold and yet unbelievable at times, but always beautiful in color and the costumes of those times.

Your Reviewer Says: A story-book tale that should have stayed on its pages.

✓✓ San Diego, I Love You (Universal)

A REFRESHING, completely zany story that provides chuckles and laughter galore is this ridiculous story of a professor and his mad-glad family of one daughter and four boys who travel to San Diego to be near the testing plant of the father's invention.

The invention is a collapsible life raft and the plot is even more collapsible, but the precious little detours into the never-never land, such as the barber shop epi-

Best Pictures of the Month

Mrs. Parkington

The Master Race

Best Performances

Greer Garson in
"Mrs. Parkington"

Walter Pidgeon in
"Mrs. Parkington"

Cary Grant in
"None But The Lonely Heart"

Ethel Barrymore in
"None But The Lonely Heart"

sode, the bus ride in the moonlight with Buster Keaton, of all people, the sad butler who refuses to be discharged, all add up to an incredible and pixy-ish event.

Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns in a crackerjack performance and Jon Hall, the wealthy railroad owner who comes out second best in the meleé of this family group, has never been better. Edward Everett Horton, the father and inventor, and Eric Blore the butler, are just about tops.

Your Reviewer Says: A real chuckler.

✓ National Barn Dance (Paramount)

IF YOU would enjoy the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers, you'll like their movie even better for, by cracky, it gilds those ears of corn, ties 'em up in blue satin bows and hangs 'em on the walls of the old farm parlor.

And who, of all people in the world, would you expect to be wading through this field of golden grain but one Robert Benchley, late of 52nd Street, New York. Bob plays the radio agent to whom young Charles Quigley (a goodie, folks) attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance show. After scouting over the country to gather his clan of through-the-nose-twangers, Quigley returns to find the idea cold. Nothing daunted, he so places his group of would-be performers that both Benchley and sponsor go for them.

There's a funny guy called Pat Buttram, a local yokel with a gift of fun you'll remember. Jean Heather is the cute girl Quigley romances, Lulu Belle and Scotty, the Dinning Sisters, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Charles Dingle and others put over the movie for a one-bell ringer.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot stuff at the crossroads.

✓ The Doughgirls (Warners)

A PICTURE with attractive names, comical situations and snappy dialogue that somehow or other (and if you ever find out, tell me) doesn't hit the jackpot. Here we were all ready and eager to laugh and the most we could do was wonder what all the to-do up there on the screen was about.

Anyway it does take the mind off troubles and income tax, which is something, and Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith as three little almost-wives aren't hard to take. The almost-grooms Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and John Ridgely are pleasant people, too. Eve Arden as the Russian sergeant is a wow and if Charles Ruggles is an example of Washington efficiency, Brother, we've lost a country.

Unfortunately Washington's over-crowded condition has been kidded before so a lot of the punch is lost, but deep down somehow we feel despite all these faults "Doughgirls" will make a lot of people happy and bring a lot of pretty little dollars into the box office, so who are we to complain about things?

Your Reviewer Says: Come on, let's all go crazy.

My Pal Wolf (RKO)

IT'S A child and her dog story, friends, and it isn't at all bad; in fact, it's quite touching in spite of bad story faults.

It tells of a little girl Sharyn Moffett whose parents work in the city and leave their offspring in the care of peculiar servants. Her only interest is the police dog she finds and attempts to shield from the wrath of her governess, Jill Esmond.

Weakness of story construction and



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poorly drawn characterizations are evident throughout, however.

Grey Shadow as the dog "Wolf" is a well trained animal, Sharyn is a clever little performer. Una O'Connor, George Cleveland, Charles Arnt try awfully hard.

Your Reviewer Says: We believe kids will go for it.

✓ Babes On Swing Street (Universal)

WITHOUT her usual partner, Donald O'Connor now with Uncle Sam's Air Corps, little Peggy Ryan travels it alone and does all right for herself. She's cute, peppy and active—gosh, she wears us out.

The story has Peggy heading a settlement house and trying to raise money so their most talented members can take advantage of scholarships offered by a popular school. Ann Blyth, wealthy but charitable, suggests a night club in a building owned by her prudish aunt, Alma Kruger. In this she is abetted by uncle Leon Errol who almost leaps from a window in his efforts to help.

We know it sounds a bit silly but it's kinda cute as it is and Peggy, Sydney Miller with his impersonations, Anne Gwynne and Kirby Grant, as the twosome, and Andy Devine all deserve a great big hand so—

Your Reviewer Says: Let's give it to them

✓ Dark Mountain (Paramount)

INTO this B effort has gone a lot of thought, good acting and a measure of suspense. The results, while not world-shattering, are pleasing—that is if murder and nastiness can ever be pleasing.

Surprising too is our old friend Regis Toomey in the role of a racketeer crook who marries Ellen Drew before her forest ranger beau can ask her. When Ellen discovers her husband's true status, she turns to her former suitor, played by Robert Lowery, for aid. He gives her refuge in a lonely mountain-top cabin and that's where the story really gets going for a lot of good action.

That Lowery lad is really coming along well and shows promise of even better things to come. Miss Drew is very lovely and Toomey a first-class heel. Eddie Quillan and Elisha Cook Jr. add some good acting to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad at all.

When The Lights Go On Again (PRC)

IT WAS bound to come—a flood of post-war stories of pre-war vintage and in this "drug-in-the-middle" one we find a fair little tale of Jimmy Lydon, a Marine back from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident.

Regis Toomey is the lad who takes Lydon to his home and cautions his family on the mental rehabilitation of the boy. Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents, George Cleveland the grandfather, and a newcomer, Barbara Belden, his wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Perhaps we're all too close to it yet.

That's My Baby (Republic)

RICHARD ARLEN is the best thing about "That's My Baby" which could and should have been funnier. Overcasting of actors literally crowd the poor little plot off the screen. At least we couldn't see the story for the actors and music—the screen was full of music, all kinds, loud, good and bad—and specialties—the whole theater was full of them.

Ellen Drew got mixed up in it and so did Leonid Kinskey, Minor Watson—and well, it's easier to say who wasn't there. Garbo is the only person we can recall not seeing.

Your Reviewer Says: You couldn't see the woods for the trees.

Dead Man's Eyes (Universal)

NOW here is a little number about as pretty as its title and as entertaining as a headless ghost that wants to get chummy. Why so much gruesomeness should be transferred to the screen under the guise of entertainment is beyond us. Or no, it isn't either. It brings in the money, so what are we kicking about?

Anyway this one has Acquanetta deliberately blinding Lon Chaney, a painter she loves, to prevent his marriage to Jean Parker. Aquanetta likes to do things the hard way, it seems. Anyway when it is discovered Chaney's eyesight can be saved by grafted cornea, wealthy patron Edward Fielding wills his eyes at death to Chaney and almost immediately finds himself dead. And let that be a lesson to everybody.

Oh, so you want to know what happened to that mad scientist who roams around through all these Universal meatballs? Oh, he's here, big as life, played by Paul Kelly of all people. In fact, Tommy Gomez as the police inspector seemed the only unmad person in the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Dead Man's Eyes tell no tale in this one.

In the Meantime, Darling (20th Century-Fox)

JEANNE CRAIN is a sweet and lovely personality and a good little actress, but not in this picture where there are too many people tearing around.

It tells briefly of the trials of a girl, used to luxury, who undergoes a hasty and unpleasant wedding ceremony to the young officer she loves and then attempts to adjust herself to their single shabby room in a small hotel.

Gradually she comes to realize their love is greater than wealth and the position it can buy, and all ends well.

Frank Latimore, now in the service himself, plays the husband with an understanding that should win him a definite place when he returns.

Gale Robbins, Eugene Pallette, Mary Nash and Stanley Prager are just a few of the many people in this timely and at times touching little story.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-meaning little thing.

Goin' To Town (Votion-RKO)

IT'S Lum and Abner, folks, our favorite old codgers of the radio back in their own village of Pine Ridge, Arkansas. But movies, this one especially, fail to catch the homey spirit of the old fellows, and the corn that flies around is really awful.

The story has to do with a city slicker who just for the heck of it pretends to locate oil, by the aid of a phony detector beneath the old Jot-em-down store of the boys. Of course it's the slicker who gets slicked in the end, but no one really cares.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff play

Lum and Abner as usual. Florence Lake, Dick Elliott and Grady Sutton had better get back from Arkansas in a hurry.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad, boys—try again.

✓✓ The Master Race (RKO)

THE rebirth of a village freed from German occupation is the theme of this powerful story that shows how the Nazis plan to perpetuate the "master race" and sow the seeds for World War III.

George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer and comes to the village to stir up hate and suspicion and wreck the reconstruction work of the Allies. He gives to his sinister role a certain flair that is evil and fascinating. Stanley Ridges plays the American major whose job it is to rebuild the town and bring order out of chaos and Carl Esmond is the Russian army doctor who works with him.

Nancy Gates gives a sensitive performance as the daughter of a collaborationist, ostracized by her sweetheart, Lloyd Bridges, and friends; and Osa Massen is so good as the victim of the Nazis who has been forced to bear an illegitimate child.

The picture, progressing without fanfare and with no attempt to follow a set formula, is gripping and grimly realistic.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for us all to see.

✓✓ Tall In The Saddle (RKO)

IF you like the wide open spaces at their scenic best, a Western mystery drama with action and romance, this is for you.

John Wayne has a part tailored for him as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town via stagecoach driven by Gabby Hayes only to learn that the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead and then the fun begins. Wayne finds himself romantically caught between the hot-tempered Ella and lovely screen newcomer Audrey Long. He gets himself into a lot of other trouble, too. Audrey is the lady from the East, complete with bustle, and Elizabeth Risdon is her acid-tongued aunt. Russell Wade is very good as Ella's weakling brother; and there's a fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond that is one of the best of screen fights.

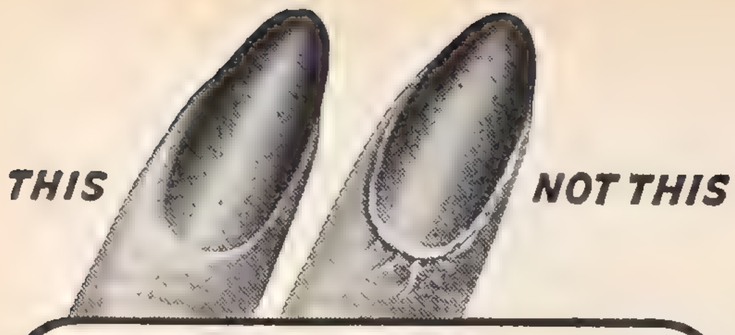
Your Reviewer Says: A lot of action in the old West.

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Ginger Rogers with Joseph Cotten in "I'll Be Seeing You"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓*ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS*—Edward Small-U.A.: Bill Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe, Marines, come into Australia for some fun after a battle in the Pacific and both promptly fall for Helen Walker. They then proceed to break every law known to military regulations in their effort to outrival each other. It's corny but a lot of fun. With John Loder. (Oct.)

✓✓*AN AMERICAN ROMANCE*—M-G-M: This is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information about American industry. Brian Donlevy plays superbly the immigrant who marries schoolteacher Ann Richards, raises his family and progresses to success. With John Qualen and Walter Abel. A truly American epic. (Oct.)

ARE THESE OUR PARENTS?—Monogram: This attacks the juvenile delinquency problem from the angle of delinquent parents and as such takes on importance, although the story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most is rather poorly developed. Helen Vinson is the mother; Noel Neill and Richard Byron, the children. (Sept.)

✓✓*ARSENIC AND OLD LACE*—Warners: A hilarious screenplay that will catapult you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunts on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

✓*ATLANTIC CITY*—Republic: Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak, and it's packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It's a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

BARBARY COAST GENT—M-G-M: Wally Beery's an old buckeroo of the 80's who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

✓✓*BATHING BEAUTY*—M-G-M: This is a musical you'll love. Red Skelton's a song-writer who marries Esther Williams only to have her leave him at the altar and return to her job as swimming instructor in a girls' school. Red follows her and you'll laugh like mad at the trouble he gets into. With Harry James, Xavier Cugat and Basil Rathbone. (Sept.)

✓*BRIDE BY MISTAKE*—RKO: A cute little movie, with Laraine Day as the heiress who has Marsha Hunt impersonate her in order that Laraine may be sure the man who marries the heiress will marry only for love. Alan Marshall is the man and Allan Joslyn, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville add a lot of fun and frolic. (Oct.)

✓*CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE*—M-G-M: The charm and astounding versatility of little Margaret O'Brien sustain this fantasy of a group of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost, Charles Laughton, Mar-

(*Continued on page* 114)

Shadow Stage

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YOUTH DINES AND DANCES in a street length dress like this lovely little number with its charming Mexican neckline. The stunning plastic combs add after-dark glamour to the simple but lovely hair-do. Credit for the extra lustre and shining smoothness of her hair belongs to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



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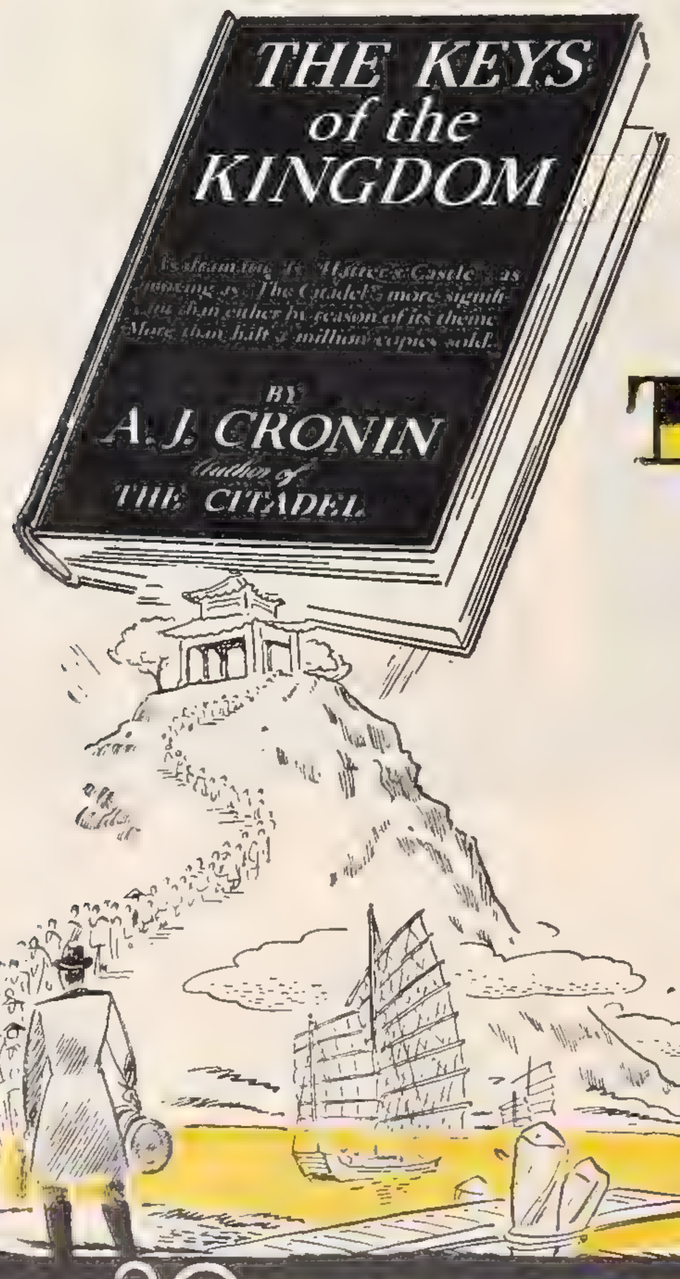
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Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Screen Play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX... The Company that made "WILSON"

Three Wonderful Weeks

by Lynn Bari

To Photoplay's editorial page this month comes a personal story, symbolic of all Hollywood means to America's fighting men

WHEN we got off our train, Los Angeles bound, we were dead tired, begrimed with travel. In the past three weeks, we had traveled 7,500 miles. En route, we had slept in everything from a chair car to a waiting room. We had often worked sixteen hours a day.

But at the station I told Sid (my husband), "This is the best trip I ever had."

You see, Ray Mayer and I had been visiting military hospitals on a USO-Camp Shows tour arranged by the Hollywood Victory Committee. Ray and I first thought about volunteering for a hospital tour while we were working together in "Sweet And Low-Down." Ray and his wife are a big-time vaudeville team. He is a wonderful entertainer who can play the piano, sing, dance and what-have-you at the drop of a hat.



Miss Bari in a veterans' hospital during one of those unforgettable weeks

When I say those were "wonderful" weeks, I mean they were wonderful because they had shown us the courage, the spirit, that beautiful, inexplicable something which makes our soldiers and sailors and airmen and Marines the best in the world.

While on tour we'd usually arrive at our destination early in the morning. After a few minutes to wash up, we'd have breakfast and start out for the wards. From then on we would spend all day and half the night with the boys.

There was the boy who had undergone an operation shortly before we visited his ward. We were about to put on our "act," when I noticed this boy. He was lying there quietly, apparently asleep. The other boys seemed pretty glad to have us there. "Hurry up and begin," one youngster called out amid the cheering and whistling.

I asked the others if they weren't afraid all this commotion mightn't disturb the other lad.

"That's all right," the boys told us. "He just got back from surgery and he's still 'out cold'." So Ray and I went ahead. Ray played the piano and told his patter of jokes and I joined in. Then I sang a song or two. When we were finished, the boys cheered again. And then I happened to look at the boy who had been operated on and saw that his eyes were open. Feebly, he crooked a finger at me and I went over to him.

"Aren't you Lynn Bari," he whispered, wonderingly, "or am I seeing things?"

"You're seeing Lynn Bari," I told him.

And he smiled the sweetest smile you ever saw and fumbled under his pillow for a little notebook he had there.

"How's for an autograph?" he asked. "The name's Jack . . . and could you say something—well, affectionate-like?"

So I wrote, "To Jack, with love and kisses." He grinned. "Wait till I show this to my girl," he whispered. "She'll snatch my head off."

It was several days and several hospitals later that another boy fell out of bed. The idea was that Ray and I were to stand by the piano in one end of the room and the boys were to gather around us and have their picture taken. Well, what a scramble there was! Boys in bathrobes; boys in pajamas; boys with heads and arms and legs still bandaged, but boys that were definitely on the road to recovery. A wonderful thing to see!

Suddenly during the ruckus, came a shout, a dull thud, and there was Mike, redheaded, freckled, a little shaken, sitting on the floor. "Well," he said, grinning, "I've been in that bed a year, but I had to get up sometime."

Ray and I were scared half out of our wits, but one of the nurses told us he was due to get up the next day, anyway, so no harm was done. I had a little talk with him later. He asked me a lot of things about Hollywood. He showed me pictures of his father and mother and kid sister, his best girl, his dog. Most of the boys do that—tell about home and family and girl friends and show you pictures. They don't talk about the war, though. Ever. Mike, I had been told, had won medals for heroism in the South Pacific. I asked him about them. But all he would say was:

"Yeah. Got a flock of 'em." Then he'd change the subject.

It was toward the latter part of our trip that Ray and I met the fine-looking boy from Chicago. He was our guide throughout an entire day. He was a sergeant, very young, looking a little bit like Tyrone Power. He kept us laughing all the time. After dinner, we were standing on a balcony looking out over the grounds and I was chattering on about the studio (*Continued on page* 123)

Girl of



Not a year old and not camera shy



At four years June was already a tomboy and her grandmother's one problem



At sixteen—a chorus girl. Even then she dreamed of being a doctor

June and Producer Pasternak take time out to talk



VERY few people get their life story written when they are as young as June Allyson, who is just twenty. So I have to tell you the special reason I wanted to write hers, even before I knew that it was packed with drama.

There have not been, actually, as many real motion-picture stars as you might think from the loose way the term is thrown around. The things that make a real star are many and pretty easy to prove. Length of time over which they are popular, returns at the box office, ability to dominate an occasional bad picture, appeal to all classes and ages of theater-goers. All these things have to be there. I'm talking about real stars, such as Clark Gable and Bing Crosby and James Cagney and Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn and Bette Davis, who carry on the wide-spread appeal, of such great stars as Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler and Greta Garbo.

I was looking for one of the newcomers I could back to join that big parade.

Very exciting it was, too.

Then one night I found myself in the balcony of a theater in Hollywood and before my eyes unrolled a picture called "Two Girls And A Sailor." The title discouraged me a little, but Jimmy Durante was in it so I knew I was bound to get my money's worth no matter what. And I realized when the film was about half over that I had found my choice.

Her name, as of course you already know, is June Allyson.

Her eyes did it.

Pretty figure, small and clean-cut. Nice blonde hair, worn rather simply and looking a little less startling blonde than some. A mobile, expressive mouth, wide and generous and sweet. Funny husky voice, with an unusual ability to put over songs, a good deal of grace as a dancer and a fine touch of reality in her acting.

All these things are important and necessary, of course. But if you have been in Hollywood as long as I have, you realize most of the girls in the studios have them or their equivalents.

Years ago one of the great all-time movie stars, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., used to yell it, with vibrance

the Moment

The life story of an exciting new star—June Allyson, little girl with a great big future

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

With Dick Powell, lucky leader in the draw for dates





Current favorite starred in "Music for Millions"

and excitement, the one word he used to describe what had to be there in addition. He called it Plus. All right, Doug would say, so she's beautiful and talented and has sex appeal. What else has she got? What's the Plus?

June Allyson had the Plus—concentrated in her eyes. The Plus that she puts over is in everything she does and says and is, but it seems to come into being in her eyes. And that Plus is her ability, so very rare and priceless, to twist your heart one second and make you laugh the next. Chaplin, when he was Chaplin, had it more poignantly than anyone else I have ever seen and because of it the greatest critics called him Hollywood's one true genius.

Shirley Temple had it—all children have; the great-souled, joyous, tragic Marie Dressler had it and, oddly enough, Jean Harlow—hers was a special kind of gallantry. The incomparable Helen Hayes has obviously been touched by the finger of God. Above and beyond any other stage actress a woman named Laurette Taylor, in a never-to-be-forgotten play called "Peg O' My Heart," had it. (*Continued on page* 83)

Bing—as I know him

by Louella O. Parsons

THE nonchalant and unpredictable Bing Crosby who has had the reputation for many years of walking out the back door when the press walked in the front way has suddenly loosened up to a surprising degree. That is, it is surprising to me.

I have known him many years and, while I have never had the laughs with him I have had with Clark Gable or the social friendship I have enjoyed with Charles Boyer, Bing and I have hit it off after our fashion.

He's an odd fellow—that Bing. I have always felt that in spite of his pretty wife, Dixie Lee, and his four husky kids, Gary, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay—there is a strain of loneliness in Bing. Maybe I'm wrong. But Dixie spends so much time at Malibu with the boys and there are many nights when it is too far for Bing to drive there and get back in time to check in at the studio at eight o'clock.

On many occasions the Groaner rattles around the beautiful estate the Crosbys bought in Beverly Hills after their Toluca Lake house burned down. Or else you see him around the Los Angeles Country Club golf links which come in right handy since they adjoin his property.

Although not many people know it, Bing has a very deep religious streak. I have seen him on Sunday mornings step into the choir loft and let his golden voice rise up with those of the untrained singers. Usually he is surrounded by his brood of young Indians who, for the occasion, are scrubbed and cleaned until they look absolutely cherubic—purely an optical illusion as Pappy, himself, will tell you.

I once asked him, "What do you do when the kids are naughty?"

"Spank 'em," replied Bing nonchalantly. "I wouldn't go so far as to use the rod so as not to spoil the child. But you can get results with your hand."

He's a far stricter father than the average and the kids hop when he says something. But in his seemingly careless way he's crazy about them. He can't stand the idea of the children not being well-mannered when there are callers—and he expects the same of the callers.

I remember several years ago a very famous star dropped in to visit the Crosbys. She was a sophisticated girl who did not watch her language too closely and, thinking the youngsters were too young to understand, she told several risqué stories. Bing didn't say anything until she started to leave. Then he walked out to her car with her. "I'll be seeing you," she said gaily. "I'd rather you didn't," he said tersely. And she was never invited back to the house again.

He loves religious music and "Silent Night" and "Ave Maria" continue to be his favorite songs. It is entirely in keeping with Bing's rather straight-laced ideas on things that he does not like the words "angel" and "Heaven" used lightly in popular ditties.

The radio, movies and the sale of his records have made him a very rich man. Yet, as one of his pals put it, Bing's wealth doesn't show on him. He seldom carries large amounts with him and he thinks that anyone who loses over five dollars in a card game is a sucker.

People who don't know him well have said that he is almost too independent—that he does exactly as he pleases on all occasions. I guess that is true. But it has nothing to



The best things in Bing's busy life—these four—Lindsay, Denny, Phil and Gary—in typical Crosby concentration



It's always a date with Dixie because it's one of those things—a permanent pair with the right ideas on parenthood

Curtain call on Crosby—that remarkable servant of the Services—proud father of four sons—philosopher—facer of facts—naturally a natural

do with the fact that he is rich enough to do as he pleases. He behaved exactly the same way when he didn't have a Chinese yen to his name. And he wore the same outrageous color combinations.

I TALKED to Bing the very day he was leaving to go overseas. He had taken the necessary "shots," he was arranging his affairs, he had enough on his mind to keep ten men busy. But when he heard I wanted to talk with him he telephoned constantly to tell me where I could catch up with him—eventually.

It happened to be on a set at General Service Studios where he is backing and financing the independent production of "The Great John L." Bing was taking a look at his "boy," his protege, Greg McClure. "Kid's a comer," he said, after his characteristic fashion of not wasting any words.

I, too, have confidence in McClure. But I hadn't trailed Bing all day to talk about Greg. I had seen "Going My Way" three times and I wanted to tell him how marvelous I thought it was. You could see he was pleased —but he (*Continued on page* 68)



The capable Crosby currently starred in Paramount's "The Road To Utopia"



On a street in a European city while on his tour of our troops



Fontaine's Fling

This is the story of a divorcee, once shy and uncertain, now gay in the glitter of learning to live again

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



In dress subtly daring—and mood provocative—previewing with Signe Hasso

JOAN FONTAINE is having the time of her life. . . .

The most charming and attractive men telephone her, telegraph her and keep a flurry of notes arriving by messenger at her front door. They urge her to dine with them and hope she, in turn, will invite them to dinner on her veranda in the moonlight. They picture for her the delights of fishing up in the mountains through long golden days and dining on the catch by firelight. When she comes to New York a dozen men rediscover the fun of driving through Central Park in an old-fashioned hansom cab. They remember, too, that no romantic interlude is complete without a trip across the bay on the Staten Island Ferry. They crowd her reading table with the most interesting new books and have her music albums bulging with the symphonies she adores above all other music.

And Joan flits from one gentleman to another like a beautiful butterfly, freshly burst from the dark confines of a cocoon and fascinated by the fun and wonder of her new world.

This new world is nothing Joan found easily. For a year or more, all the time she was rebelling against the unhappiness she knew in her marriage with Brian Aherne and finding the courage to call quits, she was fighting for it. Now, as a divorcee, she fights still. She hasn't, you see, accepted her freedom with the demure reserve many think becomes a divorced woman. Instead, she is having a fling. For she knows, instinctively, that her gay new life is good for her, that it contributes to her growth as an actress and enriches her transition from the shy, introspective girl she used to be to the delightful, witty woman of the world she is going to be.

"It is difficult to be married to a handsome, charming man," she says, "unless you are very sure of yourself. I wasn't. I would be now, I think. I used to stand beside Brian and smile—pretend to feel sure—as one attractive woman after another came up to him, said, 'So you're Brian Aherne!' With voice and eyes adoring, of course. His hostesses, too, used to appropriate him from under my very nose with 'What wine would you serve, Brian darling? I waited for your advice. . . .'

"I used to be jealous and unhappy and fearful all the time," Joan went on. "I would go to parties and not trust any woman there—unless she were ancient or a perfect fright. I would die at these parties, absolutely! I used to look upon every woman as a potential enemy. Too many times when Brian and I got home from parties I lost my lunch from misery and nerves.

"Naturally," she added, laughing, "those women hated me. They always hate the wife."

She makes it very clear indeed that this situation was never Brian's fault. With that intelligent frankness that is such an important part of her fascination she blames her misery on her own reactions. Had she been bolder, less sensitive, less highly strung, she is convinced things might have worked out differently. But she wasn't. When you rehearse her personal history you realize she couldn't be.

Only in the last few years has Joan emerged from ill health, fears and failure. And none of these things, certainly, is calculated to make a girl sure of herself.

Furthermore, while Joan was growing up her mother and her stepfather kept her very quiet. She came home from school, did her homework and was taught to sew and cook. She had no friends and much of the time her big sister, Olivia, was away at school.

Talking of her childhood Joan laughed:

"My stepfather, a good man but very strict, believed Olivia and I should be versed in all womanly accomplishments," she said. "Little did he dream my culinary abilities one day would be used in the charming and seductive way they are now. . . .

"Three nights a week I cook dinner in the moonlight on my veranda, with my gardenia tree shedding its fragrance." She didn't trouble to restrain the excitement in her lovely voice as she went on, "Usually the man who dines with me manages to bring some beautiful wine. We play records . . . It's not bad at all. . . ."

She laughed, that new gay laugh that it is (*Continued on page* 70)



Vacation in New York now means such gala spots as the famed Stork Club



Food and chatter—and an amusing companion—columnist Sidney Skolsky

P M M

C for Circe

She gives one look—and the men start lining up on the right. Jeanne Crain, the newest siren on the cinema Circe list

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Serious reader, good cook, would-be world traveler, green-gray-eyed Jeanne



Always in demand for more dates than she can manage—Jeanne with Paul Brooke

CLARA BOW had "It"; Gloria Swanson had S. A.; Marlene Dietrich had legs; Ann Sheridan had "oomph"; Lana Turner had a sweater. Add them all up, throw in a face that has the softness of a particularly cute kitten and you have Jeanne Crain, the newest and nicest of a long line of cinema sirens who just have to look at a man to keel him over at their feet!

Take Jeanne at that recent Elsa Maxwell soirée in Beverly Hills. Silently, effortlessly, unconsciously, she rode roughshod over most of the more famous Hollywood beauties. Joan Fontaine glowered when her escort, Paul Hesse, wandered over for a look-see at the beautiful green-gray-eyed girl. Olivia de Havilland glared when Major John Huston deserted her for "that Crain girl." Errol Flynn left Nora Eddington for a "hello" to Jeannie. Gary Cooper sauntered over, introduced himself with—"My name's Cooper. I want to know you. I thought your performance swell in 'Home In Indiana'." Even staid marrieds like Dana Andrews and Alan Ladd were interested enough to ask, pointing to the lass surrounded by the best-looking men in the room, "Who is she?"

The rise to fame of the little Crain is almost too simple to make a good story. But it does.

There is no Cinderella stuff. She was born in Barstow, California, eighty miles from Los Angeles. "But you can really say I was born in Los Angeles," Jeanne said, "because we only lived at Barstow until I was four months old." Jeanne's father is an educator. As a young man he was an exchange student and studied at the University of Paris and in South America. He is now head of the English and Languages departments at the Inglewood High School. "Languages," says Jeanne, "come easy for me." She speaks French fluently and is now studying Spanish.

"I had a semester at UCLA after attending the St. Mary's Academy," Jeanne went on. "But I had to give up the University when I signed to make pictures. You can't go to college and a studio at the same time.

"When I was a little girl I wanted to be a painter, but I realized soon enough that that was impossible." (Sideline thought from the set of "Winged Victory" where Jeanne is now working—those caricatures Jeanne draws of her fellow players are clever!)

Her first try at the thespian art was at Inglewood High School. Ivan Kahn, chief talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox, attended the school play in which Jeanne had a role. He liked her looks, saw a promising actress of the future behind the awkward kid of fifteen.

That was four and a half years ago. It took Kahn three years to convince his bosses that Jeanne was worth a film contract.

"I didn't wait," says Miss Crain. "I went to Orson Welles and asked for the role (*Continued on page* 87)



Powolny

Motif with masculine approval: Jeanne Crain of "Home In Indiana"

AMERICAN NATURAL

Cooper, shy and unassuming in the midst of elegance—

the story of a man and how he dares to be himself

by Elsa Maxwell



He is likely to answer only with a smile



His heart: The distinctive "Rocky"



Natural—even when the camera clicks

GARY COOPER is one of the sweetest men in this world. Never, in a long and varied life, have I known anyone more simple, less spoiled, more sincere. And never have I known anyone with a kinder heart.

I write none of this glibly. I have known Gary intimately for fifteen years; first as a bachelor who always stood free of the scandals so likely to plague Hollywood gentlemen at once free and desirable, second as a devoted husband, third as an adoring father.

During all this time, under all these conditions—in spite of the admiration, applause and wealth that consistently have been his—I have never known Gary Cooper to say an unkind thing about anyone else or to boast of anything he has possessed or accomplished.

Live and let live is his creed. Practicing it he has found the cup of happiness he richly deserves, filled to the brim and brimming over.

To watch Gary with his seven-year-old daughter, Maria, is both charming and amusing. He looks at her always as if he cannot believe she is alive and his own. Not long ago, seeing him intent upon Maria as she played on the lawn, I said:

"Why do you stare at her so, Gary?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "You know I've never been a great fellow for hoarding things, Elsa. Life's so blamed short . . . But I'm hoarding her, I reckon. I always want to be able to remember her at every age!"

The Cooper house, out in Brentwood, is like one of those low-lying, whitewashed houses which sprawl over the green hills of the Bermudas. It is exceedingly simple. Exceedingly elegant, too. All of which, it occurs to me, is a perfect description of Sandra Cooper, more intimately known as Rocky.

Gary and Rocky met eleven years ago when Gary dined at the Colony in New York with her stepfather, Paul Shields, of Wall Street. It was all as soigné as a little dinner at the Colony should be. Gary, however, was aware of nothing (not the famous pressed duck) and of no one (not the usually compelling Paul Shields, Esquire). He saw only the tall slim girl with gray eyes who was her father's hostess. When, a few months later, adopting the name of Sandra Shaw, she came to Hollywood in quest of a career he left her no time to see directors and producers. But this didn't matter. She had long since discovered Gary was more exciting and wonderful than a career could be. They had an understanding when she returned to New York and two months later they were married.

Rocky, although as lovely as any film star and as beautifully dressed, is, in every other respect, completely un-Hollywood. There are those who find her cold. There are those who feel she is pretentious and a snob. These people do not know her. Few do, actually. For Rocky likes those she likes very much indeed and is only vaguely aware that others exist.

She dances magnificently. So does Gary.

"In the old days you were not much of a dancer," I remarked to Gary at a party recently.

"I'm not much of a dancer now," he said in his soft, slow way. "I'm just Charlie McCarthy. And Rocky is Edgar Bergen. She makes me a good dancer—she dances so beautifully. I don't dance nearly as well with anyone else."

This was a fairly long speech for Gary who is more likely to answer you with a smile or a shy nod and who, under no circumstances, indulges in oral fireworks. However, in his laconic Western way he always manages to state his case clearly and firmly. To this his sustained success testifies.

I first met Gary during the winter of 1930, in Rome. The story of our meeting is so very typical of him.

A couple of the Italian nobility, whose guest I was to be, suggested I meet them in Naples, where they were attending the horse show, and drive up to Rome with them. Upon reaching their hotel I found them much interested in Gary Cooper, who had (*Continued on page* 89)



Cooper, clever and keen, star of International's "Casanova Brown"

Hymie Fink

"NICEST GUY IN THE WORLD"



—and the nicest story about him. Bob Hope, who holds a place unrivaled in every American heart

by Dorothy Kilgallen

IF I had an emerald for every occasion on which some eager individual has accosted me to ask, "What's Bob Hope like when you get to know him?"—I would have enough green stones to pave the floor of my boudoir, with possibly a few left over for quite a gaudy rivière. Somehow this glib and amiable comic is the owner of a peculiar quality of friendliness which makes teamsters, senators, typists and snobs feel that they know him quite well, but would like to know him even better.

The answer to their question is undramatically simple. Bob Hope is exactly like the guy next door would be if the guy next door were the nicest guy in the world.

He is bright, but not a smart-aleck; hep, but no slicker. He's ingratiating, but he was born that way, he didn't learn it in a school of acting, or from a press agent. He's an Alger story, and proud of it. He's the kid who went from pool hustler to national idol and is still quite a bit more like a pool hustler than a millionaire.

Bob Hope is happy though famous. He is the only comedian I know who isn't worried. Traditionally and actually, comedians are the unhappiest men in the world. They go gray fast because they realize they are only as funny as their last picture, their last broadcast, their last personal appearance, their last quip. They worry about the fan mail, the reviews, the box office, the Crossley rating, the rivals.

I don't think Bob Hope worries about any of these items. For one thing he's too philosophical, too easygoing, to be jealous of another comic's success. For another thing, he's got everything he wants—his wife, his kids, security and a few good friends. For a third thing, he's too busy with camp shows and benefits and canteen appearances and War Bond rallies to worry about anything except how to make another few thousand soldier boys forget, for an hour, the tough side of the war.

THE war is not gliding by Bob, leaving him unscathed. He not only does all he can—he's being touched by it. He came back from his USO overseas tour a changed man—older, more thoughtful, more serious. When he got off the plane in Hollywood after the last leg of his trip, his face had war written on it. He looked as a man looks who has come straight from a field of battle. His cheeks were sunken and dark. His eyes were set in hollows and for once there was no smile in them. A candid cameraman at the airport took a picture as he climbed out of the plane and when Bob saw it a few days later he didn't believe it was himself.

He went straight home that day, with Dolores, who had driven to the landing field to meet him, and there were no parties to celebrate the end of the journey. He rested, and had his first good bath in heaven knows how long, and Dolores kept the house quiet while he just sat and looked at the wonderful clean peaceful walls of home.

Bing Crosby was his first visitor. He ambled over to the house and the two of them talked for four hours. Bob told Bing stories he'd never told anyone else—stories of things he'd seen and things he'd heard and soldiers he'd met. Gradually the color came back to his face and he relaxed and began to kid a little and tell funny stories on himself. But the trip had been no joke to him, although his tendency has always been to stress the lighter side of it. He was as close to war as a man can be and not carry a gun, and it left its mark on him.

What is Bob Hope like when you get to know him?

Well, he's an informal fellow. He wears sports clothes—slacks and a short-sleeved shirt and moccasins—around the house, and only slightly more formal attire when he goes out. He is not superstitious (he says) but he just happens to have an ancient gray tweed sports jacket that seems to be lucky for him, if there is such a thing as luck. He's had it ever since I've known him—which is eight years, or a good life span for a sports jacket in the wardrobe of a (*Continued on page* 108)



"The only comedian I know who isn't worried"—Bob, happy though famous, with his lady, Dolores



Fall, Hollywood version: Betty in her pool-studded, flower-filled garden



She just can't resist casual clothes—or high-heeled shoes!

Grab bag

Surprise package: Little items from



PERSONAL HISTORY: The soldiers' dream girl was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and first arrived in Hollywood when she was thirteen. But she was twenty-five before she really "arrived"—by way of dance-band singing, pictures and the Broadway stage.

FAVORITE FOODS: Gooey desserts like floating island and chocolate éclairs; peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches; corn on the cob; and doughnuts—she devours so many doughnuts that the cast of "Diamond Horseshoe" now strings six a day on a red ribbon across her dressing-room mirror. She rips one off hourly until none is left by twilight!

BIGGEST BORE: Talking on the telephone—which is why messages are relayed always around the James-Grable manse; and people can never talk to her unless they're nose-to-nose.

BOOK SHE FINGERS MOST: "Dragon Seed," by Pearl S. Buck.

PET BEAUTY SECRET: Putting bluing in her final rinse after a shampoo, to take the gold-glitter out of her hair and make it look silvery.

FAVORITE FUNNIES: None, until she married Harry James, who was righteously indignant

Favorite amusement. Listening to music, any time, anywhe



on Grable

the big-time life of Cover Girl Betty

over her failure to appreciate them! So now she reads them religiously, with accent on "Dick Tracy" and "Blondie."

WHAT SHE COOKS BEST: Do you like coffee and toast? Good; that's what she cooks best—and that's all she cooks! It's breakfast, and it's what she and Harry eat of a dawning.

BEST WOMAN FRIEND: Paula Stone, Fred Stone's daughter—who is also godmother to tiny Victoria Elizabeth James.

CLOTHES SHE NEVER WEARS: Gloves, stockings and hats. She had a wild search for a hat the morning of Victoria's christening—and wound up borrowing the cook's!

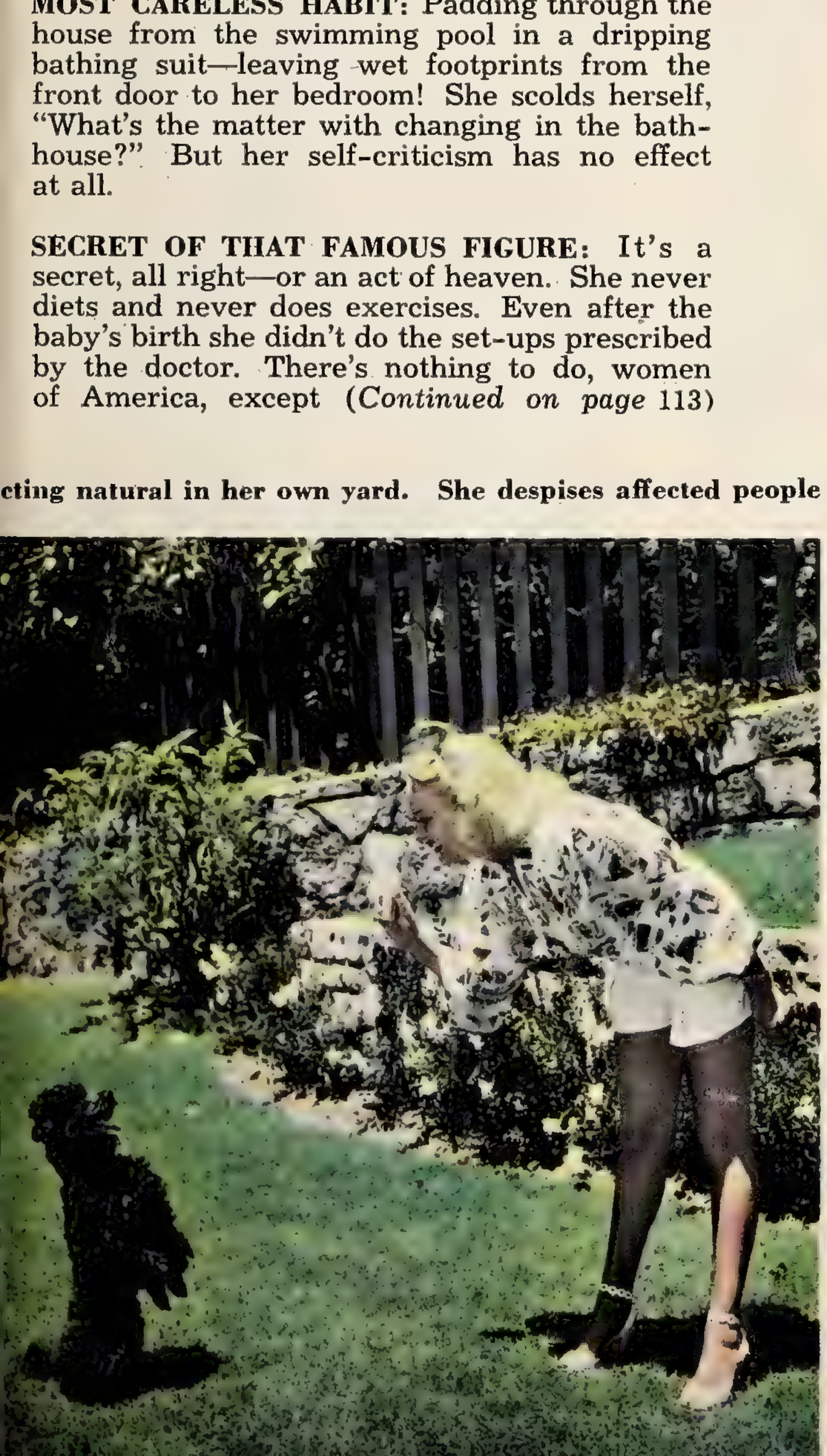
MOST CARELESS HABIT: Padding through the house from the swimming pool in a dripping bathing suit—leaving wet footprints from the front door to her bedroom! She scolds herself, "What's the matter with changing in the bathhouse?" But her self-criticism has no effect at all.

SECRET OF THAT FAMOUS FIGURE: It's a secret, all right—or an act of heaven. She never diets and never does exercises. Even after the baby's birth she didn't do the set-ups prescribed by the doctor. There's nothing to do, women of America, except (*Continued on page* 113)



Most ho-hum hour: The one she spends every day on the crowning glory

cting natural in her own yard. She despises affected people





Her pet flower—orchids, but she loves any kind in her hair





Evelyn Ankers (right) might have been in Greer Garson's famous shoes right this very day—but this was one time when money talked

BEING discovered in Hollywood is rather like holding a ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes. The whole thing is on the level and if you win, you win very big. The odds, however, are all against you—and no sensible person tries to win anything that way. But dreamers do, bless them, and Hollywood is entirely populated with dreams walking.

Thus every six months in Hollywood, a new crop of discoveries comes up, and every six months another crop disappears. A very few survive—and behind each survival there lies a personal history, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic and often very glamorous.

These survivors aren't necessarily the most talented of the discoveries, or the most beautiful. The ones who fail aren't necessarily the dullest or the least able. Failure in Hollywood is always within reach of fame, and the famous are always terrified of tomorrow's failure, that another discovery may bring.

This is a typical case in point:





Alan Ladd figured he was finished in the fame game when he lost out to Jack Beutel. What happened? Ladd ended up with the pot of star gold

The Truth About Hollywood's

Discoveries are made—some go on to glory; others miss the mark. Here are

LOST AND FOUND STARS

BY "Fearless"

some famous cases that show up the odd assets that make or break stars

A little more than two years ago, a slim young man, his broad shoulders slumping with discouragement, walked toward the dark-eyed girl waiting in his car.

"Well, I lost," he said. "Jack Beutel got the part."

"Never mind. We'll try the Paramount picture then," the girl said.

"Sure, an A-minus picture. That's the best I can hope for—if I can hope for that."

"Don't be so blue. I know it's not a big picture—but it might lead to something for you."

"Yeah. I'll bet. More hunting more A-minus productions. This role Beutel got would have lead to a seven-year contract and immediate stardom."

"Honey, you'll click yet. I know it."

"I bet I don't," said the young man, Alan Ladd, to the girl, Sue Carol.

Alan had sufficient right to be bitter. He'd been knocking on casting-office doors for years. Even with Sue Carol's love and guidance he hadn't been able to get anywhere. The chance at "The Outlaw" had made him very hopeful. Anyone in Hollywood would have agreed with him that there wasn't the chance of a snowball in a hot climate of "This Gun For Hire" being the more important picture.

Contrariwise, Jack Beutel, the winnah, felt as set as a diamond in platinum, and no one could blame him. How could he fail with the lead in "The Outlaw," a million-dollar special, produced by Howard Hughes, who is a million-dollar special himself, and backed by a publicity campaign that was ditto?

More than a million dollars was expended on "The Outlaw" and it turned out to be the prize turkey of all time, so very bad and so completely rough that the Board of Censors wouldn't pass it and no theater chain would book it. It was shown in only one theater in one city, San Francisco, in an independent house that Hughes was said to have bought just for the run. (Fearless was in the very small group of Hollywoodians who saw the production.)

But the tragedy of it was that Jack Beutel, despite the laughter that the film's supposedly serious, dramatic moments received, was personally magnificent. Such ordinarily fine actors as Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell were perfectly horrible in "The Outlaw" and no performer could possibly have been worse than the much-publicized Jane Russell (even though the assets for which she was most publicized lived up to all the eulogies written about them). But Jack Beutel, in the role that Alan Ladd didn't get, proved himself a fine, sincere, handsome young actor.

So what good did it do him? None. Why wasn't he picked up by some other studio, like Lon McCallister was picked up by Twentieth Century-Fox from "Stage Door Canteen" wherein the discovery was supposed to be William Terry, who didn't click at all?

Jack Beutel couldn't be picked up by any other studio. He had signed a long-term contract with Hughes, and Hughes (*Continued on page* 91)





Pat but not-so-pretty illustration of one factor that gives breaks to unknowns and terrorizes established stars is the Faye-Grable case

Turhan Bey

Hymie Fink

New and notable: Poll winner Turhan Bey of "The Climax"



Cause of the new gleam in Bey's slanting black eyes—blonde beauty Miss Turner

On the receiving end of American female fancy—the charming charmer Turhan Bey



He loves cameras, will snap anyone who comes within his candid range

Ladies' Knight

BY INGA ARVAD

HIS name is Turhan Bey, but actually it's immaterial what he's called because once you've seen him you'll discover that he's as hot as a June day in the desert.

Perfect example of a newcomer who has been made a star by the clamoring of female voices, Turhan was, not so very long ago, a villain. He used to be the slave and whipping boy of Maria Montez, and Jon Hall was her lover. But now the setup has been completely reversed with Jon playing the slave and Turhan the lover.

The most remarkable thing about this twenty-four-year-old son of a Turk and a lovely Czechoslovakian is what best can be described as his "mating-call" voice. If you talk to Turhan, you very soon discover that you actually are not listening to what he is saying but just to the sound of his voice. At the same time it suggests the mellow note of an old Chinese gong and a sexy come-hither quality, which when mixed are more potent than the most exotic drink.

Suave, charming and unconcerned about a magnificent physique, Turhan is, however, the first one to say, with a wry little smile, "I'm just an ersatz lover. If Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart and the rest of the big lovers of the screen hadn't gone to war, I would still be playing some despicable villain in a B picture."

There isn't a true word in that statement. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer asked for Turhan Bey to play opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Dragon Seed," they certainly didn't do it because he has a "mating-call" voice or because he kisses the hand of the Hollywood glamour girls. They did it because they knew that he could act. And after "Dragon Seed," he proves he is ready to step into the top roles of Hollywood.

Turhan admires Kate Hepburn very much. She was very nice to the lonesome young actor and helpful during the shooting of the picture. It didn't take long for the gossip to spread that Turhan was wildly in love with her and when he started sending her roses the town was actually bursting with stories about their romance. When a local gossip column printed an item about those fatal roses, Hepburn was slightly annoyed. Turhan was extremely upset because there is nobody he admires more than Hepburn. While the battle of the roses was being fought there was a tension for a day or two on the set until Hepburn knew for sure that it wasn't Turhan who had tried to pull himself into the headlines by the bootstraps of a famous star name.

Turhan can easily be called the loneliest young actor in the picture business. He attributes this to "a protecting wall that Hollywood glamour girls build around themselves." The wall-building is understandable enough, he points out. The girls, if they have achieved some measure of success in the business, are forced to protect themselves, their bankrolls and their reputation from adventuresome young men, so that they are not easily approached by strangers. Turhan has not the patience or inclination to try to break down the barrier by direct assault or flanking movements.

On the other hand, he finds the girls who want to have dates have a motive of their own in their eagerness to be charming. They want to be seen in the company of an up-and-coming young actor for publicity reasons; or, perhaps, they need moral support.

THE Bey sense of humor has been proven many times. One day on the set of "Queen Of The Nile," Turhan Bey was a beautiful sight to behold. His robin's-egg blue costume of ancient Egypt was trimmed in gold. His tunic draped casually over one shoulder, leaving the other bare. It came down just below the chest, leaving (*Cont'd on page* 72)



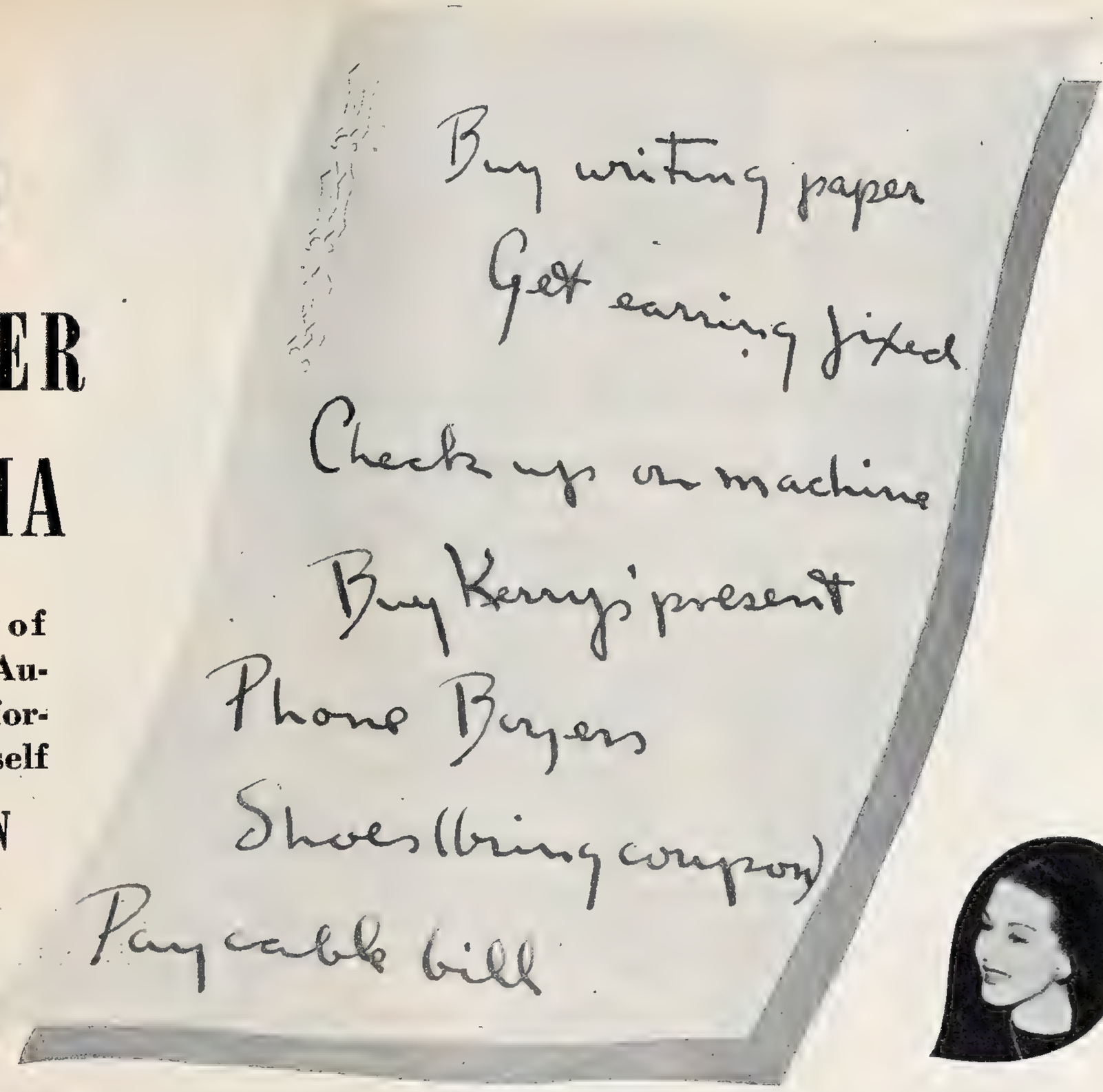
Bejeweled and fabulous lady—Maria Montez of "Bowery To Broadway"



REMINDER OF MARIA

Being a page of Maria Montez Aumont's "Don't forget" notes to herself

BY MARIAN QUINN



Footnotes (by Photoplay) on the Montez notes:

The writing paper: This would be V-mail paper, of course, to write to her husband Jean Pierre Aumont, on duty overseas with the French. Very proud of him and of his recognition by General de Gaulle, Maria writes him faithfully in the scrawly script learned in the convent school in the Canary Islands where she was educated as a child.



The earring: Part of her collection of flashing, large pieces of jewelry for which she is noted. She plays to a big-star act, is a show-lady in the best Hollywood sense of the word and makes a breathtaking appearance whether she be dining with Joan Fontaine at a restaurant or adding her conversational bit—with a quaint Spanish accent—to a big Elsa Maxwell party.

The machine check-up: Referring to her beloved recorder, a part of her daily routine, since it plays back to her Jean Pierre's voice, one record of his singing a French song, one reciting a special poem. He had the records made for her before he left for overseas.



Kerry's present: A present for small Kerry Kelly, daughter of the Gene Kellys. Among the Aumonts' best friends, the Kellys are very close to Maria and visits with them are a part of a Montez social life that even in wartime manages to be gay, exciting and ever active.

Phone Boyers: Also among the Montez-Aumont intimates are the Charles Boyers. Boyer corresponds with his fellow Frenchman Jean Pierre and will call Maria whenever he receives a letter to read it to her over the phone.



Shoes: Armed with her ration coupon, she is evidently going shopping for her special size-five shoes, the envy of other Hollywood women. If she wanted to add more vital statistics, she could say that she is five feet, seven inches tall, has brown eyes, unusual reddish-brown hair and a warm Latin-American personality that is the heritage of her birth in the Dominican Republic.

Cable bill: A reference, naturally, to those cables that fly overseas to her Jean Pierre. Should she want to be formal she might sign the receipt with her legal name of Maria Africa Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas, if she wanted to be "Hollywood" she would sign herself Maria Montez, but what she will write is that name that she wears proudly and brings her closest to the thoughts in her heart—Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont.

CRIME ON MY

The unpredictable Sanders gives Hollywood—and you—another shock, writes this murder mystery about himself, turns out a surprise-climax story Photoplay condenses here

MURDER on a George Sanders set! In the midst of a shooting scene, the star discovers an extra, Severance Flynne, lying dead, shot through the head with a .38. Since everyone else in the scene was carrying .45's except Sanders, who carried .38's, George decides, for the time being, to keep this information to himself while he seeks to trap the murderer. He searches Severance Flynne's hotel room, finds a clipping from an English paper that reads: "Lord Hake, head of one of our oldest families, died of pneumonia Friday at his home, the 'Woods.' His eldest son, Harry, met his death almost simultaneously in Mondesley when his Daimler ran over an embankment. It is believed that he was hurrying to his father's bedside."

Knowing that the film shot at the time of the tragedy may hold a clue to the murderer, George gives out word that he has the film in his trailer dressing room, then sets up an electric searchlight beam that will flash on as soon as anyone crosses the threshold. Putting out all lights, he waits for his visitors, any one of whom may be the criminal.

To the trailer come:

His agent Melva Lonegan and his press agent, Fred.

Lamar James, deputy of Sheriff Gerald Callahan, who is conducting the formal investigation.

Wanda Waite, glamour star, who had been seen by Sanders himself frantically searching Flynne's room after the murder.

Listless Nelson, friend of Sammy, prop man who knows that it was George who carried .38's and who is helping George investigate.

Riegleman, ambitious producer of the picture.

Paul, the casting director.

Curtis, the head cameraman.

Carla Folsom, who is playing opposite George and who admits to having known Flynne in her pre-Hollywood past.

Sammy, the prop man.

No one of these visitors gives George any clues; all have logical explanations for their visits. However, Sanders discovers that some one of them has carried off the roll of film. This necessitates reshooting of the scene and George's changing his guns for .45's, since the .38's have disappeared. Both Sanders and Sammy realize that there is only one chance in a hundred that this switch of guns will not be noted by the script girl, Peggy.

They start filming the scene; the moment comes when George is to face the camera. His eyes are on Peggy, he sees her throw up a warning hand, about to stop the scene. Then fear screams from her eyes—and she topples forward, between her shoulder blades a circle of blood.

SOME six hours after Peggy's death, I was in jail.

"The shot came from a point along your line of vision and extended beyond Miss Whittier," Lamar James told me. "The killer may think that you saw something—like Peggy Whittier—so you're next on his list. This is a protective arrest."

I stood up. James' brown eyes didn't waver before mine. "There were a couple of hundred others out there who could have seen what I did. Why single me out of the ruck?"

He gave me a sly smile. "I know you're hiding something."

"There is one thing I'd like to see," I told him. "Peggy's notebook. She recorded everything she saw. If a scene was interrupted the director only needed to consult her to take up the scene again exactly as and where it was interrupted."

"She didn't have any notebook when I got there," James said. He stamped out, flushed with anger. And Melva arrived with Frank.

"We can't let you rot in a louse-infested cell," Melva protested.

"Any lice in this cell," I said pointedly, "came from outside, since I've been here."

I turned my back on them and looked stolidly at my bunk. To my surprise, they went away.

I didn't hear Sheriff Callahan until he spoke with bovine heartiness.

"There's no call to keep you any longer. I can't afford to get into no trouble with the federal men. Your agent was very nice about it, and I see where we was hasty."

I stood up. I walked out.

Lamar James drove up as I emerged into the sunlight. "What are you doing out?" he asked.

I told him.

"It doesn't matter. I think I've got the killer. I'm going to pick her up in a few minutes."

"Her?" I said. "Who?"

"Wanda Waite. Her fingerprints are all over Peggy Whittier's room. It's a little too coincidental to find 'em in Flynne's and Whittier's rooms both."

"Wanda didn't kill Flynne," I said, "and therefore had no reason to kill Peggy."

He replied, "I'm picking her up for questioning."

I followed him inside, to his laboratory. He put two battered chunks of lead under a microscope.

"They didn't come from the same gun," he said, "but they came from the same make. Probably a pair of Smith and Wesson .38 Specials. Now, why didn't he use the same gun?"

"I came in here to tell you what I know," I told him. "My first suggestion is that you leave Wanda Waite out of the picture. She isn't guilty."

"What was she doing in his room, then?"

"I don't know. I watched her through the closet door, and I thought she was wiping her fingerprints off things."

"*You* watched her?" he exclaimed. "What the hell were you doing there?"

"Looking for a motive, of course."

"Did you find anything?"

"A newspaper clipping. I doubt if it means anything."

I told him what the clipping said.

"Where does Wanda fit into this?" he asked.

"She talked to him on the train coming up here. She *says* for the first time. He told her he came from Nebraska. He was on this job under false pretenses."

"How (*Continued on page* 95)

An Inner Sanctum Mystery Published by Simon and Schuster

HANDS

by George Sanders



She got to her feet, faced me challengingly, then took off her robe. "You'll admit I can make blood bubble."

Illustration by Leslie Benson

The house is lovely—the vegetables fresh





This is the picture of proud parents, Dana and Mary—and a daughter to be proud o



His cocker is quick to learn new tricks

Photographer Hymie Fink

Calling on



It's always Victory-gardening time for Dana

He loves his pipe—and fixing the fire



Nursery-rhyme time for the cute Kathry





glowing fire, a good book, a comfortable chair and the favorite pipe—spell content

Best way to save gas—Dana on his bike



Dana Andrews

At home—in the San Fernando Valley—where he leads—and loves leading it—the simple life



Dana, Dana, how does your garden grow?

Private entrance and exit for the dog



Time for a snack and a bottle of beer





At home in the kitchen—even at the sink

Says Paul Lukas: "If you are too punctual. I know that men are always complaining that that's what women *aren't,* but I maintain that a too-punctual woman is likely to be a painfully exacting woman about other things—your favorite old smoking jacket, for instance. The really smart woman knows enough to keep you waiting just long enough to whet your desire to see her . . . just long enough so that when she does appear, she makes an effective entrance. She doesn't, of course, keep you waiting until your nerves, your patience and your collar have begun to wilt. She has a sense of timing and that probably means she has a sense of proportion about most important things. Romance can't be conducted on a time-clock basis. A soupçon of leisureliness gives it charm."



Says Dana Andrews: "If you marry some other fellow! I can think of nothing which bruises the tender passion so thoroughly as the discovery that the lady of your dreams not only prefers someone else but that she prefers him so emphatically that she has gone and married the blighter. It's—it's disillusioning, that's what it is. Something happens inside your manly breast which can only be described as a 'thunk!' Your heart aches and your vanity aches and you view the entire feminine sex with a jaundiced, embittered eye. And when you rally from the 'thunk!' you begin to see clearly that the woman who has done this thing is a woman of no taste. What's more, she isn't even very pretty and why hadn't you noticed that before? Whatever did you see in her, anyhow?"

"You'll ruin

—you court cupid this way! Six gentlemen



Says George Brent: "If you don't know how to say 'thank you' gracefully. A woman I know told her young daughter, 'Never *thank* anyone for anything. Acceptance is thanks enough.' I thought of this poor child the other day when I saw a friend taking a great deal of trouble to find the exact shade of camellias that he knew a certain sweet young thing prefers. 'I'd rather do things for her than any girl I know,' he admitted. 'She has a way of thanking me which makes me feel pretty good! The most subtle flattery a woman can give a man is the kind which makes him feel he's a man of taste and discernment. This girl doesn't gush; she merely makes you feel that what you've done for her is superlatively and sophisticatedly *right.* She's wonderful.'"



Says Vincent Price: "If you are too well groomed! Now, no one admires a fastidiously turned-out woman more than I do. But I'm talking about the girl who is so grimly concerned about her looks that she spoils her own and everybody else's fun. Like the girl I saw at a garden party who retired to the powder room in tearful humiliation because she discovered she had a smudge on her nose. It was a cute nose and a well-placed smudge merely called attention to it! Or the girl at Mocambo who was ill-tempered all evening because a wandering breeze had disturbed her twenty-dollar hair-do as she got out of the car. A man likes a girl to whom occasional wind-in-the-hair is becoming. Give him credit for being able to see past a smudge—or even a dollop of mud on your pretty pan!"

romance if—"

speak out about some not-so-fair ladies' tricks



Says Zachary Scott: "If you are too keen on being seen 'in the right places and with the right people.' This is a trait which reaches its nth degree in Hollywood where, when you take a pretty little thing out for the evening, she is likely to be so busy posturing for her 'public' or casting inviting glances at the candid cameramen that she has scarcely a moment to dance with her escort—or even to smile at him. If she doesn't feel that she is being seen and admired, the evening is a failure for her. If a girl is really interested in attracting a man, it's a good idea for her to give a little of her gracious attention to 'the guy what brung her' and who is also, if I may be so crass as to mention it, paying the check!"



Says Bill Eythe: "If you don't trust your guy. Once I was so bemused at the loveliness of the girl with whom I'd spent an evening that after I had left her at her door I drove to the beach to listen to the waves and think about her most sentimentally. Next day she called and demanded to know where I had gone after I left her—she had telephoned my home. Nothing would convince her that I hadn't gone to see some other girl or to another party. Disappointment and then disgust welled up in me as she talked, her voice growing more and more rasping. All I could think of when she had hung up was whew! how lucky I had been to find out so soon that she was a suspicious, ill-tempered shrew. Perhaps she thought she was flattering me. I don't know. But she certainly didn't understand men!"

Bette, painted in keen perspective,
the lady with the definite likes and dislikes,
as delightful as she is different

Portrait of the dynamic

SHE abhors the wearing of slacks in public.

She can't stand tripe or crowds.

She smokes four to five packs of cigarettes every day.

She drinks coffee substitutes and never goes to a fortuneteller out of fear that she'll believe what is told her. She is irritated by women's voices.

She never uses salt.

She was christened Ruth Elizabeth Davis.

She is very fond of fog, rain, argumentation and onions.

She has had the measles four times, was born in Lowell, Mass., on April 5, 1908, and nurtures a frustrated desire to sing with a band.

She never eats sweets, has an unusual memory for names and faces, and when eight she attended a boarding school in the Berkshire Hills which left her vivid memories of riding and swimming and romping in the winter snows.

She wonders why women lie about their ages.

She is very fond of dancing, practical jokes and Mexican tequila.

Her name, Bette, was suggested by an aunt when she was thirteen and she adopted it because her father thought "it had a gay sound."

She prefers a tub bath.

She is always forgetting where she left articles that she carries around with her. She doesn't like air travel.

Bette Davis believes that the realization of an ambition never measures up to its original dream. She likes giving small barbecue dinners.

She likes kittens but not cats.

She was born in a three-story rambling frame house. Her favorite singers are Kirsten Flagstad and Bing Crosby. She disclaims any knowledge of the graphic arts.

She doesn't like amusement parks.

She is easily approached, completely democratic and exceedingly fond of garlic. She subscribes to a book club but resents the idea.

Her clothes incline toward the darker colors and she hates eating alone or being in the house alone. She wishes she had never made "In This Our Life."

She likes singing hymns.

She has an aversion to doing anything just because it is good for her.

She eats Camembert with a spoon and no crackers.

She wants to learn Spanish, dotes on Somerset Maugham and is founder of the Hollywood Canteen and its most indefatigable worker.

She is blonde and was president of the Tailwagger Foundation, an organization sponsoring humane legislation for animals.

She likes watching tennis matches and horseshoe pitching.

She has never been seasick, doesn't like beer and has never gone in for collecting. She has blue eyes and thinks she might have made an exceptional interior decorator.

She was never called by a pet name, reads an average of three or four books a week and was born under a cold, leaden sky that alternately turned to sleet and rain.

She has two dogs—a scottie, "Tibbie," and a miniature Doberman, "Karli." She once visited Grant's Tomb as a child on roller skates.

Her antecedents on her mother's side were French Huguenots. She employs the touch system in typing, which she learned at school "as a reserve profession—just in case."

She thinks golf unspeakably dull.

She is extremely embarrassed by flattery, likes the smell of a stable and would love to rearrange furniture in the houses she visits.

She hates shopping of any sort, especially for clothes.

She admires Ethel Waters, beautiful lingerie and anyone who can execute a lovely tango. Her father's father was president of a small college for Negroes in Harper's Ferry, W. Va. He was a Baptist minister.

Her pet extravagance is fine handkerchiefs. She swims, rides and plays a middling game of tennis. She is always made lonely by train whistles and departing ships.

She loves boogie-woogie.

She never indulges in any fad of the moment and doesn't give a hoot what fashion decrees. She has an unintentional abrupt manner on the telephone—as if she were in a hurry to catch a train—which those who do not know her well misunderstand.

When she was of toddling age she would shock her mother by bringing bugs, worms and other curious forms of animal life into the house. She once proffered her mother's guests a dead field mouse.

Her fondest memory is of family picnics in the New England hills. She is very active in the training of guide dogs for the blind and is the bane of still photographers because she can't sit still.

She would like someday to meet someone "who really understands Marcel Proust and James Joyce."

She once succeeded in stopping smoking for three months.

She doesn't care much for poetry but can recite the first verse of "The Midnight Ride Of Paul Revere."

Bette Davis considers her most lamentable fault her inclination to blurt out her mind without careful consideration. Her home in Hollywood is California-New England, brick and half-timber.

She is secretly envious of anyone who is a beautiful ballroom dancer and rates "Dark Victory" her best picture.

She wears earrings and a chain bracelet with eggs and a goose on it. She longs someday to visit Russia and is never satisfied with her screen work.

She has no patience with women who are careless of their appearance.

She is superstitious about rain because it was always raining when her best "breaks" came.

She likes wearing red combs in her hair and during the first few years in Hollywood she refused to buy a home due to a horror of owning anything in Hollywood that she couldn't pack up overnight and take back to New England.

She sleeps on her side, never reads mystery stories and thinks fatalism largely a lazy philosophy.

by
Joseph Henry Steele

Davis



She reacts perversely towards holidays, feeling too sad to enjoy them. She likes to sleep until eleven when not working.

She doesn't like necklaces.

She hates coloratura sopranos.

She enjoys having her breakfast in bed, which usually consists of orange juice, eggs (very well done) and coffee substitute.

Her uncle was bishop of Aroostook County, Maine. She has been told she was headstrong when she was a child. She recalls that her mother told her that when her sister, Barbara, two years her junior, was born, Bette, discovering the baby in her crib, picked her up and carried her to her mother's bed, saying, in effect: "This is where you are going to stay!" She wasn't going to brook any trespassing on her domain! Her sister lives with her today.

She studied dancing under Roshanara, a young Englishwoman. She has worn braces on her teeth "half of her life," the last time while she was tested for a screen career.

She is embarrassed by lavish gifts.

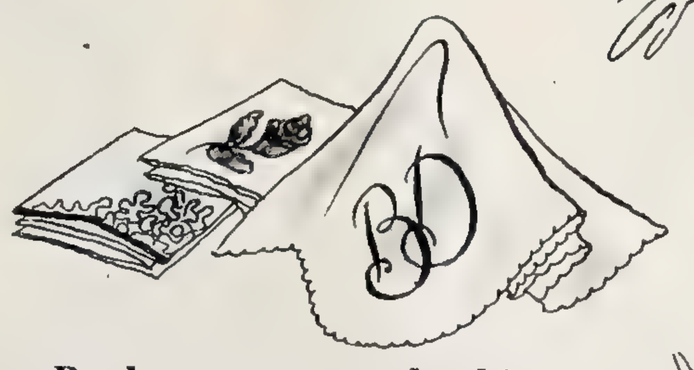
She used to bet on horse races but found herself so lucky she quit. "I suppose that's the New England in me. One must earn what one gets."

She enjoys vegetable gardening, but only on her farm in New Hampshire.

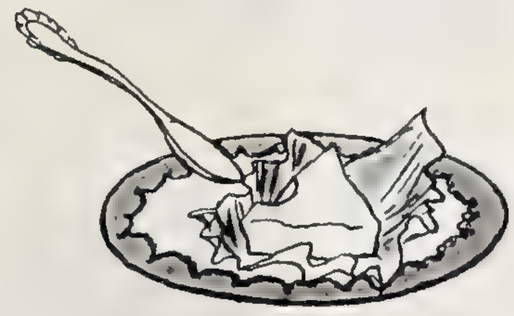
She was once turned down for a part by Eva Le Gallienne, who thought Bette "did not take the theater seriously enough." She was once fired from a George Cukor show.

She wrote her mother while studying at Cushing Academy, inspired more by self-dramatism than unselfishness, offering to wait on tables for a part of her tuition. To her great surprise and chagrin, her mother thanked her for her thoughtfulness and approved. Bette says she wept bitterly.

The finest actress the American screen has produced says, "My ideal of a perfect existence is to live three months in Acapulco, Mexico, three months in New Hampshire and work six months in Hollywood."



Pet luxury—pretty hankies; worst habit—losing them



Loves Camembert without crackers — with a spoon



Secret yen—to sing with a band—loves hymn singing



Fond of dancing and watching a well-turned tango

Hutton heart-to-heart

Bob—the young fellow with the beautiful wife, the bigger and better career and the kind of life that keeps both Huttons—and everyone else—looking up

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

IF YOU had to describe Bob Hutton in a few words, you could say: "He's shy, tall, gangling, shy, serious, boyish and shy." Oh, his driver's license probably gives the facts that he's six feet two, aged twenty-four, with blue eyes and light-brown hair. And Warner Brothers Studio proudly announces that he's played big parts in "Destination Tokyo," "Janie," "Hollywood Canteen" and "Roughly Speaking"—and that he's due for an even bigger role in "Rendezvous." But your description would still be more accurate . . . particularly that word "shy," which keeps his life at an emotional boiling point.

Take the little event that happened a few weeks ago, when young Bob and his pretty wife Natalie were dining at Romanoff's restaurant, a few blocks away from their Beverly Hills apartment. They were in the middle of their trout with almonds when Prince Mike Romanoff himself appeared at their table with the offer of two tickets to the "Going My Way" premiere that night—in fact, only a half-hour distant. Overcome with pleasure, Bob seized the tickets and he and Natalie hastily downed the rest of dinner and scuttled home to change into formal clothes and then appear at the klieglit theater. Out on the light-flooded sidewalk, Bob heard a chorus of voices from the onlookers scream, "There's Bob Hutton!" Pleased as a peacock, he marched along to a wave of cheers—and then, to his horror, found himself dragged to the microphone.

"And here's Bob Hutton!" shouted the affable master-of-ceremonies. "All ready with a little speech for us! Speak, Bob!" he added glowingly to Bob.

This was just like asking a stone to give the Gettysburg Address. Bob stood there in misery, shaken with tremors, white with terror. After a second the m.c. shouted jovially into the mike again, "Give us a word, Bob!" Then Natalie, giggling at her miserable spouse, gave him a push. So he managed to get his mouth open—and literally pantomimed a speech! Not a sound came forth . . . as Natalie told him later, after rescuing him from the microphone with another push and dragging his tottering form after her into the darkness of the theater!

And that incident describes Bob to perfection—his inarticulateness, his boyishness, his shyness. That explains why even Hollywood's deepest cynics like him—and why you'll find the young Robert Huttons at every exclusive filmdom party. Bob and Natalie like parties so they accept all invitations. And then he inevitably has some humiliating experience that turns him an anguished red—and thoroughly endears him to the other guests!

Like the famous time he first attended a Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton party, in the days when they were still happily married. These were also the days when the Huttons were newlyweds and Bob escorted Natalie wearing his pride and dignity like an overcoat. Shyness swept over him at sight of such illustrious guests as Rosalind Russell, the William Powells, Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini—but it subsided as the formal dinner progressed. Right after dinner (*Continued on page* 111)



His hobby, miniature furniture; hers, writing poetry; theirs, gin rummy

Wilde about love

Cornel—who belongs to Patricia, the girl with the green eyes who discovered this endearing guy with the plus personality way before Hollywood did



Love, Inc., on a team basis: Cornel with Patricia, mother of small Wendy

BY SARA HAMILTON

THERE WERE dozens of girls walking up Broadway that September afternoon seven years ago. But Cornel Wilde, spying one particular girl, didn't even see the others. And, really, it has been that way ever since.

That girl's joy of living was bright in her chameleon-green eyes and she was straight and slim. All of which would have been enough. But she also had honey-colored hair.

Cornel followed her into a drug-store. While she drank a coke he popped into a telephone booth and carried on a conversation that was as animated as it was imaginary. Then, in a sudden lucid moment—the first he had had for fifteen minutes and the last he was to have for much longer than that—he knew he could not pursue that girl further. She obviously wasn't that type.

Alone in his shabby hotel room that evening Cornel was lonelier and more frightened than he had ever been before. Not because he was broke and out of a job. These things had no power to frighten him any more. But the realization that he likely would never see that girl again threw him into a panic. He was in love with her. He knew this in the unalterable way we so often comprehend those things that are beyond reason.

Two days later, however, he met his love again; getting into an elevator in Radio City. Promptly he resorted to the oldest line in man's repertoire. "Haven't we met before?" He had no time to think up anything more original, lest she escape him—this time forever!

She shook her head and smiled.

"In some agent's office," Cornel suggested.

Again there was smiling denial.

"Well, you *are* an actress, aren't you?" he demanded.

No smile accompanied her denial this time.

Frantic now Cornel asked for a date.

Her eyes turned scornful. She began to walk away.

"Don't go off like that," he said. "Look! I just want to tell you that you ought to have a screen test—that you ought to go see my agent!"

She promised she would. And his agent, influenced by her beauty and a humanitarian instinct in Cornel's direction, signed her to a contract.

Then and there the courtship of Cornel Wilde, twenty-two, young, aspiring actor, and Patricia Blake, nineteen, young, aspiring dancer of Boston, Massachusetts, was on.

Cornel told Pat very frankly how things were. "When I take you out," he explained, "we'll have to eat on due bills." Due bills, he explained, were a restaurant's way of paying for advertising; cards which allowed the purchase of food at greatly reduced prices. Unfortunately the card Cornel had bought somewhere was for an oyster house. Consequently night after night he and Pat had to eat fish.

After dinner, if Cornel was lucky enough to get a pass, they went to a big Broadway movie house. Otherwise they found a theater on a side street, admission fifteen cents, where the sound track went psst! right in der Fuehrer's face or the face of anyone else that happened to be on the screen.

It was a (*Continued on page* 85)

Photoplay's

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Navy Wave
Grace Blair



On a wave of popularity is Bob Walker. Wave Blair of Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, wants "a picture of him, ready for a date, carrying candy and flowers." He is her favorite star and starred in her favorite picture, "See Here, Private Hargrove." Bob willingly consented, and here he is—ready with flowers and candy — and an extra-special smile for the Navy!



Cpl. Wm. Lambert,
Camp Howze, Texas



Corporal William Lambert, furloughing in his home town, Kirksville, Missouri, writes: "I would like very much for you to get a picture of Faye Emerson, waist up, smiling, and wearing my division insignia which I have enclosed." Here she is—just as Hymie Fink's camera caught her—smiling glamour-girl Faye is proud to be wearing the insignia, especially for you, Bill!

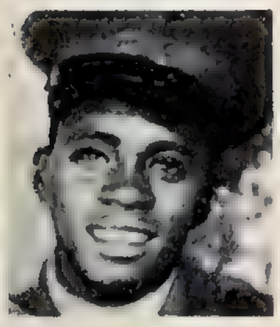
"I would like to see Kathryn Grayson," requests Sgt. Allison, "sewing a patch on a pair of trousers. Maybe I had better tell you a little about myself. I am from Louisville, Kentucky. I have been in the Marines for two years. Was overseas for a year in the South Pacific. I was a gunner in a dive-bomber." Here she is, Dennis, patch and pants, and happy about it too



Marine Sergeant
Dennis Allison



Salute to the Service! Once again the star favorites in favorite poses for the boys and girls in the Armed Forces



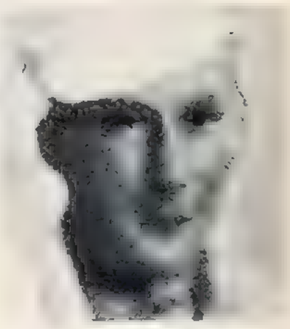
Marine Pvt. Hosea White



"My favorite actress is Lena Horne. I would like to see her about to enjoy a chocolate malt. That was my favorite pastime in civilian life. It still is when I get a chance," writes Private Hosea White, who comes from Los Angeles. Lena, a favorite among service men, obliges. The genuine smile and the gay twinkle in her eyes are not for the malt—though she likes it—they're for Pvt. White and her many other service admirers

On these pages each month are specially posed pictures of the stars. The original picture, autographed by the star, goes to the boy or girl in the service who requested it. We invite you to try your luck. Tell us what you'd like to see your favorite star doing and why, and our photographer Hymie Fink will do his best to oblige. Address your request to: Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.—give the name of your home town and enclose your own snapshot. Sorry, we can't return it.





Robt. C. Macy, of the Navy

Robert C. Macy "somewhere with the Navy" likes Peggy Ryan—and riding a motorcycle. "I would very much like a picture of Peggy sitting on a new Harley-Davidson motorcycle. She happens to be my favorite actress." He'd like to get back to Florida sometime to where he used to indulge in his favorite sport. Here's Peggy, Bob, all set to take you for a spin

"I would like to see Louise Allbritton in a nice shady spot having a nice cool drink of lemonade (or something better) wearing something very cool-looking. I'm from the East and at one time I enjoyed sitting in the shade drinking, myself. That is why I'd like to see Louise doing it—then I could just about picture myself doing it too." Jacob D. Baughman, with the Navy in the Marshall Islands, comes from Youngwood, Pennsylvania





SC 3/c Jacob D. Baughman

Cadets ON CALL

Opening the way to a wonder career for American women, one that will banish loneliness, offer personal triumph—and hasten the return of our American men

BY SUSANNA FOSTER

MUCH of my mail these days is from you girls, girls of my own age, whose guys—husbands, boy friends, brothers—are far away fighting.

These girls are lonesome and confused. The safe tenor of their everyday lives is bitterly frustrating, when the boys they love are far away doing a dirty and dangerous job, and dying, some of them, in the doing of it.

"Isn't there something, Susanna," they write, "that a *girl* can do, to help them through it, to bring the boys back faster?"

I know how they feel.

When this war started I nearly drove my family and my studio bosses crazy with wild threats to cut off my hair, throw away my make-up, stop singing and acting (for me, the ultimate sacrifice!), stop making movies, and fight! First I was going to be a ferry pilot. The only trouble with that was that I couldn't fly. All right, I'd be a WAC or a WAVE.

Fortunately, one of my friends who operates less on impulse and more on brains took hold of my shoulders and gave me a good shaking. She pointed out that I was *doing* a vital war job, one for which I was already trained and in action. For motion pictures, she reminded me, are considered by the armed forces as a vital form of relaxation to our fighting men. So the best contribution I could make was to keep on making motion pictures as fast as I could and as many as I could until the war was over.

She was right.

And that's what I'm doing. Only I'm doing something else along with it. Something that has taken away that awful sense of frustration and has given me more of a thrill than any picture I shall ever make.

You can do it, too.

Last spring I graduated as a full-fledged nurses' aide. It is the very best thing I can imagine to make me feel a real and vital part of the war effort. I only wish I had full time to give. Knowing what I know now about the wonderful sense of satisfaction that comes from nursing I would have enlisted without a moment's hesitation in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. What a wonderful opportunity that is for all women—to heal and restore those who have been wounded in the service of their country—to guard the health of those on the home front.

Perhaps the best way to prove to you how much being a Cadet Nurse can mean to you is to tell you what being a nurses' aide has meant to me. There was one incident I shall never forget. It happened while I was training at Los Angeles County Hospital.

A patient in one of the rooms assigned to me had undergone a major operation. He had come down from the operating room suffering from post-operative shock and was sinking very fast. My supervisor ordered me to go at once to the blood bank for plasma. Not a minute must be lost. I was on a life-saving mission—upon the speed with which I accomplished it depended the patient's chance for recovery. Up to that time my work had consisted largely of routine duties, bathing patients, taking temperatures, giving medications, doing my best to make the patients comfortable. But this gave me a thrill that I had never experienced before—a thrill that comes from a sense of vital responsibility.

I hurried off, trying to remember not to run. The hospital corridors seemed to stretch endlessly before me—it seemed an agonizing length of time until I got to the blood bank. I gave the nurse the slip of paper which the supervisor had given me requesting the plasma. She selected a bottle from the shelf.

"Handle it carefully, young lady. It's very precious."

As if I didn't know how precious it could be to my patient lying there fighting for his life! I thought of the unknown person who had given his blood to make the plasma—it seemed even more precious. The bottle became suddenly heavy—like so much pure gold . . . My arms began to ache from clutching the bottle so tightly. I was indescribably grateful when the supervisor took the priceless burden from my clenched hands and went into the patient's room to give the transfusion.

She was so calm and I was so panicky that it made me feel stupid. But I couldn't be calm. I kept telling myself, "A human life depends on this bottle. Part of another life to save another life. I'd be spilling human life on the floor if I dropped it." I don't think I'll ever be so scared for the rest of my life—scared and excited (*Continued on page* 118)



Susanna Foster, Universal star, posing as a Cadet Nurse

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Your troubles may be others' troubles, too. Why not talk them over with Claudette Colbert? Write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California and, if possible, she will answer on these pages



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

At first I wasn't going to write to you, but when I read some of your answers to people who are as bewildered as I am, I was reassured.

I met my husband in England a year ago. He is an American soldier who was stationed there and who has been fighting for both our countries. He came, one evening, to a canteen in which I was working and we fell to talking together. He showed me pictures of his parents, his home and his fiancee—a lovely American girl. He was eager to talk, so we became friends. I saw him quite frequently after that and fell very much in love with him even though I knew it was hopeless.

Then a wonderful thing happened. He told me that he loved me, too, and that he had written to his fiancee, breaking their engagement. We were married in England.

Sometime later my husband was wounded and sent home for complete recuperation, so naturally I accompanied him to this country. Everything was fine at his family home while he was there, but when he was sent to a government hospital for further treatment, his mother and father showed me quite frankly that I was no longer welcome. It seems that they were very fond of the other girl and still resent me.

Will you please help me to decide whether I should leave here, get a job and rent an apartment, and in so doing disappoint my husband who wanted me to become friends with his family, or should I remain and try to make his folks like me?

Mrs. Madgel J.

Dear Mrs. J:

Before going into your problem, may I welcome you—a newcomer as I once was—to this country and hope that you find as much happiness here as I have found.

I am a great believer in separate homes for separate families whenever possible. Even though you and your husband are temporarily separated by war conditions, you are the nucleus of a family unit and I believe that you should govern your actions accordingly. It is very easy for a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to find some comfortable meeting ground when they are not forced upon one another; when they do not have to work in the same kitchen or try to arrange a fair division of household tasks.

Your most vital obligation is explaining to your husband your eagerness to become an integrated part of his family and expressing your belief that total good will can best be accomplished by maintaining separate homes. In writing to him, always compliment his mother and father and report all their latest doings to show that you are keeping in close touch with them; but live alone.

Why don't you try to make some friends among your own contemporaries at church or in the neighborhood? By studying other young wives and learning something of the American idiom of speech, dress and viewpoint, you will better be able to understand, not only your new family, but everything about your adopted country.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a problem which I don't know how to handle or conquer. I have been in the Army for almost three years and like it fine. I am twenty-two, have a good build and am fairly good-looking.

Two years ago I met a girl with whom I fell very madly in love and I still love her in spite of everything. We were to get married in November when she was to get her vacation. But we keep getting orders to be on the alert and wait for our orders to ship out.

I told her about this and she (*Continued on page* 66)

She's Engaged!



Her Ring—a beautiful diamond with baguette on each side. It is set in a platinum band.



Mary Florence McKenna—adorable young Bride-to-Be of Marine Corps Flyer

Mary Florence McKenna

of Chicago, engaged to
Lt. John Christopher Mullen,
Marine Corps Flyer



At Barat College Mary folds bandages each week—the veil an immaculate frame for her flower-fresh face. Bandage quotas must be filled. Work with the group in *your* community!

She's Lovely!

Mary's dream-sweet face has the shining, unsophisticated beauty of the first spring snowdrops.

She is another engaged girl with that soft-smooth "Pond's look" about her.

"I have ever so sensitive skin," Mary says, "and Pond's Cold Cream seems to be just what I need—it's *such* a fine, soft, lovely cream, it just makes my face feel *grand*—so clean and so smooth."

Mary's Beauty Care with Pond's

She *slips* Pond's luscious Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats on briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

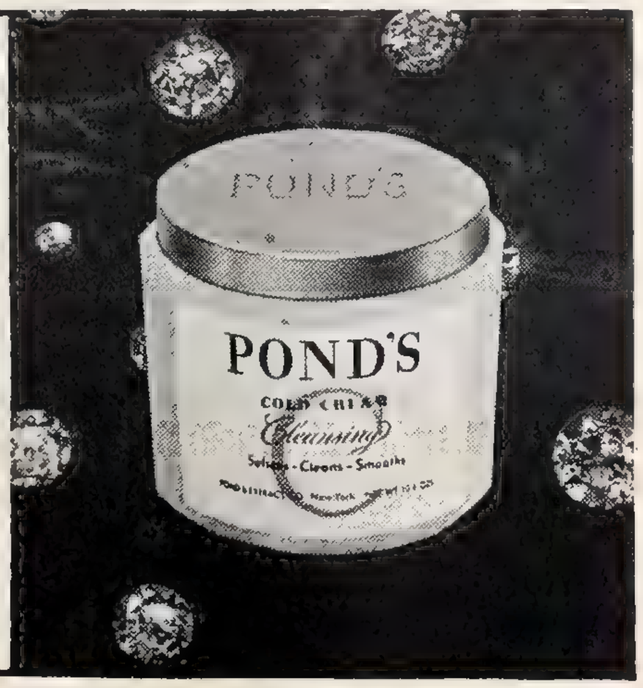
She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—going over her face with little spiral whirls of her white, cream-coated fingers. Tissues off. "I adore the nice *extra* clean, *extra* soft feeling this gives my skin," she says.

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream Mary's way—every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the luxurious big jar—and help save glass. You'll enjoy it more, too, because you can dip the fingers of *both* hands in this wide-topped *big* Pond's jar.

She uses Pond's!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
The Countess of Carnarvon
Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
The Lady Tennyson



P
M
M

(*Continued from page* 64) wanted to be with me until I was shipped, but I told her it would be much easier for both of us if we didn't see each other at a time like now, because we might do something foolish.

Two weeks ago I wrote her that I had a twenty-four-hour pass and I went to a town about sixty miles away and picked up a girl. I spent the day with this girl and had a good time which I told all about in my letter to my girl. She wrote back that she had been going steady with a sailor stationed near by, she being lonely while I was away.

I wrote her to forget everything that was between us and I sent back all her pictures. I was so disgusted with everybody that I started running around. I lost my three stripes and the respect of my buddies.

This has left a scar on my heart that beats anything the Axis could do to me. What do you suggest?

Pvt. Burmont J.

Dear Private J:

The first thing for you to do is to get back those stripes! Love may come and love may go, but rank goes on forever. Suppose, when your girl received your letter, she had done what you did in equivalent? Suppose she had "run around," lost her job and alienated her best friends?

You would have found that a little silly, wouldn't you?

After all, the fact that you enjoyed the company of a strange girl and spent an entire day with her was quite as much a breach of faith as your sweetheart's dating a sailor.

Most men would probably say, "Well, that's different. A fellow can go out once with a strange girl and it doesn't mean anything, but a girl who dates another fellow when I'm away is likely to get emotionally involved." That's the male viewpoint. The feminine viewpoint is that one date or a dozen dates make no difference; it's the readiness to date another person that counts.

Keep yourself busy earning those stripes again and let the romantic portion of your life adjust itself.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-eight years old, a graduate of a junior college and I have also had one year of business school. I have taught school and worked in the accounting departments of business offices.

In February, 1943, I met a young man who is in the armed forces and fell very hard for him. I threw discretion to the four winds and spent one April night with him. Soon after he was sent overseas; he had been gone only a short time when I realized that I was pregnant. I went to a strange city where I had one friend and secured work there. I worked until a week before my daughter was born on January 27, 1944. I soon realized that I was going to have to place her in a nursery until I could get re-established. I simply *must* make some arrangement to work and take care of her.

I realize that it seems that I have been very foolish. I would like to make this point clear: I have never acted in such a way before and my habits have been above reproach. What happened is deeply regretted. My baby's father does not expect to return to the States for at least a year, but he says that he does not intend to evade the responsibility and I feel that he is sincere. We cannot be married by proxy; his religious belief does not permit it.

I have come to the conclusion that the only thing for me to do is to secure a job as a domestic servant, but I realize that not many homes want a domestic with a small child. Do you know of anyone who might be interested and who would employ a servant in my circumstance? I am in perfect health. I have lived on a farm most of my life and know how to cook and keep house.

Eugenia M.

Dear Eugenia M:

Your decision in finding a position as a domestic in a home sounds to me like an excellent solution to your problem. In this way, you will have the opportunity of having your child with you. I am sure you will have no trouble in securing a position and suggest you advertise your wants in your newspaper.

My best wishes for your success.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was thirteen my father was killed in active duty overseas and eventually my mother started going out with a boy friend.

This man is much too courteous to me when my mother is around, but when she isn't he is cruel.

I finally told my mother what was happening behind her back, but she said I was foolish, he only meant to be affectionate. I think I know where affection quits and something else begins.

Sibyl A.

Dear Sibyl:

It seems to me that the best thing to do is to treat this man with courtesy but to avoid him at all times.

It may be that he means you no harm and that he is simply trying to impress you with his charm.

Don't take this too seriously, keep out of the gentleman's sight and I believe that this will work out. If he is really an unpleasant person, your mother will discover it for herself.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a young man of twenty-five. Was home on leave shortly before going overseas. I was a victim of a hasty war marriage. I love my wife very much and I trusted her to the fullest extent. But recently she wrote and informed me that since I have been gone she has had two babies. One is mine, I know, but the other must belong to someone else. She swears that both are mine, but I've been gone too long.

In spite of this I'm still deeply in love with my wife and I still think she loves me.

A Troubled Marine.

Dear Private X:

My sympathies are entirely with you. I think that you have been shamefully betrayed by your wife, but I'm afraid that statement isn't going to help you very much. I don't blame you for being in love with your wife, despite what has happened. One of the most exciting qualities of love is that emotion is not a faucet, to be turned off or on at will.

It would seem to me that you have two choices: Either cease your relationship with your wife or forgive her. If you decide that you wish to continue your life with her, you must be prepared to accept this badly explained baby and treat it exactly as if it were your own.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-five years old and have been married six years. My husband is forty-seven. Before marriage I taught school ten years.

I met my husband in the town in which I was teaching and he led me to believe that he was well able, financially, to support me.

Shortly after we were married I learned that not only was he unable to support me but his aged parents were entirely dependent upon him. I have worked as steadily as possible. I have had two children, both of whom died in infancy.

Two weeks ago my husband decided to move in with his parents. He says I owe it to him and his parents to undertake burdens I am not physically able to bear. His mother is bedridden and it is almost impossible to get help in this isolated farming section. There are no modern improvements on their farm—not even running water.

I feel that I would only be a household slave. The farm is willed to a daughter who lives in a distant city, but who has never—in recent years—visited them or contributed anything to their support.

Although I am very fond of my husband, I shrink before the prospect of becoming a drudge for two elderly people for whom I have neither respect nor liking. My husband maintains that I am selfish, spoiled and stubborn.

Mrs. Adams T. J.

Dear Mrs. J;

Frankly, I don't think that you are the member of the family who is selfish, poiled and stubborn.

Under no circumstances do I think you should give up your school-teaching. You have trained yourself for a profession that is in desperate need at this time of every available member. As you are so devoted to your work, I suspect that you are giving a splendid intellectual start to literally thousands of boys and girls.

When you are physically able, I should think it would be very generous of you if you would visit your parents-in-law, bringing them small gifts. If you wish to contribute from your salary to their comfort, well and good. But I think you should do nothing to endanger your health or to remove yourself from your chosen work.

Claudette Colbert.

NEW

"Pink Lightning"

FACE POWDER

Texture! Cling! Fragrance! You expect all these things in fine face powder. And rightly so. The new Revlon Face Powder, of course, gives you all three . . . *and more!*

For really, it's COLOR that changes your complexion from wan ivory to shell pink . . . from a despondent tan to a glowing tan . . . from sallowness to radiance. Yes, it's color that makes the difference.

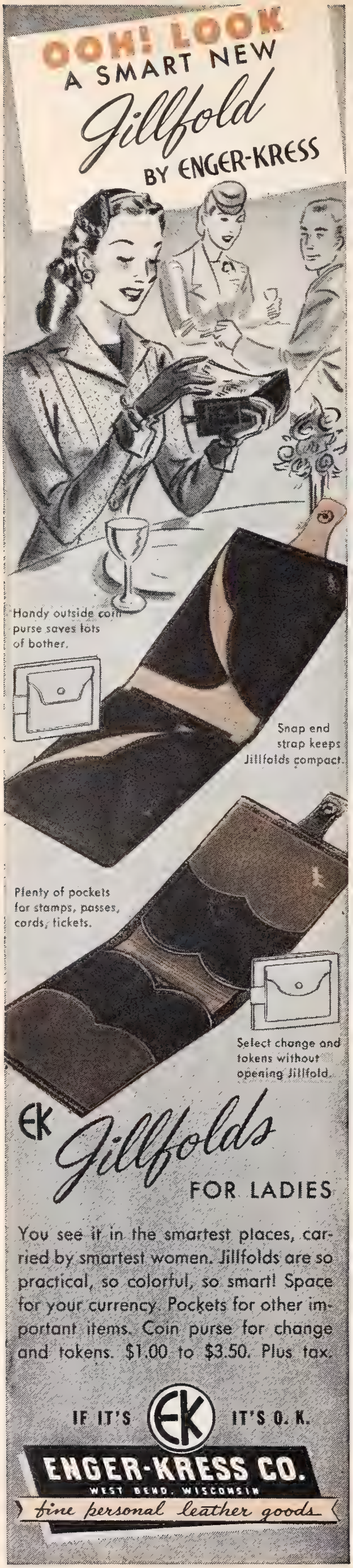
And who knows more about color than Revlon? It's been said, "When Revlon brings out a new shade in nail enamel and lipstick the whole nation's fingertips and lips change color." Now it's "Pink Lightning," Revlon's new face powder color, that's changing the complexion of the nation.

So why don't you try this singing new face powder color today . . . one of 9 custom-made Revlon blends and see the instant improvement in *your* looks!

ANOTHER STROKE OF COLOR GENIUS BY REVLON



THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN FACE POWDER IS COLOR BY Revlon



Bing—As I Know Him

(*Continued from page* 33) nearly knocked me cold when he said he hadn't seen the picture yet!

"*What!*" I gasped. We had found a couple of chairs on the sidelines in a quiet spot.

"It's just this, Louella," Bing explained, "Leo McCarey and I had our hearts so much in that picture that I couldn't stand to see the rushes every day as we shot the picture. And then I got cold feet again about the preview. I want to see the film some day when I just slip into a theater—with just an average audience. To me 'Going My Way' wasn't just another movie. Can't help feeling this way about it."

I asked him how he and Leo McCarey happened to get the idea of Bing's playing a young priest. "It was inspired by a song," he answered. "Several years ago a young priest wrote 'Love Sends A Little Gift Of Roses' and it became a hit right away. This padre with the gift for song-writing gave Leo the idea. Another thing about my not seeing it yet is that I want to see it with the kids.

"Maybe they won't be as proud of their old man as I would like them to be, because the real actor in that picture is Barry Fitzgerald. How he can troupe!"

All along when anyone has tried to praise Bing for his performance he has quietly turned the conversation to Fitzgerald. "If he doesn't pack home the Oscar," says Bing, "there's no justice." And as far as I am concerned there "ain't" no justice if Bing doesn't pack home an Oscar of his own. He will never let anyone know what it would mean to him. But I know how he loves those kids and that it would be the crowning achievement of his life if he could "pack it home" to Dixie and the kids.

Since "Going My Way" is undoubtedly his favorite movie, I asked him how he happened to get on a prize-fight theme like "The Great John L." to launch himself as a producer.

"I enjoy going to the fights and I have always liked sports of all kinds," he explained. "I read a book on the history of John L. Sullivan and I thought it had so much color it would make a good movie."

It gave me a bright idea. "How about your own life story for a movie?" I suggested. Certainly the crooning history of Harry Lillis Crosby is colorful and it's packed with human-interest angles.

"It would have a big cast, too," he laughed, "with all my family." He wasn't speaking of his immediate family alone but also of the entire Crosby clan. His brother Larry manages his affairs and another brother, Everett, is his agent. I don't need to tell you what Bob Crosby does.

Through the years crooners have come and gone, but ole Massa Bing, like Old Man River, keeps rolling along. When the Frank Sinatra craze was at its height and Frankie was hailed as Crosby's successor, Bing didn't start a feud, but pulled, instead, a Madame Récamier. She was the lady who said: "Make friends of your enemies."

Bing cultivated the skinny Frankie whose yelping fans nearly destroyed him. He taught him golf, introduced him to his cronies, including Bob Hope, and clowned before the newsreels singing "People Will Say We're In Love" with Frankie. Audiences ate it up. Bing was going stronger than ever in spite of "the competition."

THE big thing on his mind this day, however, was his trip overseas. I've never seen him so animated or so enthused about any project. At the time he thought he was going to Honolulu and eventually to the South Pacific to join up with Bob Hope. But suddenly all this was changed. At the last minute he was routed from San Francisco to New York because the USO hoped that our Bing would be the first American entertainer in Paris.

He did go Paris-way, appearing for our boys in the armed forces, crooning propaganda to the eager ears of the Germans! They have always liked "Der Bingle." It is typical of Bing to have done this, and that trip will go down as a legend.

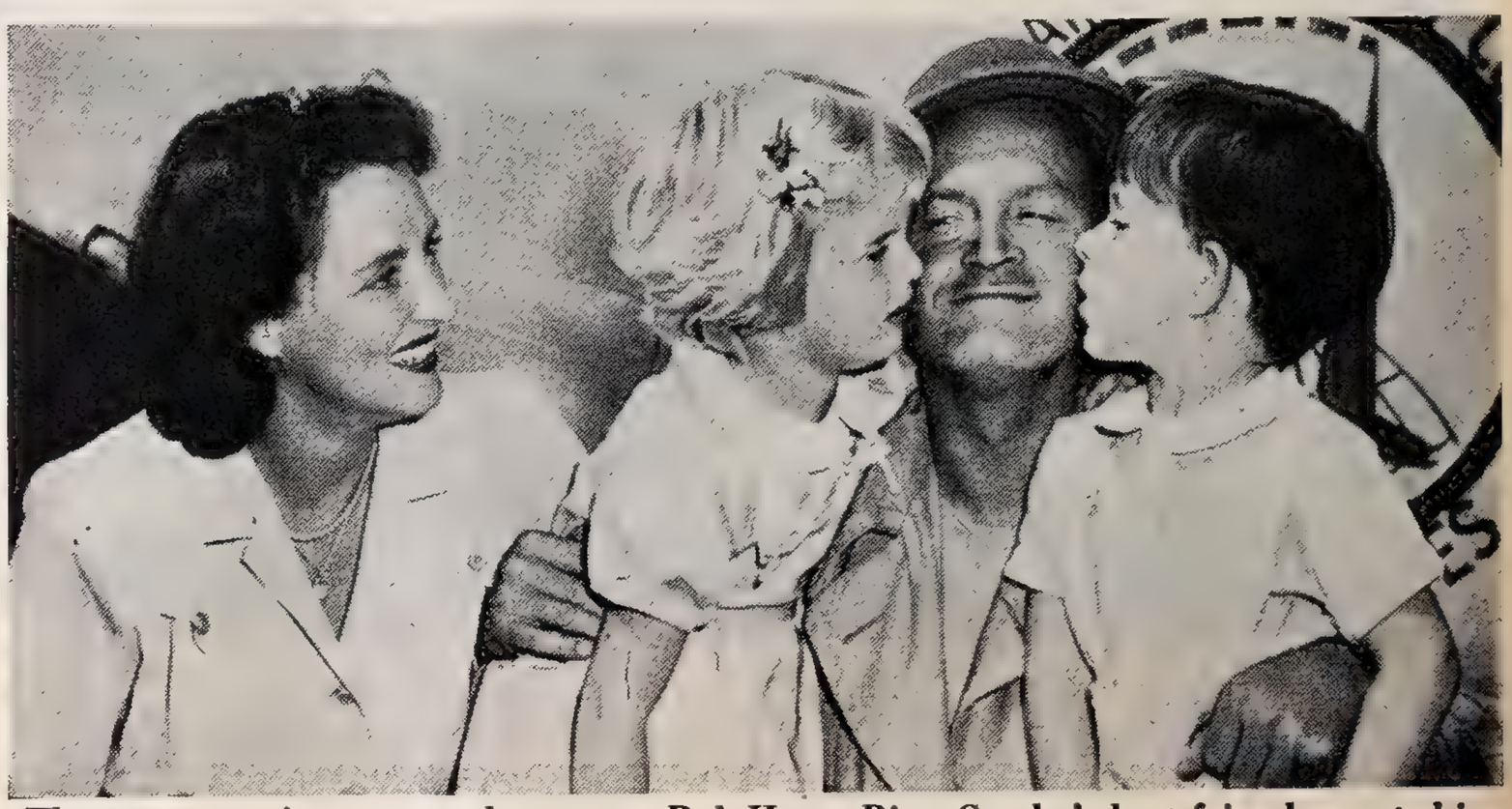
There are few stars who have done as much as Bing—in his proverbially quiet way. He has paid out of his own pocket for records of his most popular songs that have been sent overseas. And without any publicity about it he wrote "Duke The Spook" for the 400th Bombardment Squad and every nickle that comes from the song will go into their fund.

"Of course song hits don't travel as fast overseas as they do here at home," he explained. "I'm still getting requests from our men overseas for hits of several months ago, including 'I'll Be Seeing You' and 'Swinging On A Star.' The old favorites are hot, too—'Melancholy Baby' and 'It Had To Be You'."

Bing, himself, tires of popular songs quickly. After he has sung them for a couple of weeks or months (with the most popular) he doesn't care if he never hears them again. "The melodies just don't stand up with really beautiful songs like 'Silent Night,'" he says.

I came away liking Bing better than I ever had before—and determined to see to it that he continues "Going My Way."

THE END



They were so nice to come home to—Bob Hope, Bing Crosby's best friend, greets his family after a long and highly successful engagement entertaining our boys abroad



A good citizen relaxes. Her regular job (which is the work a man used to do) is *full-time* and demanding. Then, she manages to squeeze in extra time at volunteer work. So, *her* sleep must be *sound*. And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, cherish it as you do the family silver. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators which keep it clean and fresh! We don't know when you can buy another. Simmons is deep in war production. If you need a mattress *now*, inspect the WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, plump and resilient, with many layers of fine cotton! $39.50. We hope you're lucky enough to get hold of a Beautyrest Box Spring. There's a limited quantity of them for sale at $39.50 each. A wonderful Box Spring for your White Knight!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress.

P M M

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

Now I can wear tampons, too.



Rounded ends make FIBS* Tampons easier to use!

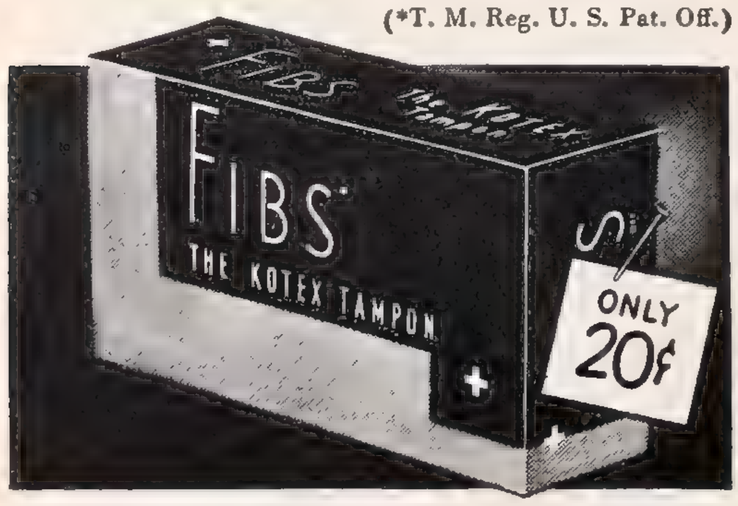
Do you envy those other girls . . . who find internal sanitary protection *so easy to use?* Why not learn their secret? See what a difference there is between Fibs, the Kotex* tampon, and other tampons you've tried!



Fibs have *rounded ends*, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means *this* tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are "quilted" to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These are features, important to every woman, which *only Fibs*, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you've tried them you'll find Fibs so comfortable and safe . . . so easy to use . . . you'll never go back to other kinds.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



P M M

Fontaine's Fling

(*Continued from page* 35) good to hear. "But please," she said, "do not believe all the columnists say about me. I haven't annexed two of Olivia's beaus. I couldn't, if I wanted to—which I don't. I have my own!

"And my much publicized fishing trip with Paul Hesse was not a week end as some reporters insisted. It was something of one day!

"We drove to Sherwood Lake, Paul and I, where we fished for bass *and caught bass!* The moon came up. We drew closer to our fire. And drank old wine. . . ."

"Not only have I just discovered men," she exclaimed, "I also have just discovered women. That really is one of the nicest things about this new life of mine. I have good women friends whom I once wouldn't have believed it would be possible for me to have. They're young and attractive. They offer competition I can really enjoy. Maria Montez is a divine girl—and smart. . . . I'm very fond of Gene Tierney. . . . In other words I'm not a green-eyed dragon any more."

There is scarcely any need for her to be a green-eyed dragon any more, of course. Other women perhaps have reason to be green-eyed because of her. Never married women, however. Count on that! In Hollywood, in Canada on a Bond tour, in New York at the St. Regis, in her little house in Connecticut the most charming, delightful, gay, stimulating men fairly swarm around her.

It's good to see a girl who never was sure of herself become confident and poised at last. Joan today is a far hail from the pale, frail girl who arrived in Hollywood only a handful of years ago to work as secretary and general helpmate to her sister, Olivia de Havilland.

Finally Joan did a few plays, in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Then she signed a movie contract but didn't work for a long time. When she did work neither her roles nor her productions suited her.

Her engagement to Conrad Nagel, much her senior, never seemed too happy or glamorous. The photographs taken of them together never showed them glowing. On the contrary, many felt it was the deep unhappiness they both knew at the time that drew them together and held them together—until Brian Aherne came along.

Joan fell head over heels in love with Brian. He was so charming and handsome. He was older than Joan but he had a sense of play. And having spent most of her life with her nose in a book, she gravitated toward Brian's fine learning and culture.

"It's a great mystery to me why Brian should have fallen in love with me and asked me to be his wife," she said primly, one day shortly after she was married. "I'm such a little goose!" Whereupon Brian answered, smiling, "Maybe it is because you are a little goose that I love you."

So it was only natural Joan felt insecure when women who had reached out gaily all their lives for what they wanted—even other women's husbands—proceeded to assail Brian. She didn't know how to cope with them. She could only smile brightly and die a hundred little deaths inside.

It also is natural enough—although Joan probably never thought of it—that Brian, distinguished gentleman of the theater, lost for a time in pictures that were unworthy of him, should be a little nonplussed when he saw the little goose he had married acquiring brilliance and wit, carrying off Academy Awards, giving performances which fulfilled even his high standards, outdistancing him. Under such circumstances a man's ego feeds hungrily upon the admiration of other women. This may not have been true of Brian, who is more civilized and intelligent than most. But it has been the case innumerable times before and it will be again.

WHEN, married to Brian, Joan found herself tortured by emotional insesurity, she resented it. Then she decided, "I won't spend my entire life in this miserable state. I won't throw my youth away. I'm going to do whatever I must do to be happy."

So there was, inevitably, a divorce.

And now, instead of looking backwards and sighing over past trials and tribulations, Joan is concentrating upon today when, in spite of criticism, she is having the time of her life.

She has exciting clothes, lovely houses in Beverly Hills and Connecticut where she always rushes between pictures because, she says, "New England is home to me. The people there are, somehow, my kind of people."

Last autumn Joan and a good friend and this friend's five daughters spent a week on Fisher's Island, off the Connecticut shore. They had a wonderful time. They sailed and swam, cooked supper on the beach.

Whatever comes she enjoys it to the full—that's the way she is today, gloriously responsive.

YOUR LOVELY CHOICE IS

Jeanne Crain

as winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll. You'll find her on page 37.

Your second choice is Turhan Bey appearing on page 46.

Whom would you like to see pictured in Photoplay? Send in the ballot below to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of.....in Photoplay

I had breakfast with her when she was in New York. She was lovely to look at, her smooth gold hair parted in the center was bound loosely in a net in her neck. She wore a pale blue housecoat of brocade. Her eyes were bright. There was a heady quality in her laughter.

"I am a truly emancipated woman," she declared. "I did my study at home all over. In it I have hung *my* fishing trophies. In it I have the marvelous, wonderful Capehart which Dwight Whitney has lent me—until I can get one of my own."

She was planning the party she would give when "Frenchman's Creek" opened on Broadway. A buffet—big cheese and fish and such on a table in her drawing room. Then the theater. Supper—a divine supper—afterwards on the St. Regis roof. She would wear a white satin blouse cut low but otherwise very demure and a long black skirt. She would invite, among others, an Englishman from the Foreign Office, a major who left Hollywood for the Air Corps, Tom Craven, the author, and his darling wife, Aileen. She would, Joan explained, look after everyone after she left. For she would have to dash before supper was over, she felt sure. She was booked on a plane for California that would take off somewhere after midnight.

Also, for all Joan's gaiety she has not forgotten we are at war. She is a nurse's aide. Among other trying, difficult duties she has worked in neuresthenic wards seven hours a day. She pays her huge income tax without a demur. She has invested heavily in War Bonds. She goes on long rigorous drives to stimulate the sale of Bonds in Canada as well as here at home. But when she plays she plays with a gaiety and a love of life she never possessed before. She is not, in a way, unlike the reckless *Donna* she plays so bewitchingly in "Frenchman's Creek."

"I think," Joan says, "an effort towards gaiety is important right now. It strengthens home morale. Therefore, it keeps health at a higher level. Which is why I rejected four scripts—all sad, dreary or war pictures—to do "Affairs Of Susan." *Susan* is a wonderful woman, four different women, really. As *Susan* I wear thirty-eight different modern costumes. I wanted to make a picture that was lively and gay—for my own sake, because it suits my mood now."

It would be no use to ask Joan with whom she rode on the Staten Island Ferry, who sent the flowers which overflowed her suite that day I breakfasted with her, which gentleman took her hansom-cabbing the night before. She's much too much of a lady to flaunt her conquests.

But you know by all the subtle signs that she is having a grand fling.

She wants to marry again, she says. "A man much smarter than I am." She also wants lots of children. She knows in time her career will not exert the hold upon her that it does today. Also she is normal and intelligent enough to realize the rooted everyday things are the only things which sustain a woman for any great length of time.

Meantime, however, you cannot be with her without partaking of some of her gaiety, without thinking in terms of old wine in the moonlight, without being keenly and excitingly aware of how glamorous and wonderful life must be for her right now—successful and rich, young and beautiful—and having a fling.

THE END

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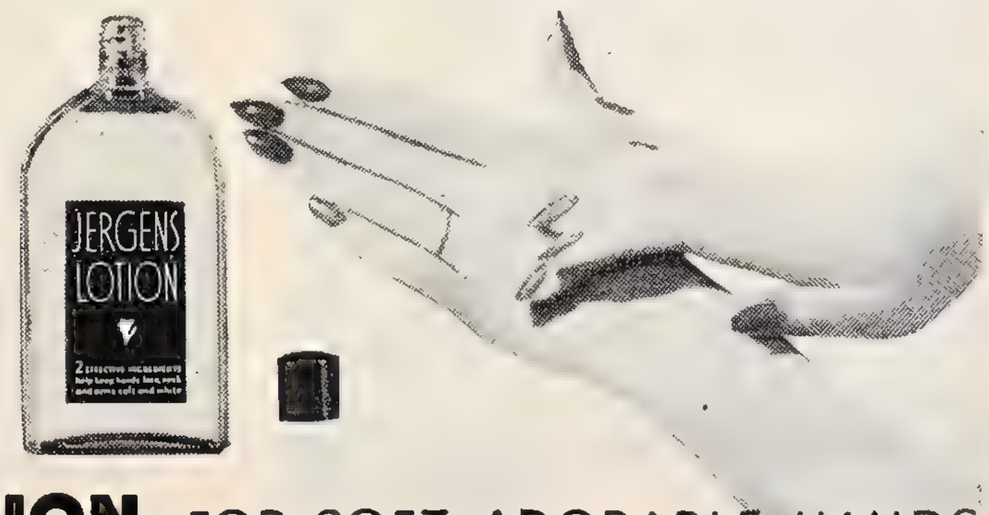
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JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



Ladies' Knight

(*Continued from page* 47) an expanse of midriff, showing about as much as Lana Turner does when she wears a two-piece bathing suit. His hips were covered with an accordion-pleated skirt, every fold pressed in knife-like precision. He wore hand-tooled sandals and a short sword.

As the cameras started rolling, Turhan began his dialogue for the scene, but in a moment he began to act in an odd and unusual manner. He swatted the air viciously with his cupped hand. He slashed out with an overhand right; he slapped at something on the left. The director called a halt. "What in heck is the matter?" he asked. Turhan turned solemnly to the director and said, "This set has to be cleared of insects. A bee was trying to sting me. It is a breach of my contract."

"Contract?" responded the puzzled director.

"Yes, contract." Bey mischievously administered the clincher, "I am not required to appear in 'B' pictures. It says so in the small print."

Until a very short time ago, Turhan was hardly ever seen at a night spot or at big parties. But if you went to the small French and Italian restaurants, you'd find him laughing gaily and holding hands with Susanna Foster. Both admitted freely that the other was about the nicest person in the world, but both denied any serious romance. Turhan said, "We are very good friends. Susy loves music and so do I. We go downtown, rummage around for records, buy them and go home and listen to them. We have so many laughs together and I certainly wouldn't miss the hours I spend with Susy."

Lately, Turhan has discovered Lana Turner who, since her divorce from Steven Crane, has been rather foot-loose. They are a stunning couple and there's a new gleam in Turhan's almond-shaped, slanting black eyes. The question is: How long will it last?

If you ask him what kind of women he likes, he will give you one of those inimitable little smiles at the same time sad and gay, old and young, sweet and bitter. "I don't know. To me women are not types. Or, rather, a man doesn't fall in love with a type. He likes a woman for a million and one reasons—because she's beautiful, because she's charming, witty, good-hearted, even sometimes because she's temperamental, and I don't mean the latter as a derogative quality. Every woman alive who wants not only to attract a man, but to keep him, must have a grain of temperament in her. You can't say I like only blondes, brunettes, or redheads. Oftentimes one doesn't even notice what color a woman's hair is because she may have something in her eyes, or her nose may tilt in a fascinating way, and one never gets around to looking at her hair.

"I would rather see a woman chic and elegant than particularly beautiful. She must be intelligent and be able to talk about a number of things. But no man will give a fig for a girl who isn't a hundred percent feminine. It all goes to show that it isn't the type, the color of hair, or a well turned ankle that makes a man marry a girl. Frankly, I don't know anybody I would care to marry at the present moment."

Skipping from the subject of women, Turhan went on talking about himself. "When I was very young I lived in Turkey, but most of my youth was spent all over Europe as the son of a wealthy and influential Turkish diplomat. I suppose one can say that I was born with a golden spoon in my mouth and it never occurred to me that that kind of living wouldn't go on forever.

"When the war broke out, Mother and I came over here. I barely knew enough English to ask for scrambled eggs and toast and was so fascinated by the Empire State Building, Grant's Tomb and Third Avenue, that I spent weeks and weeks convincing myself that all this was reality.

"When we moved out here, we did so because of the climate and not because I, even in my wildest dreams, thought of going into movies. I went to the Pasadena Playhouse simply because I thought it would be an easy and excellent way of learning how to speak English. As far as I remember, I was carrying a spear across the stage when Warners decided to test me. Well, the rest you know. I was signed up. I made pictures, plenty of them, mostly in the 'B' class, but gradually and not very quickly I became the man who gets the girl."

TURHAN is tall, a little above the prescribed six feet which is necessary for a top Hollywood lover. He's broad-shouldered, looks nice in tweeds. Not actually handsome—his forehead is rather low, his hair is straight and blue-black—the magic of his face is in his eyes. His nose is just a nose and neither adds nor detracts from the harmony of his face. His mouth has sufficient warmth, a note of sarcasm and whatever else it takes to make the majority of the females turn romantic. The slight air of mysticism which surrounds him is one of the chief reasons for making him so attractive to women.

Turhan is moody, temperamental and flares up quickly, but once he's raised the roof, he forgets all about it in five minutes. He loves to drive high-powered cars, enjoys music, sports and going off by himself into the mountains. In the wintertime, he skis; in the summer, he hikes. He's an excellent swimmer, a connoisseur of good food and when making pictures he always has his lunch in his dressing room and it usually consists of some very fancy sausages stuffed with garlic. He drinks dozens of cups of coffee a day and never smokes. He's the kind of guy who wouldn't dream of doing a thing for effect. He has a lot of peculiar ideas, such as not paying more than $40 for a suit. On the other hand, if you walk up and ask him for $100, and he isn't very sure of getting it back, he'll still write out a check (there are never more than a few cents in his pocket at any time).

Turhan would like to make you believe that he is acting because it is an easy and good way of earning a lot of money in a hurry. That is rubbish. Turhan loves to act. He has become excellent at it and gives a great deal of thought to his work.

Turhan is an excellent listener; the kind of man to whom you go and tell all your troubles simply because he is human and sympathetic. Numerous young starlets have been taken out to dinner by Turhan, not because he was especially attracted to them, but because he knew that they were lonesome in a town which is cold to strangers.

The summing up is that Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey is a movie star. But underneath the olive skin, the black hair, slanting eyes and devastating charm, he's very much like Bill or John—the next-door kid.

THE END

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Jane Wyman,

star of Warner Brothers' bubbling comedy "The Doughgirls," manages to look demure in spite of those slithery gloves and the pierced neckline of her dress. Of black crepe agleam with paillettes, it's a Jo Copeland design at Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y., Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.

Jane Wyman

Here, holding tight to her lusciously furred Dache hat (and who would blame her?), Jane Wyman wears an all-wool purple suit, sleekly fitted except for the peplum flare of the jacket. Link-buttoned sleeves, high cardigan neckline. A Jo Copeland Original at Martha Weathered, Chicago; Mary Louise, Cleveland.



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(left) Reversible Cobert sports vest. Red or green rayon suede outside, quilted, checked rayon taffeta inside, wool (re-used) interlining. $2.98. G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn. Betty Barnes' tattersall checked shirt of soft wool and rayon Raylaine. Jeweled studs. Brown, white, turquoise, or maize ground with contrasting checks. 32-38. $6.50.

Hip-Grip slacks in all-wool clan plaids. 10-20. $11. Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.

(center) All-wool lumberjacket suit by McArthur. Sleeves and jacket back are Botany flannel and match the predominating color of the white ground plaid. 10-20. $20. The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

(right) Pedal pusher short pants of pure wool hound's tooth check. Black, navy or brown with white. About $10. With it, a pure wool jersey blouse in natural only. About $11. Both by Duchess Royal, sizes 10-20 at R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; J. A. Brown Co., Oklahoma City. Ribbed cotton stockings by Prestige in Stop-Traffic colors. About $1.15 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.





Confetti capers

(left) A temperature raiser of pure Miron wool, with beaded scarf at neck. A Rosebrooke original in royal blue, fuchsia, burnt orange, patriot green and black. 8-20. $35. J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; Chandler & Co., Boston; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus.

(right) Sure-fire defroster of chartreuse wool and rayon jersey, jeweled belt. Gisele design. Also black, turquoise, coral, gray, fuchsia. 10-18. $12.75. Bamberger's, Newark; Arnold Constable, New York. Adorable dog-collar and matching comb by Coro are of black velvet with simulated pearl bowknot; $2 each (plus tax). Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia; Mandel Bros., Chicago.

DIANA LYNN *Co-starred in Paramount's*

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LUXURAY, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

Girl of the Moment

(*Continued from page* 31) Of all the qualities an actress—or any kind of an artist—may have, I think this is the surest and most valuable, as it is the rarest. Bob Hope has it on the air. He can have you in the well-known stitches for the whole length of his program and suddenly in the last two minutes, when he starts talking about the most expensive real estate in the world, those heaps of sand and blood called islands in the Pacific, he can fill your eyes with tears. Without that touch upon the heart strings no clown is ever really great.

I WAS amazed to find it in a young and very pretty girl like June Allyson.

But I was puzzled, that night, as I watched June Allyson on the screen, as to why she should have it. The picture was a delightful affair, very light and gay and charming. Two girls and a sailor who turned out to be Van Johnson mugging a bit but still his irresistible self. The story had no problem, nothing sad or tragic, yet there were tears in my eyes and I felt I simply could not *bear* it if June Allyson didn't get the boy.

Of course as you may have guessed I found the reason for June's eyes, for her great gift, in her own life story.

I wonder why it is—I have always wondered about this and if anybody has an answer I'd like to hear it—that courage, real courage, is the most heart-breaking thing in the world. Real gallantry under stress and pain and hurt can bring tears more readily than any kind of pathos.

June Allyson had to find out about that very early—about pain and discouragement and hopelessness and tragedy. And about courage, too.

In the end that is what brought her to Hollywood and gave her, when she got here, the quality that I'm laying very large odds will make her a really great star.

SHE was born in a little town in Westchester County, New York. The name of it was Lucerne.

Very often, it seems that children raised by a grandmother have something rather special. June Allyson—known around Westchester County until she was nine as that Allyson kid who is always in trouble—was brought up by her grandmother, who was French. And out of her childhood she seems to remember her grandmother as the guiding star and the really important person.

Her father and mother were divorced before she could remember and June—whether she realizes it herself—doesn't like to talk about them.

"You see," she said to me, "I—I just don't know them very well, I just don't remember much when I was little except about my grandmother."

She was sitting on the floor of my library when she said that—the floor being her favorite place to sit, and she does it very well, being such a little thing and so very graceful. She had come to have dinner with us, thereby reducing the young folks of my household to adoration, particularly when it turned out that she was merry and gay and not so very different in person than lots of other young things they knew. Different yes. I am not of those who hold with the theory that any movie star is "just like the girl next door." If they were they wouldn't be movie stars, in my opinion. But she behaved just like

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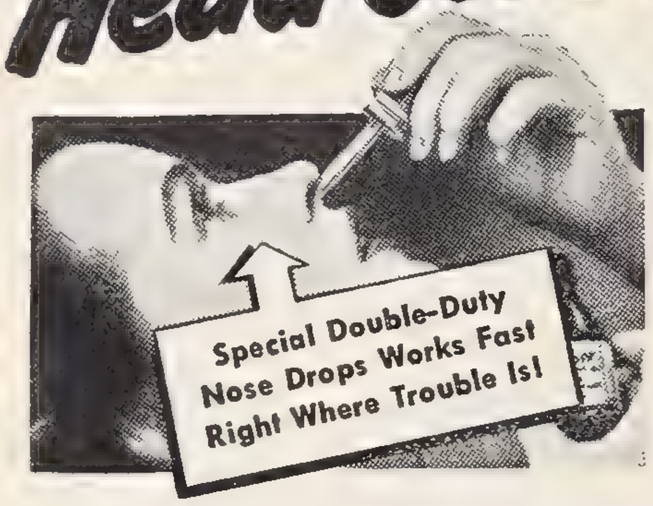
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any young guest with pretty manners.

"Junie," the kids said, "is swell." And they can smell a phony miles away.

After the rest of the family had departed, June and I talked. We talked a little bit about Dick Powell with whom her name has been associated lately and who has been her escort on a number of occasions.

"He's such a good friend," June said, "and we like the same things. I know he's older than I am, but then in a way I'm older than I am, too, because—"

The becauses are her life story and the first of them was her grandmother, whom I would like very much to have known.

Her mother worked out of town when June was little and she didn't see much of her father after the divorce. And then her mother remarried and had other children (one half-brother now in the Navy to whom June is devoted), and so her grandmother took the place of family to the small, dynamic, fragile youngster. In those days it never occurred to her that she might want to be an actress.

"Things just happen to me," Junie said, "they always have. Now that I look back on it, my whole life seems to have been planned, making me go in one direction when I thought I was going in another. The only thing I ever wanted to be—in the beginning I mean—was a doctor.

"I went on the stage because we were poor and I wanted to earn money enough so that I could study to be a doctor."

But the first nine years of her life didn't suggest any future tragedy. She was just like any other American child, in a small town, going to grammar school, being a pint-size tomboy, taking dares.

"I guess I wasn't very bright," June Allyson said, "maybe Grandma should have spanked me but she never did."

Yet her grandmother had a system of discipline that was even more arduous than the proverbial rod. She believed in making the child, who was spirited and indomitable under punishment, see things for herself. The tears came then—when Grandmother proved to her that she had failed in kindliness, or in true honesty, or in any of the good old-fashioned virtues.

"I don't think I would have minded a spanking," June Allyson said, "I think if I had wanted to do anything enough I would have figured I had the spanking coming to me and gone ahead and done it. But when I thought about how Grandmother would feel I did try to be good. I guess I wasn't very—I could never seem to stay out of fights, but I did try."

Joe Pasternak, one of Hollywood's super-producers, who has made two pictures with June including "Music For Millions" told me, in talking of June, that the thing that would make her great was heart.

"America," said Mr. Pasternak, "is one great big heart. Never can anyone be a real success in America who does not reach out and touch that heart. And only those can do it who understand the human heart itself. June does. Not consciously perhaps, but with her soul."

THE beginning of that understanding came when June Allyson was nine.

There had been a thunderstorm the day before and lightning had flashed among the great trees along the streets of her little town. Nobody knew that it had struck, much less Junie, riding blithely along upon her bicycle, whistling gaily.

The next thing she knew she woke up in a hospital and met pain face to face.

A giant limb of one of the great trees, broken and burned by the bolt of lightning, had fallen and when they found her she and her bicycle looked, both of them, beyond repair.

That was when she was nine.

And she didn't walk again until she was fourteen. Five years. Five years is a very long time when you are young.

In those five years, June Allyson learned a philosophy that never left her, that guided her every step after she came to Hollywood. In those five years she had her first sweet, funny, childish romance, which was to come back to her when motion-picture stardom loomed just ahead.

At fourteen when she began to learn to walk again, she held one determination above all others. She would learn to walk, she would even learn to dance, so that she could make up for lost time, so she could have movement and grace and be gay.

Inside of her burned only one ambition. To be a doctor. To pay back to others a little something of all that had been done for her by the genius of medicine.

Dancing was to be incidental in her life.

But she had no money. None at all. Somehow she had to get enough money to start her studies, to finance her medical career. The only thing she knew how to do, the thing she had learned with such difficulty that she had learned it better than most people, was to dance. So when one day she saw an ad in the New York papers for girls for the chorus of a show called "Very Warm For May" . . . of course she was still in high school, of course all her girl friends thought she was nuts, they didn't think she could get a job even in the chorus.

But June Allyson decided to try.

Hollywood ahead! June Allyson, detoured from her dream of being a doctor, finds fame and romance. Concluded in January Photoplay.



Pert Peggy Ryan, a leader in the pin-up poll, clowns for the boys of the Coast Guard after a broadcast and gets the right reactions—and, it seems, someone's cap

Wilde about Love

(*Continued from page* 59) wonderful courtship nevertheless. They rode on buses during the hot humid months that might as well have been White Christmases for all they cared. They went window-shopping and bought wardrobes for imaginary cruises and furniture for imaginary houses. It was, with seven or eight exceptions, glorious. All the exceptions were males; males who were quite as determined as Cornel in Pat's direction. He would pop into her hotel to say hello and be informed she was out. He would wait. Inevitably she would return with a handsome swain in tow, whereupon four or five other fellows loitering in the lobby would join him in a center rush in her direction.

NINE months of fish dinners, cheap movies, window-shopping, bus rides and long walks brought Cornel and Pat to the question of marriage. They had been offered small parts in Tallulah Bankhead's play "Anthony And Cleopatra." By doubling up in the same hotel room they figured they could get by on the small salaries they would receive. Besides, they could no more help getting married at this time than they could help breathing.

They took a train to Elkton, Maryland. At the depot they were met by a taxi-driver expert in the manipulations of quick weddings. Twenty-five minutes later they were Mr. and Mrs. and on a train returning to New York.

They bought each other wedding rings at the five-and-ten-cent store and delighted the "Anthony And Cleopatra" company with their news. "How nice," Tallulah said, "to have a bride and groom along for our three months' of one-night stands in the South."

Cornel and Pat hadn't dreamed that they wouldn't immediately play Broadway. Instantly they decided against the tour and thanked their lucky stars—about to do a long dim-out—that Cornel hadn't yet resigned as assistant stage manager of the "Having A Wonderful Time" company in which John Garfield was starred. At least, they agreed, they would eat.

That same evening, however, a pair of lady's bloomers decided against their eating. For the third time Cornel, a bridegroom madly in love and busy writing a play in his off moments, forgot to adorn a stage clothesline with the pink bloomers that always brought a laugh from the customers. He was fired.

Unable to engage a double room for their wedding night they decided to repair to Cornel's single room. The bed broke down and landed them on the floor. The manager beat on the door and announced he knew for a fact that Cornel had a woman in his room. Cornel yelled back that he had, indeed, a woman in his room —a bride with possibly a broken back and what did the manager intend doing about it.

When Christmas came around Cornel bought Pat a bottle of perfume at the cut-rate drugstore. She bought him a dollar tie. And they hung a little holly wreath in their window.

Cornel did everything from translating plays from German, Hungarian, French and Russian into English to teaching fencing. Pat, in turn, modeled and finally took a job in the chorus of "Du Barry Was A Lady." But since she hadn't danced for three years the exertion of this work soon took its toll. She suffered a nervous breakdown and lost the baby they were awaiting so eagerly.

Like most quick-tempered young husbands, Cornel was jealous.

It wasn't long after this that Cornel was invited to play *Tybalt* in the Laurence

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Olivier and Vivian Leigh version of "Romeo And Juliet." As *Tybalt* he won a movie contract with Warner Brothers. Entraining for California he and Pat were convinced they were leaving worry and failure behind them. They were wrong! Cornel was assigned to the merest bits and the day before Christmas, when his first option expired, his agent telephoned: "Sorry, but Warners aren't renewing."

In the horrible moments that followed Pat lost her second child.

CORNEL was born on October 13th, 1915, in New York City. In 1916 his father, Louis B. Wilde, of Budapest, was recalled to Hungary to resume duty as an army officer. However, shell shock and cholera soon forced Captain Wilde to retire to the country and serve as aide to the colonel in charge of an Hungarian prison camp.

When the Bolsheviks began a terrorizing uprising Captain Wilde barricaded his family behind the camp and waited for help. At last, when no help came, the Wildes escaped to Budapest in an ox-cart. Later they were permitted to return to New York. Cornel proceeded through grade school and Townsend Harris High School, went to Columbia University and then returned to Hungary to attend art school. In between, however, were tough times. When Mr. Wilde again succumbed to shell shock Cornel grabbed odd jobs. He worked in department stores, did art work for advertising agencies and sold advertisements for a French newspaper.

At college he enrolled in the medical school. However, when he became interested in the Theodora Irvine School for the Theater, all thoughts of medicine were put behind him. The first years in Hollywood were especially heartbreaking and difficult. It is no wonder Cornel refused to get excited about his screen tests as *Chopin* in "A Song To Remember."

"I never thought for a moment I would get the role," he says.

However, when Cornel got the role of *Chopin* he was ready for it. Aware of the great importance of the scenes which find him at the piano, he called in a music teacher to coach him in the least movement of hand, head or body that a virtuoso playing that music likely would make.

Every night when Cornel reached home Pat was waiting, eager to hear every detail of his day. Her green eyes would shine on him over their baby, Wendy's, lovely head. If Wendy were asleep she would be waiting outside with their beloved French poodle, Punch.

The night the picture was previewed at Pomona, a college town seventy miles from Hollywood, Cornel heard about it at the last minute. He and Pat and his teacher piled into his car and headed Pomonawards.

The theater was crowded when they arrived but they found seats in the rear of the balcony just as the film, fortunately late in starting, began to unreel.

When the picture was over the audience broke into cheers. The college students went running through the house calling "Cornel Wilde! We want Cornel Wilde!"

Besides the love Cornel and Pat have for each other—unmistakably one of those things—they are blessed with a joy of living which makes their least experience something to talk about and to share.

They'll know what to do with success. And it will not spoil them.

THE END

THE PRICELESS PRESENT IS A WAR BOND—BUY MORE BONDS DURING THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER

C for Circe

(*Continued from page* 36) of *Lucy* in 'The Magnificent Ambersons.' He said he liked me, but that I was too young and too immature."

But it took more than a rebuff from Orson to down little Jeannie. She enrolled as a student at the Max Reinhardt School of the Theatre.

The late impresario was then planning to beat Twentieth Century-Fox to the punch by producing "The Song Of Bernadette" for the screen. Jeanne was among those called to read the part made famous later by Jennifer Jones. Reinhardt, like Welles, liked Miss Crain. Unlike Orson, Reinhardt did not think she was too young or immature for the little peasant girl. Jeanne is a Catholic, unmarried, and thinks she might have done well with the role.

"A week or two before Mr. Reinhardt was going to make tests of me for Bernadette, Fox bought the story," says Jeanne, without emphasizing her disappointment. She then tried for a part in a Reinhardt school play. And didn't get it. But instead of staying home and having a big cry about it, Jeanne, a good sport, attended the play on the opening night. That same Mr. Kahn, whose job it is to find talent for his studio, was also in the audience.

"He took me to see Mr. King who directed 'Bernadette'," Jeanne continued. "Mr. King said I was the 'type,' but that I was inexperienced and he couldn't risk such an important production with me in the title role. Yes, I cried a little when Jennifer got the part. But I know now that it's just as well I didn't get *Bernadette*. If I had failed at it, I'd have been finished. I *was* too young and immature."

Came a consolation prize in the form of a contract from Fox a year and a half ago.

"Then," reminisced Jeanne, "Mr. Zanuck came home from the war. He called into his office all the players who had been signed to a contract while he was away. He said to me, "I want you to make a test—just read the girl's part in 'Home In Indiana.' Don't get excited because I've already chosen a girl for the part. I just want to see how you act and photograph.'

"I usually do things best when I have competition. It's a sort of challenge. But knowing someone else had the part, I went ahead and did my best anyway." Zanuck was so impressed by her reading of the part that he took it away from the better known actress he had signed for it.

When the picture was released, moviegoers went for Jeanne in a big way. So did her co-star, Lon McCallister, but of that we'll talk later. Promptly she was cast in "In The Meantime, Darling," and again with Lon in "Winged Victory." After that she is to be starred in "Our Moment Is Swift," the magazine story bought expressly for Miss Crain by boss Zanuck.

HER $250 a week salary is cut up—twenty-five percent for War Bonds, twenty-five percent into a trust fund—"And after paying agents there isn't much left for clothes. I love clothes but only buy what I can pay cash for." There is one fur coat in Miss Crain's wardrobe, a little number in white lamb. "I'd like a mink coat and one day I'm going to have one," says Jeanne solemnly, "but no one seems to mind what I wear." The Hollywood wolves echo, "No, sir!"

Jeanne likes to ice skate and can cut fancy figures on the ice (as well as in drawing rooms). She is a serious reader,

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Joan Davis

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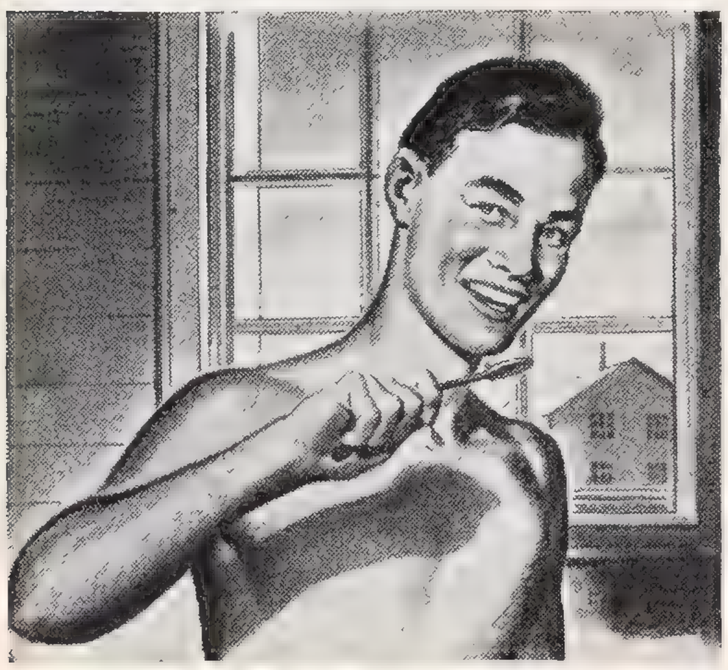
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and reads French authors in their native tongue. She is a good cook—"but I hate to wash dishes." Her major ambition is to travel—"I want to visit Italy and see the wonderful buildings and paintings." (If the Germans have left them for you, Jeannie.)

She enjoys going to Mocambo and Ciro's, and the Trocadero, and La Rue's, and picture premieres, and dancing— "But I'm not a jitterbug. I had to do some in a picture and pretend to be terrible at it. And I was. I just wouldn't unbend."

But Jeanne likes the other side of life, too. "I mean the quiet, natural, simple life," she says. "I get fun from both ways of living. Hollywood has changed, anyway. There isn't the old wickedness. Which is why my folks have no objection to my working in pictures." Sister Rita, who has film ambitions of her own, has seen "Home In Indiana" six times. "I've seen it three times," admits Jeanne, "and I'll see all my pictures over and over to study them and improve for the next one."

MOST of Jeanne's friends are in the younger group here—Anne Baxter, Jennifer Jones, Robert Walker, Judy Garland, Bill Eythe and Lon McCallister. They swim in each other's pools, dine at each other's homes. Jeanne's house is at Westwood, in West Los Angeles—where she lives with her mother and seventeen-year-old Rita—"who," says Jeanne—"is much prettier than I am."

Five feet, four and a half inches high, Jeanne weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds, with the curves in the right places. In talking to her about herself and her work, she emerges as a cool, clear, calm personality. "I don't think I've ever really got mad," she says.

Right now Jeanne is playing the male field in a self-possessed way that does not involve her heart, although she admits to a great liking for Private Lon McCallister. According to Hollywood gossip, Lon and Jeanne are headed for the altar.

As to that rumor—"I like Lon," Jeanne explains, "but I don't think we will get married. He's so young (he's twenty-one) —I mean for his age, although he's not quite as young as he sometimes seems. He gets sophisticated every once in a while. Yes, I see him a lot, but I go out with the other boys, too. I went to the premiere of 'Since You Went Away,' for instance, with Dean Harens. He was in 'Christmas Holiday' with Deanna Durbin. And last night I went to Ciro's with Paul Brooke. People describe Paul as another Errol Flynn, which he hates!"

Jeanne herself is not overfond of the Flynns and Rafts of this town, and explains it with—"I don't see any point in going out with older men."

She laughs at the query "When you get married, will you give up your work?"

"But I don't think of acting as work," she replies. "It's so much fun. Imagine, they pay you for having fun! Oh no, I certainly shan't give up 'working' when I get married. Yes, I'd like to be married sometime, but I'm having too good a time now."

Marriage, like heaven, can wait for Jeannie. This girl with the provocative clear eyes, her softly serious face, her smart figure, this Circe with sex appeal stamped in capital letters, can take her time, and her pick, choosing a mate.

According to Lon McCallister, the guy who gets Jeanne will be lucky, because—"Jeanne Crain is different," says Lon, who should know. "She has an innate sophistication. She was born a lady. She's the sort of person who should ride a horse side-saddle, if you know what I mean. She's the most unusual girl I ever met!"

THE END

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—BUY AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER

American Natural

(*Continued from page* 38) telephoned them that morning.

"He has a letter of introduction from Walter Wanger," my hostess explained. "He read in the papers that we were in Naples but said he didn't feel like 'butting in.' It's his first trip to Europe, apparently, and he's leaving for Rome tonight. He hoped we would tell him what to see there."

Both my friends plainly were bored at the prospect of looking after Gary.

"He has a drawl," my host said. "Sounds as if he might be a country boy."

"He was born on a range, I believe," I answered. "I have read his father is a county judge in Montana."

We called Gary at his hotel. "When you arrive in Rome," they told Gary, "we want you to go to our villa. We're wiring the servants to expect you."

Too bewildered by this lavishness to protest, as I later learned, Gary went meekly to their villa, a magnificent spot.

The next morning Gary telephoned us from Rome. "Gee," he said, "I didn't know there was a house like this . . . I'm afraid to walk on the floor. It's made of jewelry. And the frescos on the walls by that Raphael—who died hundreds of years ago —why, they're so fresh-looking you'd think they were painted only yesterday."

"Tell me," my hostess said, hanging up the receiver, "what does this Gary Cooper look like?"

I had seen Gary on the screen in "The Virginian" and other films and thought him the best-looking man in the world. Also I had heard he was one of the most charming. As a joke I said, "He's a most unprepossessing man. Very short. Very plain."

It was teatime later that week that we arrived in Rome, drove up the hill to the villa and entered the old and wonderful reception hall with its floor a mosaic of rare Italian marble. There stood the handsomest man I ever expect to see. My hostess gave me one look. "Elsa Maxwell, you rat," she cried, "I might have known you would have your joke!"

THE friendship between Gary and these Italian friends of mine was helped by the fact that Gary was crazy to go on a big wild-game shoot. He accompanied them to South Africa on a safari.

The mounted heads and horns and skins which adorned the house Gary rented from Greta Garbo when, in 1932, I was his house guest for two months, are memorable. So are the chimpanzee and jaguar he had brought back with him for pets; as well as his varied horses and dogs. That was one of the happiest times and I remember the mornings Gary and I breakfasted together downstairs. The two of us—he in pale blue pajamas and a silk striped dressing-gown and I in my old checked dressing-gown—sat long over our coffee and had many quiet laughs.

How I wish I had been younger in those days to make a real scandal. Alas, it was not to be. My years and character were protection. And there was, also, Ugo, a butler, and Maria, his wife, whom Gary had brought back from Italy. They kept an eye on everything, especially spaghetti sauce which Gary adored.

One day when we met again in Hollywood, Gary said to me: "Go ahead and

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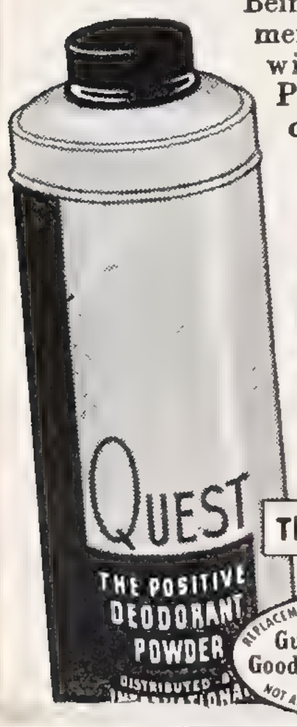
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give a party, Elsa. I've never been to one of your parties so why can't I go to one in my own house?"

Other parties followed the first and always we had the gayest of times. In those days Gary's companions were Clark Gable and his wife, Rhea, Carole Lombard and Bill Powell who were then married, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, the Samuel Goldwyns, Louella the magnificent and her favorite doctor, and Leslie Howard, who was a great crony.

Then as now, however, you had to be one of Gary's few intimates to know him. He's innately reserved and shy. . . .

Today the Coopers see most of Edie and William Goetz and Claudette Colbert and Jack Pressman. In their own way, among their own friends, they seek gaiety. More and more, however, both Gary and Rocky turn to the simple life.

When construction is again practicable they plan to tear down their present house and build a house similar to the Goetz's Santa Monica beach house which is one of the loveliest and, at the same time, simplest houses to be found.

Gary's and Rocky's desire for a simple life is partly attributable to their little Maria. Convinced she is going to live in an exceedingly realistic age they want her properly prepared for it. When Gary talked to over three thousand WAVES recently and said: "I hope when my daughter grows up that she will join some organization with as much vitality and unselfishness as the women's arm of the Navy," he mean it.

Gary has worked long and hard for the war effort. In the South Pacific he knew the same mud and rain, inadequate shelter and rations that the boys stationed there did. No one heard one grouse out of him. He played several USO Camp Shows every day and spent many hours in field hospitals. The last was nothing he did easily, I assure you. For he has the kindest of hearts.

When asked about his experiences in the Pacific, Gary said quietly, "Reckon I wouldn't make a very good reporter. I don't seem able to keep emotion out of the way of my facts." Those who sat close enough to observe his usually warm, humorous eyes as he told about a boy, with a wife back home, who hadn't had a letter in three months, knew how truly he spoke.

Since his return from the Pacific, Gary has visited hospitals all over the country. At Mitchel Field he met boys who had been wounded in France only three days before and were flown in from London within twelve hours.

When Rocky and Gary were in Denver recently my friend Evalyn Walsh McLean telephoned her son Neddie, and her daughter-in-law Gloria, and asked them to entertain the Coopers. "Give them a taste of super-duper ranch life," she said.

Rocky was enthusiastic about their visit when she and Gary returned.

"There were thousands of cattle," she said, "and the day of the round-up was Gary's first day in the saddle in almost a year—good rehearsal, no doubt, for his first International picture, a Western in which he is both producer and star."

During the daytime she said they went about like tramps. "But we made up for it at night," said Rocky. "At night Gloria and I spread on the glamour. So our husbands told us anyway! And somehow or other I still believe Gary implicitly—even after being married to him for eleven years."

You only had to look at Gary, whose eyes shone as he listened to Rocky, to know what a wonderful time he had had. He said, "Making pictures is all right. But making a round-up beats making pictures any time."

An American natural, Gary. A grand heart-warming specie of humanity entirely too rare and refreshing proof of the fact that most people try too hard.

THE END



Time out between scenes—and tea for two young favorites—lovely Judy Garland with that wistful look—and Bob Walker who can well look ahead to a very exciting future

The Truth about Hollywood's Lost and Found Stars

(*Continued from page* 45) refused to loan him out. Then the Army signed him. Perhaps when he is returned to civilian life, his career will resume brilliantly. Perhaps not. Chester Morris was tied up in a bad initial contract and held down by it so long that his first big chance at fame passed by, and has never returned.

Discoveries don't know whether to sign or not to sign. David Selznick has made great stars—through loan-outs as well as personal productions—of his discoveries, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten. But Alan Marshal, with a similar contract, has mostly sat.

The case of Greer Garson vs. Evelyn Ankers is a pat illustration.

Think of Miss Ankers as *Mrs. Miniver* or *Madame Curie.* Think of Miss Garson playing the lead in those Universal quickies instead of Miss Ankers. Their positions might have been reversed if Evelyn had taken the role of *Mrs. Chips* when it was first offered her. She was the leading contender for the part when M-G-M decided they might as well get some value from the money they had paid to a lonely English actress they had put under contract eleven months and two weeks previously. Her contract had only two more weeks to run and they didn't plan to renew it, but the woman's role in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was so small they believed they could get it in under the deadline.

There, you observe, was a contract that helped. The critical acclaim Greer received made M-G-M take up another option on her. She made "Remember?" which is best forgotten and she might have been forgotten, too, if "Pride And Prejudice" had not come along right then and proven her artistry.

TIMING is very important to discoveries. Along comes a lad like Charles Russell, so outstanding in "The Purple Heart." Offers overwhelmed him after that preview. His agent turned down these offers and Charlie couldn't work. Perhaps the agent was right—but hitting while hot helps. Charles has another agent now and is free to pick his own productions.

And what about a superb performer like Katina Paxinou, who won an Academy Award for her first movie, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and who hasn't worked since? In Paxinou's case, illness was the enemy. She was cast for "Tender Comrade" but had to bow out because of ill health. Next "Mama's Bank Account" in which she was to star was shelved before being made. But because of being cast in this latter, she lost other roles.

Illness works two ways in Hollywood, giving breaks to the unknown, terrorizing the established. Susan Peters' illness has been a great help to June Allyson, who has fallen heir to several roles originally written for Susie. Alice Faye's illness caused Betty Grable to be recalled from the New York hit, "Du Barry Was A Lady," to resume the contract she had previously signed with Twentieth Century-Fox. Betty thought that recall meant nothing. When she got off the train, she demanded, "Well, what am I in—a *Charlie Chan* or a *Jones Family?*" Recently both Alice and Betty being out for motherhood, Vivian Blaine stepped into the role intended for one or the other of them in "Greenwich Village."

Leave us, as *Archie* says, observe the cases of the girls who are still known in Hollywood as the "Caliente discoveries," the tootsie-pies who try to get in via the so-called easiest way. The name for them started in the old prohibition days when all movieland used to swarm below the

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border, get high on Mexican spirits and think every dream-boat beautiful.

Such girls are given tests by what are known as the "Charlie McCarthy" directors; that is, the directors who are merely producer stooges, and who present these doubtful dears in the light in which the producer most prefers to see them. Actually not so many of these girls as people think get into the business, but of those who do, few stay. There is before the public right now exactly one of these girls. She is beautiful, and she is hard-working, and she has some talent, but she can't get far. For one thing, the producers' wives gang up against her.

The producers' wives are a potent, though hidden, Hollywood force. They spot the Caliente girls when they see them and after that, they're stymied, if the "Calientes" haven't already stymied themselves. Usually they do the latter by flirting too much with every man. They think because it worked on one big-shot, it will work on all of them, and usually they are encouraged a bit until they find themselves on the outside of Hollywood again, looking in. You may think that Hollywood, being a bohemian sort of place, wouldn't mind if a girl's reputation was a bit tarnished. Actually the reverse is true. A man can be a wolf and get away with it, but the girl wolf is soon washed out.

There was recently, for instance, a talented kid who got the nod from a big-shot at her studio. He got her a contract and after a bit she insisted on a very big part in one of the studio's major productions. She wasn't right for it and her friend told her so, but under threats of exposure, she insisted she be cast for it. She felt mighty proud, until she went to the preview, and not one foot of her remained in the film. Nothing remained of her contract, either, when her option came up.

Then there was the girl who, truly and sincerely, fell in love with a major star who was married. It was the old, bitter routine: The man was as much at fault as she was, but as usual, he didn't have to pay and when he tired of her, he wanted never to see her again. But he couldn't help seeing her, as she worked where he did, and he couldn't keep her off the lot.

He was a major star, however, and she was a minor, so he went to the head man of the studio and explained his situation. The girl's contract wasn't renewed.

THE tiny straws that influence success in movies are at most both silly and sad. Because of flukey accidents, a person can turn out to be her own successor as, for instance, Nona Griffith being a successor to Margaret O'Brien, who is really a successor to Nona. Nona, who is being called "a second Margaret O'Brien" will make her debut in Paramount's "Fear." Yet only a series of happenchances kept Margaret O'Brien, if ever heard of at all, from being announced as a "second Nona Griffith."

It came about this way: You have probably heard that Margaret O'Brien was discovered by the late director, W. S. Van Dyke. That's not so. Producers, in particular, and directors secondly, and sometimes writers are given credit for "discovering" this star or that. The truth is that while these eminences may get the credit, the discovery has been made long before their busy, important eyes fell upon the personality involved.

Four years ago in Miami, Margaret's charming chorus-girl aunt talked to another charming girl, working in the chorus line of the same night club, about her talented little niece. The second girl, who is a dear, was very bored with chatter about a precocious child, but she tried not to show it. Today, in Hollywood, it amuses her that this same precocious child is playing with her small son Michael Pasternak.

For the second little chorus girl, like the first, came to Hollywood, but she became Mrs. Joe Pasternak, while Marissa O'Brien was put under contract, but today at M-G-M with Margaret, she can't escape being called Margaret O'Brien's aunt.

Not that Mrs. Pasternak made the O'Brien discovery either. As nearly as you can say, anybody did it. It was the mother of Vic Orsatti who managed it.

Vic Orsatti is a top Hollywood agent. His mother is a warm-hearted Italian woman. The O'Briens—like all people trying to break into Hollywood—tried hard to meet people with influence.

At a friend's house one night they met the kindly Mrs. Orsatti. Discovering who she was, they talked of Margaret. Then they brought her to meet Mrs. Orsatti. Her name then was Maxine. Mrs. Orsatti spoke to her sons about the little girl. She got fondly brushed off by them. Finally Vic, to quiet her, saw the child. He thought her talented but not very pretty. However, at his mother's insistence, he took her to M-G-M for an interview.

At that moment, at M-G-M, Nona Griffith was all set for "Journey For Margaret." But just before the shooting started, small Nona fell and injured her hand. She had to stay in bed for several days. Meanwhile "Journey For Margaret" changed directors. W. S. Van Dyke, an impatient man, was put in charge. He said he didn't want to wait for some unknown kid. Why not get another, and while they were about it, how about getting one who wasn't so pretty? The casting director remembered the plain little girl Orsatti had presented. Maxine O'Brien was sent for. Her name was changed and stardom followed.

TOMMY KELLY got discovered for "Tom Sawyer" but, though he stuck around Hollywood long after that, he never clicked again. Little Joan Carroll, after being under contract as a "threat" to Shirley Temple, went to New York and made a big hit in "Panama Hattie." RKO signed her up from that show, brought her West, and let her sit, for more than two years, with only one minor B to show for all that time. Joan is starting all over again now, but the advantage of extreme youth has, through no fault of her personality or ability, been lost to her.

Speaking of Shirley Temple leads up to an anecdote which vividly shows up how tough it is to stay "found" in Hollywood.

Shirley had been working on a picture in which she co-starred with a prominent older star. All through the shooting of the film, Shirley found herself being pushed quietly but firmly into the background, back where the lighting isn't so good. The other star, meanwhile, was in a flattering white glare. Whenever she and Shirley got together in a scene, Shirley's back, or at least her profile, somehow always seemed to be toward the camera.

Shirley took it until the very last day. Then, swiftly in one scene, she turned and got the full benefit of the lights, giving a full view of her fresh young face.

The older actress didn't like it. She said she really felt the scene was better the way they had originally rehearsed it.

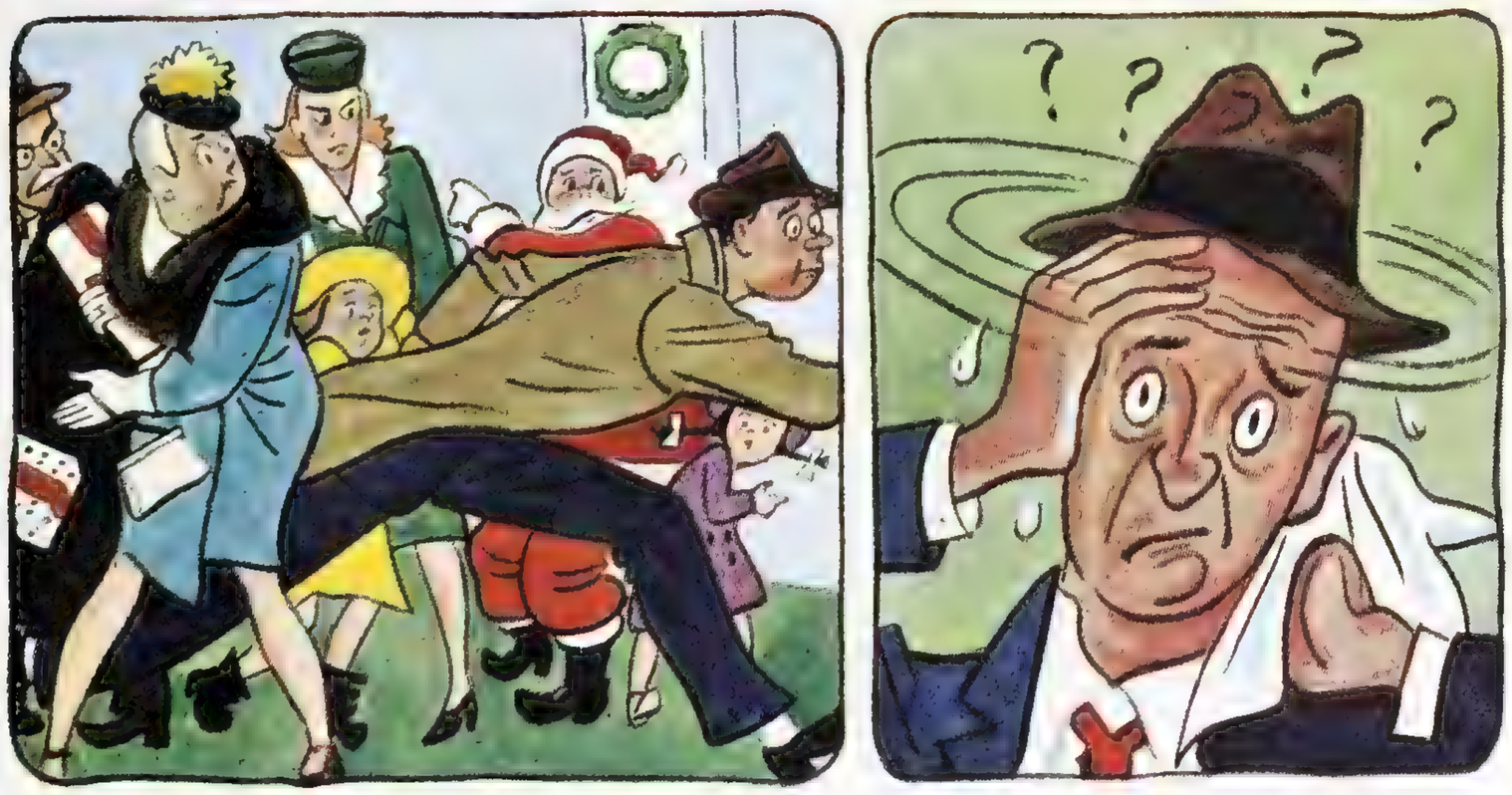
The crowd on the set, angry over the way Shirley had been planted in dark corners, watched her to see what she would do.

What she did was to do as she was told: She turned around. She didn't try to get her face into the scene. But she did one other thing. She winked. Winked at the crew and winked at the director.

Thereby she proved herself a good trouper. Thereby, also, her actions said something much louder than words. They said that she knew she didn't have to worry. She had time enough to wait.

THE END

It's the day before Christmas



1. It's the day before Christmas
And all through the shops,
Poppa is running
With starts and with stops.

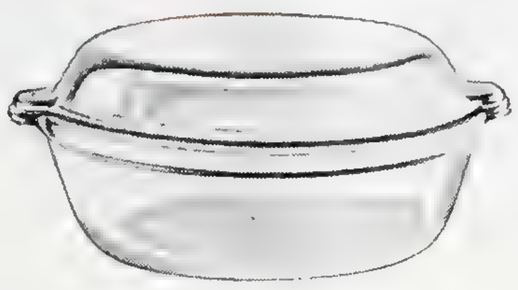
2. What to give Momma?
What to give sister?
What to give grandma?
(It bothers the mister!)





3. When just as he's ready
To give up in despair,
What does he see
But a sign "PYREX WARE"!

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Throws it high in the air,
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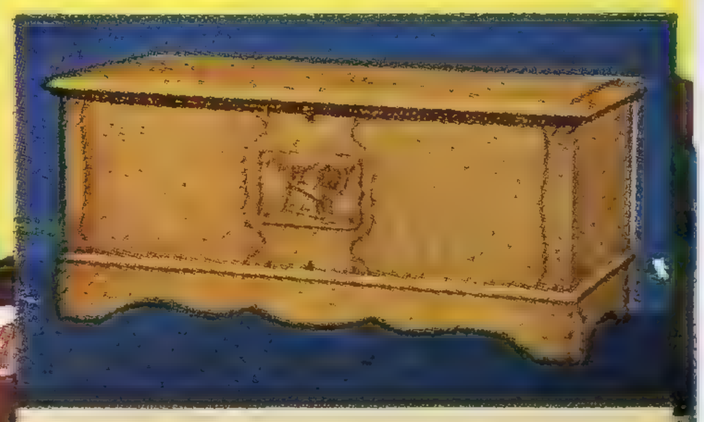
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THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

Crime on My Hands

(*Continued from page* 50) come you want to know *why* he was killed? I want to know who."

"About a dozen persons had the opportunity. If we can find a motive, we can make an arrest."

"How would you go about finding this motive?" he asked.

"When a man is murdered," I said, trying not to sound too pedantic, "the reason exists in his past. If you can produce a complete record, you can point to the reason why this or that person would kill him."

"The trouble with that," he said shrewdly, "is that at least one guy is going to lie to you. The murderer."

"Granted. But the way the killer evades questions gives you ideas."

A SUDDEN idea struck me. If I could get James out of town I could go ahead on my present line of inquiry without revealing my complicity in this mess.

"Herman Smith," I went on, "was apparently a friend of Flynne. Why don't you run down to Hollywood and see?"

He went off to get Flynne's address from Paul, and I went back to my trailer.

I had three angles of attack. One, to find the gun that killed Flynne and trace its ownership; two, to find Peggy Whittier's notebook and identify the clue of the killer; and to see Wanda and Carla.

I concentrated on the gun, somewhere out there on the far side of the dune where Listless Nelson had tossed it; trying to cover up for me. It and the pearl-handled Colt which McGuire inevitably would begin to raise hell about soon. A search by day would be impossible; by night, dangerous. A sandstorm would offer cover. I could have a storm written into the picture and plod through it to where Listless had thrown the guns. The wind machines could be so placed that they would blow the sand away at that spot.

Knuckles fell on my door in brisk tattoo. It was Paul.

He seemed nervous. "How're things coming?" he asked.

"We expect an arrest any moment," I said flippantly.

"Yeah? Well, you can put the arm on me. I did it."

"Let's have the story," I said quietly. "Why did you kill Flynne?"

"I'd have been a producer if it hadn't been for him," he muttered.

"How long did you know him?"

"All my life."

"Oh, were you raised in Des Moines, too?"

"Right next door," Paul answered.

"I see," I said. "Where's the gun you shot them with?"

"I'll turn it in," he said uneasily.

I stood up again. "Have a drink, old boy," I said. "Flynne came from Nebraska. He and Peggy were not shot with the same gun. Who are you covering up for?"

He looked at me with misery in his eyes.

"Listen, George, you're not trying to pin it on her. She didn't do it."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"She hadn't even seen him until he showed up here to get murdered. She told me. I believe her. We're going to be married. The hell of it is, the evidence points to her. I thought if I confessed, I'd be tried but they couldn't prove it. Then they'd throw the case out of court, and by that time it'd be forgotten. So she could go on. She's got a great future, you know."

"I think she's terrible," I prodded.

He was on his feet instantly. "You can't say that about Carla."

I waved him back into his seat. "Carla, eh?"

"Why, you dirty rat!" he cried. "You didn't even know who I was talking about!"

"Carla was here," I told him. "She told me a fanciful yarn. Coupled with what you said tonight, it looks serious."

"What'd she tell you?"

"Uh-uh. You talk."

He leaned forward earnestly. His eyes were beginning to take on a glaze. "What did she tell you, George? She don't know whass good f'r. Gimme—drink."

I poured him a double shot. He tossed it off. He put his head gently between his knees and passed out.

I laid him on his back, opened his shirt and poured a dollop of steaming water on the tender skin of his stomach to bring him to. If the door of my trailer had opened inward, he'd have left a jagged outline of himself as he plunged through it.

A round face with great dark eyes poked itself around the trembling door. Wallingford eyed me suspiciously.

"Wally," I told him abruptly, "I have an idea. We need a sandstorm in the picture. If we have to fight our way through a sandstorm, our triumph will be all the more impressive."

"It's a good idea," he admitted.

When Wallingford left I went to bed. And the moment I hit the bed I was wide awake.

A really terrific idea hit me. Paul *had* done it. The hows and whys escaped me, but the psychological pattern was intact. Some time, somewhere, Flynne had incurred Paul's enmity. Coincidentally, Paul had become attracted to Carla. He learned of their past relationship, which added fuel to his burning desire to rid the world of Flynne. And so he had waited. The opportunity came, and he seized it.

With this problem wrapped up in logic, I dismissed it and turned to the problem of my telephone invention whereby I had installed a loudspeaker and microphone in each room of my Hollywood apartment, connected respectively to the receiver and transmitter of my phone, through an amplifier. When my phone rang, a relay was set in motion that, in effect, lifted the receiver. All I needed to do was answer in a clear voice. The microphone in the room ran it through the amplifier to the telephone to the caller. When the caller answered, his voice came through the loudspeakers.

But I couldn't hang up. . . .

There must be a way to make it hang up. When the caller replaced his telephone, he broke the circuit. Now, if the initial call should activate an electromagnet—

THE next morning Sammy met me as I arrived on the set. "Hurry up," he urged. "Riegleman is in a foul mood."

I hurled myself into my togs, buckled on my guns and went out to face the camera.

We had a new script girl, with a brand-new notebook.

We took our places at the point where I had broken the scene yesterday. Riegleman glowered at me.

"Where did you get that cravat?" he yelled.

I dismounted and walked over to him. "What's the matter with it?" I said.



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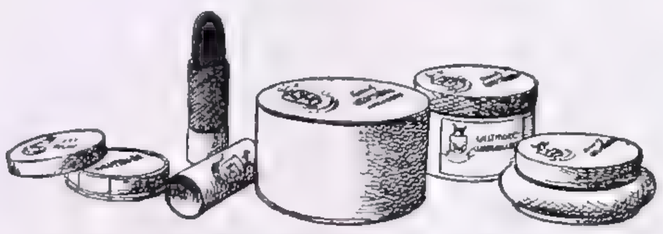


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"Yesterday you wore a black string tie. Now we resume the scene, to find you in an ascot. Surely somebody would ask how you changed ties while dodging bullets?"

I changed ties. Riegleman did not customarily say anything about detail. He left that to others. We took up the scene at a point shortly before the break of yesterday. I galloped back and forth, and when I turned to record passion for Carla on celluloid, I thought of Paul. My expression couldn't have been burning.

Riegleman blew his whistle. He walked over to me. "One does not ordinarily slit his eyes at his beloved," he chided.

We tried the scene again. Same result.

"That's all today," Riegleman said in disgust. "Drop in on me later, George?"

Sammy and McGuire were a mildly arguing duo when I went into Sammy's office trailer.

"I'll stop in your room and pick the guns up," McGuire said.

I broke in. "I doubt if you'll be in your room today, Sammy. We've got to have a sandstorm and I want to work out the scene with you."

"Oh, yes," Sammy answered, as if he knew what he was talking about. "Look, Mac, I'll try to remember to get those guns to you tomorrow, sure."

McGuire went away. Sammy asked, "What sandstorm?"

I explained my idea. He was enthusiastic.

"I'll sell Riegleman on the idea," I promised. "I'm to see him this afternoon."

I stopped at the hotel to see Riegleman, and had Wallingford in my hair before I got out of the car.

"Wanda is getting in the papers again. Somebody told the L.A. press she was questioned *in jail!* Call that friend you call an editor and tell him for me—"

"Why didn't you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him. But he hung up."

I called "Smith." "Those pictures are just a gag to get Wanda in the public eye. You'll be a laughing stock—to Wanda."

"How do you know?"

"I helped her work it out," I improvised. I could tell that discouraged him.

Wallingford was pleased. "George," he said, "I want to buy you a present for the end of the picture. Even if it costs a lot."

I paused and grinned at him.

"Name it, George," he said again.

"All right," I said very casually. "I want a transit. A twenty-two-inch achromatic."

He took out a notebook. "I'll see that you get it, George."

"Now," I said, "will you go up to Riegleman's room and tell him I'm on my way? I want to get some information first."

He padded away.

I found Wanda in her room.

Wanda was in her quilted robe.

"Just what," I demanded, "did you take from Severance Flynne's room?"

She looked at me coldly. "Nothing."

"You didn't take anything from Peggy Whittier's room, either?"

She shook her head.

"But you left something there," I said. "Fingerprints—on purpose, too."

Her eyes widened. *"George—!"*

"Wanda, you're messing around in a dangerous situation. Why did you send out those phony stories?" I demanded.

"They were true," she said quietly.

"The implications were false. And why this siren act, each time observers were present?"

She was quiet for a long time. Then she got to her feet and took off her robe. She

LET'S PUT AN END TO WAR—BUY MORE BONDS IN THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER NOW

was wearing a white halter and shorts.

"Very pretty," I said.

She donned her robe.

"You'll admit I can make blood bubble," she announced. "But I made the mistake once of trying out for a woman of good works, and they gave me the works. So I thought I'd change. If I could get into a jam, and not far enough to blackball me, maybe those limp-brained producers would consider me in another light. I'm a good actress. I can even do high comedy. But you can't do drawing-room dalliance in a shroud."

"You took that reel of film out of my trailer," I accused her. "Why?"

"It had proof of my innocence. The same film that showed Flynne falling dead would show that I didn't have a gun in my hands at that moment."

"I'll see what I can do for you after this picture is in the can," I promised. "Meanwhile, will you give me the film?"

"Sure," she said.

She went to the wastebasket. She turned, white-faced. "It's gone," she said quietly.

I couldn't remember whether or not, when I had searched her rooms, I had looked in the wastebasket.

Super-sleuth Sanders!

"It behooves us, I think, to walk softly," I said. "Lock your door when I go, and keep it locked at night."

I WENT to Riegleman's room.

"An important reel of film has disappeared," he began. "Ordinarily that would not present such serious difficulties save that the retake is a body blow to the budget. But the notebook of my script girl has disappeared. Also, as you know, George, it contains every important detail of action, costume, movement. We cannot risk the discrepancies. I see nothing for it except to retake everything.

"I want to apologize for being finicky this morning, George," he went on. "Ordinarily I remember nothing about the scenes except the psychological verities. I happened, just happened, to remember your tie. I am afraid I lost my temper."

"You had reason," I said. "I stank."

"Yes," he agreed, "you did. Also with reason. Both murders occurred while you were facing the camera."

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

10:30 A.M. EWT.

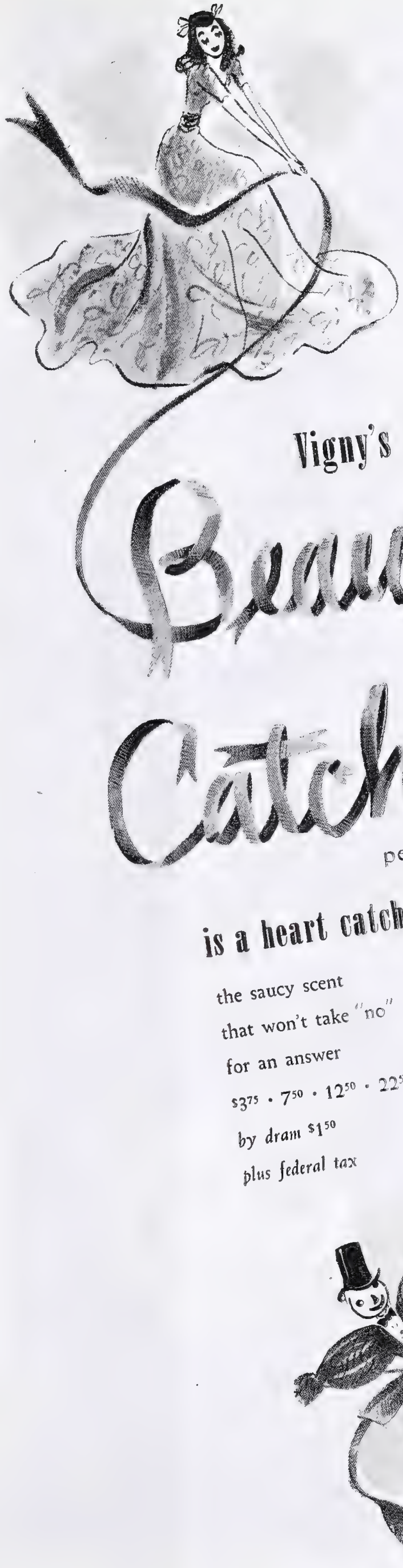
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He drilled me with his eyes. "Do you realize," he asked, "that the murderer must have been behind the first camera? His presence must have registered on someone besides Peggy. Unconsciously, perhaps. Nonetheless, somebody knows who he was, and a re-creation of the scene as near to the original as we can manage might recall it to the mind of the person who knows."

"I like your idea," I said.

"Before we retake that scene," he said, "we must speak to everyone we feel can be safely eliminated, ask them to try and remember, as the scene is retaken, every minute detail they observed the first time. Then we can confer with each, privately."

I adjourned to a near-by bar to consider his proposition. Those whom I could surely eliminate were myself, Wanda and—Sammy? Well, I could gamble on Sammy.

I shook my head in sudden disgust. Paul had done the killing. It remained only to trap him and when Lamar James returned we would do that little thing. I was lost in the amber depths of my beer, oblivious to the three or four customers at the bar, and didn't notice Fred and Melva at first. When I did, I called them over. Then I made a list of names. I gave them to Fred. "If necessary, hire a private inquiry agency. I want to know everything about those people, from birth till now. Somebody on that list is Peggy's murderer. And somewhere in his past will be found the motive for killing Severance Flynne."

Melva said to Fred, "Harness the horses."

LAMAR JAMES, late that afternoon, came to my trailer.

"Well," he said, "I got the dope on Flynne."

"Let's hear it."

"I had to do a flock of running around, and I talked to his mother on the telephone. He grew up on a farm. Seems he wanted to be another Burbank. When he tried his new fangled theories, his old man raised hell, and Flynne left home. They didn't hear from him for about four years, except for postcards from Chicago, New York, New Orleans and finally Hollywood.

"Nobody seemed to know where he got all the money he spent on his friends, because he didn't work much."

He handed me his notebook. "Here's a list of all the people he knew."

I ran over the list. "Where's Herman Smith?"

James said, "I couldn't find him."

The next morning I found Wallingford and Riegleman deadlocked over the sandstorm. I had forgotten to mention it to Riegleman and he reacted to Wallingford's suggestion with shocked disapproval.

"I don't like it," he said. "We have no script, for one thing."

"In the early days of pictures," I told Riegleman, "they made up the story as they went along. Surely we can film one scene that requires practically no dialogue."

Riegleman flung up his hands. "All right," he said.

We were finally ready to begin and my starting point was near the two stakes I had driven to mark the spot where Listless had said she'd thrown the guns.

It was a tough scene. I must arrive at the marked spot within ten minutes.

I tried to locate the stakes. A little panic struck me. Was I to fail, after this elaborate preparation?

When a dull gleam caught my eye, I flung myself upon it. It was one of the guns. I felt in the sand. I found the other gun.

INVEST IN THE FUTURE BY INVESTING IN BONDS TODAY. SEE THAT THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS A SMASHING SUCCESS

I stuffed the guns into my belt. I got to my feet. I staggered on.

In my dressing room, Sammy looked at the Smith & Wesson. "So this is it," he commented.

"Fully loaded," I pointed out, "except for one shot. That was the one which got Flynne, I believe."

"What do we do with it?"

"I'll wear those two guns in this next scene. Since we're shooting it from the beginning, nobody will notice I've changed guns except the murderer. When he sees me with the gun, he'll be driven to action. I feel certain that he has worried about this gun. He planted it on me, and it disappeared. Nothing was said about it. He noted that I carried .45's yesterday. Now I show up with the murder weapon in my holster. You pay no attention to the action being filmed. Watch everyone behind the first camera."

"You can't fire this gun, George. It's really loaded."

"Sammy," I said patiently, "go get me some blank cartridges. We'll save these, naturally, as evidence. And by the way," I added, "tell Paul I'd like to see him."

I waited by the first camera, the guns carelessly displayed. Nobody gave them a glance.

Sammy and Paul returned, and I loaded the guns. Paul watched with disinterest.

"How come your guns don't match?" Paul asked.

I looked at him steadily. "One of them has a sentimental value," I said.

He shrugged and turned away but lingered near the camera.

Sammy signaled and action began.

I was careful to display the murder weapon. I covered the butt of the museum piece with one hand, but turned the Smith & Wesson toward the camera as often as possible. Even if this did not bring any untoward act from Paul, it might when tomorrow's rushes showed it in close-up.

I reflected that he must still have the gun that killed Peggy. Would he take a shot when I faced the camera today?

I turned for the close-up of passion. This was the point where two persons had been killed. Was I next?

For Paul was in that group behind the camera, and one dark hand was in his jacket pocket. My aiming at him was a reflex action, and I wished with all my heart that my gun was loaded.

The result of the gun's explosion was rather spectacular. Everyone in the group flung himself to this side or that. Paul flung both hands, empty, over his face.

THE whistles brought a halt.

"George, you were swell!" several said.

Riegleman put an arm across my shoulders. "What I want to know," he said, "is why you fired that shot. It wasn't in the script, as I remember."

The crowd dissolved from around me. Sammy took my arm. "I thought I was a goner," he said. "You should have seen your face. I just *knew* that gun was loaded. Want me to put those guns away?"

I reached for them. My left hand closed on an empty holster. Somebody had taken the Smith & Wesson from me.

I found Paul alone in his office. He narrowed his eyes.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Where is what?"

"The gun you took out of my holster."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

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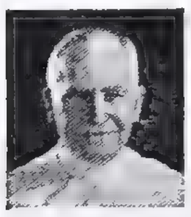


Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue *deliberately*. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't changed. Why has *he* changed? *Poor Sue.* She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the "one neglect" few husbands can forgive. *If only she knew about Lysol!* . . .

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"You confessed to the killing," I said. "But you deliberately tried to make me believe that you lied. But I see through it now. So where are the guns?"

"I didn't . . . kill anybody!" he gasped. "I thought . . . Carla would be accused. But listen, I've . . . got an idea. I got a notion that fits into this picture. Herman Smith was leading a double life, sort of."

"What does 'sort of' mean?"

"Listen," he said earnestly. "Search this place if you want to. If I took a gun from you, I haven't had time to do anything with it. It has to be here."

We went over every inch of the office. There wasn't any gun.

"I've got an idea," he offered.

"Let's hear it."

"No. It might lead you off the track if it doesn't work out. I'll find out today, and come over to your trailer tonight."

"Give me some idea of what you're going to do," I said.

"It all depends," he said, "on who Herman Smith really is. I heard a rumor once. I want to check it. If it's true, you can find a motive, all right."

After a long stare, I went away.

LAMAR JAMES was in his laboratory.

"When Flynne was killed," I began, "I had a pair of valuable guns in my hands. They were Colt .38's on .45 frames, pearl-handled. During the crush after the scene," I went on, "somebody took one of those guns. He replaced it with what I believe to be the gun that killed Flynne. Sammy took both guns from me and noticed the strange weapon. He decided to put them in his office and ask me about it later. His girl friend, who knew he was worried about them, threw both guns on the other side of a big sand dune when she heard somebody had been shot. We couldn't find them, and then you turned up one of the original pair in Carla's wagon."

"When you got that blanket to cover Flynne, you saw it," James broke in. "You should have told me then."

"Wait until I finish," I said.

I told him of the parade of people who came to my trailer that night and related their conversations.

"I was ready to give up and tell you what I knew," I said. "I knew that if I made that scene over, carrying .45's, Peggy would notice. Then she was killed. Flynne hadn't meant anything to me. My going into the investigation was strictly a move of self-defense. But when Peggy got a slug in the back, revenge was what I wanted. I figured I could work better alone. There was still the matter of the missing gun, too."

I told him about Paul, and my conclusions. I told him Paul was coming to my trailer.

Finally James said, "I'll come over and

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listen to what he has to say. But I'll tell you this, George. You're not in the clear."

"I was before the camera at the time of both murders," I reminded him.

"I saw the—whatcha call 'em? Rushes? The critical shot of you was a close-up, showing only your head and shoulders. Who knows what you did with your hands?"

"You're joking!"

"Not more than half," he countered.

"Look," I said, "I came in here of my own free will, trying to clarify this thing. I didn't kill Flynne. I'd never even seen him before."

"That's what everybody says!"

"If I'm not under arrest, I'm going to eat."

"Go ahead. I'll see you at your trailer."

I went to the restaurant in the hotel. Wallingford, Riegleman, Paul and Sammy were together at a table. I joined them.

Wallingford made a sudden decision. "Everybody get packed. We'll leave tomorrow morning. We got all we need."

"I think I'll drive down tonight," I said. "I have an appointment in an hour." I looked at Paul, who nodded imperceptibly.

I went out to my trailer, to find James waiting. I explained my electric-eye apparatus for turning on the lights, which brought up the subject of my telephone. I told him what I was trying to do.

"You've got it now so that you can take incoming calls?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have to open the base of the phone to hang up."

James looked at his watch. "Where's Paul?"

"He'll be along any time now."

We heard a flat *spat* outside, apparently originating a considerable distance away. It could have been a backfire on the highway. We sat tensely.

"That was a shot," James said.

We went outside. We were blind in the sudden darkness, but scattered stars shed a kind of light that showed a dark bundle some twenty feet away.

The bundle was Paul. He was dead, shot in the back.

In James's car, with Paul in the back seat, we roared into town behind the siren. We slid under the porte-cochere of a private hospital and attendants carried Paul inside. James and I waited while the doctor extracted the bullet.

Presently it was delivered to him and we went to his laboratory. He made a brief examination under the comparison microscope, then looked at me.

"Well," he said, "this came out of the same gun that killed Flynne. I guess this lets you out."

"Then I'll be on my way," I said. "I've messed around in it too much already. I guess I wasn't cut out to be a detective."

"You'd better stick around," he said. "These murders occurred in our county."

"You can't hold the whole company!"

"Can't we?" he asked grimly.

ON THE morning after Paul's death, Wallingford fixed Sheriff Call-Me-Jerry Callahan with a Damascene stare.

"Are you gonna arrest us all? You're gonna feed us, too? Listen, Mr. Sheriff, it's gonna cost somebody money to hold us up and it ain't going to be me."

"Now, Mr. Wallingford," Callahan said soothingly, "one of you is a murderer, and I got jurisdiction here."

I cut in, in the interests of Wallingford's apoplexy.

I gave Callahan a telegram which had arrived that morning. He read it, frowned.

"Ain't Paul Revere dead?" he demanded.

"You can't claim any of us did *that*," Wallingford said quickly.

"The signature," I said, "is my press agent's idea of a gag. But that telegram

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gives us a clue. It says that the core of our problem is in Hollywood."

"It don't say anything of the kind," Callahan interrupted. "It says—" He peered at the message. "It says 'THE BRITISH ARE COMING SIGNED PAUL REVERE'."

"It's cryptic," I explained, "but it means that we'll solve these murders in Hollywood—not here!

"All of our names and addresses are on record," I went on. "If any one of us skips, it will be easy to catch him. And James can be on hand to make the arrest."

NINE-THIRTY A.M. Somebody had to tell Carla about Paul and now was a good time.

I went to the hotel.

"Is Miss Folsom in?" I asked at the desk.

"Say," the desk clerk said, "I thought you Hollywood folks carried on—sort of wild. But up in your hotel rooms you act like innocent babes. My grandson Tommy has listened at the different doors. . . .

"He sure got hell yestiddy, from me, that kid did. Don't hold with stealin'. Listenin's fun, but stealin's means spankin's. Even if it was just an old flat tin can."

I said very casually, "Odd thing to steal. Where is it?"

"Oh, I got it here."

He put it on the desk. It was the missing reel, unharmed.

"Where did he get this?"

"Ask him. If you just stick your head out the door, you'll see him."

Tommy came in reluctantly.

"Tommy," I said, "I want you to show me the room in which you found that tin can—"

I followed him to Wanda's door. "It was in the wastebasket," he whispered.

I gave him a dollar and he ran off and I went to Carla's room. She finished her make-up after she admitted me. She didn't know about Paul. That was obvious.

"Carla, I have something to tell you," I said. "Paul is dead."

All color drained from her face. "When?" she whispered.

"Last night, about eight o'clock."

She seemed to relax a little. "How?"

"He was shot by the same gun that killed Flynne."

"No!" she gasped.

"Aren't you taking the death of your fiance pretty casually?"

"How did you know?" she demanded.

"Maybe you'd better tell me the whole story now. Or would you rather tell it to the police?"

I waited a long time before she spoke.

"I told you I was a little girl from Brooklyn, George. When I was almost sixteen, I met Sev Flynne. We wanted to get married. But I knew my family would never consent. He explained that marriage was never any more than a contract between two people and God. He made it sound very beautiful.

"We rented a hall bedroom and lost ourselves in New York. I changed my name so my family couldn't trace me.

"He wanted to be an engineer and was working out his tuition. We lived on my sixteen dollars a week.

"One day he came home and said he wasn't going back. There wasn't, he said, much future in engineering. The future was in aviation. He went out to a field and washed airplanes for flying lessons. . . ."

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I said, "And then?"

"Then he was suddenly afraid to get off the ground.

"Well—nearly four years later—I was sick of my bargain. I guess I still loved him, in a way, but we began to fight.

"About that time, that talent scout found me. I told you about that. Well, right after I got my first important role, I got a letter from Sev. He was coming to Hollywood. Could I send him the fare?"

"I sent him the fare, and 'loaned' him money regularly. He was investing the money that I gave him, he said."

I thought of Lamar James's report. Flynne "invested" that money in parties.

"Well," she said, "I was in a funny position. We had lived together under common law long enough to be legally man and wife, but if the circumstances were known, it would do me a lot of harm.

"Paul ran into Sev. Sev got drunk with him and told him about me. Paul blackmailed me into promising to marry him. But I couldn't get a divorce from a man I'd never really married. That's why I was frightened when I found that Sev had got into this picture and had been killed. He was the only person standing between Paul and me getting married, and when that gun was found in my wagon—"

"Didn't you suspect Paul?"

"No. Paul wasn't a killer. All I knew was that *I* was the perfect suspect."

"Why were you so scared when I told you about Paul?" I asked. "Why did you ask 'When?' "

"Fom seven until nine I was downstairs having dinner, and can prove it. My first thought was that somebody knew about the three of us and was trying to put the killings onto me. I had motive, you must admit. But to have both Sev and Paul killed by the same gun—well, I couldn't believe it. *Why* were they?"

"I just assume that was the murderer's favorite shooting iron," I said. "Do you want to ride with me back to Hollywood?"

"I guess so," she said heavily.

As we passed through hills to the north of Santa Barbara, with the sea veiled in fog on our right, I said, "You're right, Carla; your story makes you the only one so far with motive."

She didn't turn her head. "I've been thinking about that," she replied, "but go on."

"Well, there was Riegleman. He's free to move around too. Are you sure Flynne didn't know him?"

"Look, George. Here's something I haven't told you. Sev came to my room the night we arrived. He wanted to apologize for taking this job. He said he didn't know that I was on the picture. He told me that he didn't know anybody. He'd talked to Wanda on the train, just chit-chat."

I patted her shoulder. For the rest of the trip we talked about the picture. . . .

IN MELVA'S office, I looked at the reports.

"Fred's getting the rest," Melva explained. "He said to look at this clipping."

She showed me a society page about Cecil, Lord Hake, newly burst on local horizons. The one-column cut was of a young man with long, lean features and a happy smile. Suddenly the pattern came clear. I knew why Flynne had been killed.

I took from my pocket the clipping I had found in the bag in Flynne's room and showed it to Melva. "Do you know what clipping service that's from?"

"I think it's Miller's," she hazarded.

After considerable delay and telephone costs, I got the information I wanted. I rang Lord Hake next.

"This is George Sanders, Lord Cecil," I said. "It occurred to me that you and I probably have acquaintances in common. I'm giving a party tonight. Will you come?"

"Delighted, Mr. Sanders. Eightish?"

It was a dressy party. Everybody wore formal dress to some degree, with Riegleman in white tie and tails.

Fred, as he came in, gave me a sheaf of papers. They were the reports on Carla, Riegleman and Wanda.

I found nothing significant.

"Do you want more?" Fred asked.

"I don't think it will be necessary."

"Do you mean you know who it was?" he demanded.

"I think I'll cinch it tonight. Your telegram tipped me the identity of Lord Hake. How did you know?"

"I knew I'd seen him somewhere," Fred said. "I thought you'd translate that wire. Tell me who's the culprit, George, and I'll fix up a release."

"Wait, Fred. I'm not certain. I want to get a game started. If Lord Hake isn't here in a few minutes, I'll start without him."

Time passed. No Lord Hake. I rapped on the bar.

"Last call," I said, "before the festivities. What I have in mind is a little game. We make the stake a dime. I will give each of you in turn a group of three letters. Within fifteen seconds, you are to give me a word containing those three letters. If you take longer than that, you lose a dime, and vice versa. For example, if I give you c-q-x, you snap back at me with 'quixotic' or some other word with those letters. If you don't, you give me a dime."

"I will give you a dime now, George," Wallingford said.

"No, listen," I said. "I'm serious. This is a good game."

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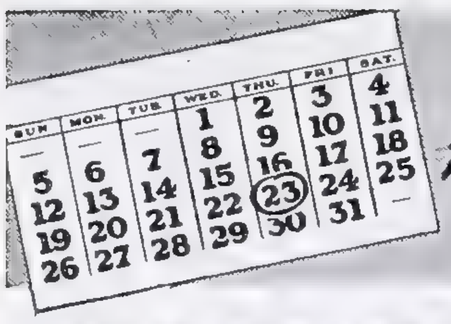
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"Don't you think it's a bit childish?"

I glared at Riegleman. He looked at me with condescension.

"I have a very good reason for wishing to play this game," I snapped.

I turned to Carla. "Let me try this thing on you. M-d-u," I said.

She frowned for perhaps three seconds before her face lighted. "Murder?"

I gave her a dime.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she demanded. "Are you ill, George?"

"I may be," I said. "Excuse me."

I went to the bar and fixed myself a drink. Wanda came over.

I focused on her. "Let me try you on my game. N-e-n. Try that."

"Oh, all right," she growled. "Flynne. Or are proper names admissible?"

I gave her a dime.

Riegleman was standing apart, tall and distinguished, looking on. "Enjoying yourself?" I asked.

"Very good party," he said pleasantly. "By the way, I'd like to discuss a scene in my next picture. How about dinner tomorrow?"

"Why don't you come here?"

"Delighted."

"Righto. Listen, Riegleman, that game of mine isn't really childish. Let me show you. All I do is give you—"

"Lay on, MacDuff."

"M-d-c."

Seconds ticked away. This hesitation began to assume the same significance as the pause in psychiatric association tests. He had the word close to his consciousness, but his subconscious would not allow him to say "homicide."

At eighteen seconds, he grinned suddenly, and said, "Homicide. I could think of nothing but midchannel, and I didn't think that would be allowed."

He gave me a dime. "The game does have possibilities, George, old boy."

I gave up. I went over to the bar.

THE doorbell reminded me that my most important guest had not arrived. This must be Lord Hake. I answered the bell.

"Where's your telephone?" Lamar James demanded.

I took him into the den. He called for an ambulance. He hung up, looked at me.

"You've got a near corpse out there, George."

I followed him outside. Under a row of hydrangeas was an evening-clothed body, a young man whose fair hair was matted with blood. He was Lord Hake. . . .

Finally, all were gone except Lieutenant Archer of the homicide squad, Lamar James and myself.

"The ambulance doc said he must have lain there between four and five hours," Archer said. "He was probably your first guest and was slugged as he rounded that secluded turn in your walk. If the poor lug recovers consciousness, he may be able to verify that. Well, so long, boys."

I let him out. James stared at me.

"What's your story this time?"

I frowned at him. "I don't like your tone."

"And I don't like your glib explanations, Sanders. Lord Hake was Herman Smith, wasn't he?"

"What makes you think so?" I stalled.

"The lower half of his face was lighter in color than the rest. He's shaved off a beard recently. Smith had a beard. Smith disappeared right after that accident in England. I figure he was the younger brother, a remittance man, who inherited when his older brother was killed."

"That was my conclusion. I verified his identity through a clipping service."

"You invited him here tonight?"

"Yes, but nobody else knew that."

"You knew it," he said. "Furthermore, you're English. He comes into money. You show me a clipping you claim you got from Flynne's bag. How do I know you got it there?"

"Isn't it pretty obvious?" I asked hotly. "Smith loaned Flynne the bag. The clipping was in it."

"Your explanations are too smooth."

"I won't bother to argue," I said. "I have proof. I found that missing reel of film. I'll run it for you right now."

I forced myself to cool off as I threaded film. I started the projector.

The wagon train came across the dunes at sunrise and it was obvious that Carla and I had what polite people refer to as an Understanding.

Now came the critical scene. I was in the foreground, naturally, but we could see Severance Flynne in the background. At a moment when I was facing the camera Severance Flynne was shot.

I turned the lights on. James grinned.

"That lets you out," he said. "But I think you know more than you've told."

"In the first place, I didn't ask Lord Hake to come early. He suggested eight. The others came at nine. I wanted to verify a few ideas and Hake could give me confirmation."

"Such as?"

"I have no proof," I objected. "I'm going to make a phone call later. If Hake comes to, he can tell me. Otherwise, I'll have to try something else."

James got up. "Well, let me know."

"Come out to the set in the morning," I said.

After he left, I put in a call to London.

THE next morning Wallingford came on the set with a stack of paper in one arm and Carla on the other. He dealt out copies of a revised script. "All night I stayed up to work with the author on some changes," he said. "Somebody bring in that cave."

Prop men brought in the cave. Riegleman wandered off to a dark corner. And Lamar James came up to say hello.

The scene was easily learned. It opened in this shelter from a sudden storm. Carla and I had appropriated it for our own.

"I'm ready to go through it," I called to Carla. We walked toward the cave.

"I want a drink of water, George. Shall I bring you one?"

"Please."

I sat down to wait for her and Riegleman, who was still absent. She was back in a moment, and Riegleman was not far behind. She gave me the water and I raised the paper cup to my lips.

A strong, bitter odor assailed my nostrils.

"What's the matter?" Carla cried.

Lamar James took the cup, sniffed and spoke steadily to Carla: "You are under arrest for attempted murder."

Carla fainted. James turned to Wallingford. "You have chemists here. I want to have this analyzed."

Wallingford seemed broken. "Poor Carla," he said. "Come on, Mr. James. I show you myself the laboratory."

I looked at Riegleman. He was staring after James and Wallingford. I went over to him. He gave me a kind of sleepwalker's stare. "I'm—God, I'm stunned."

Then he shrugged and called out, "That's all for today. We'll let you know when and if work on the picture is to be resumed." He turned back to me. "It will be difficult to replace Carla. Perhaps we had better discuss the picture at dinner tonight."

"All right." We looked steadily at each

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other for a tense moment.

I went off to look for Lamar James.

"It's cyanide," he said.

"I want to tell you about my telephone," I answered. . .

RIEGLEMAN arrived at my apartment at seven o'clock instead of eight.

"I was curious to know what we were eating tonight," he explained.

"Steak and kidney pie," I said.

He gave me a look compounded of speculation and knowledge. "Rather significant, what?" he said.

"Significant?" I repeated. "I don't know. Your use of the idiom didn't penetrate for some time because I was accustomed to that usage. I should have pegged you for an Englishman long ago."

Riegleman sipped his sherry. "I thought you'd reached a conclusion, finally."

"Shall we drink a toast to tomorrow?" I suggested.

"Whatever it brings, George?"

"Whatever."

We touched glasses, drank. Riegleman watched me, his long face full of regret.

"You know, George, you have nerve."

I shrugged. "I'm confident, that's all."

"But you have every reason not to be."

"Not from my viewpoint."

"You'll admit I had rotten luck."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "It was carelessness."

"But I hadn't seen the boy since he was sixteen, and beards *are* confusing."

"You're his cousin. I telephoned Percy Wellesley in London."

"You were too observant," he said.

"I wasn't observant enough," I corrected him. "It should have been obvious that you had Peggy's notebook and had studied it, when you made me change my tie."

"I made a bad mistake there," he admitted. "A reel of film was missing, but I had a feeling it would be found. If you'd worn the wrong tie, an expensive scene would have had to be retaken. Having studied the notebook the night before, I suddenly forgot my real role and for a moment or so I was just a director who had to watch the budget."

"The truth was there before my eyes all the time," I said.

"You knew the first shot came from behind the camera and finally decided that nobody else could have fired it."

"No, it wasn't that simple. I considered everybody."

"Surely it had to be me!"

"I see that now," I said. "What threw

"Are you saving for something special, dear? You two seldom go out any more."



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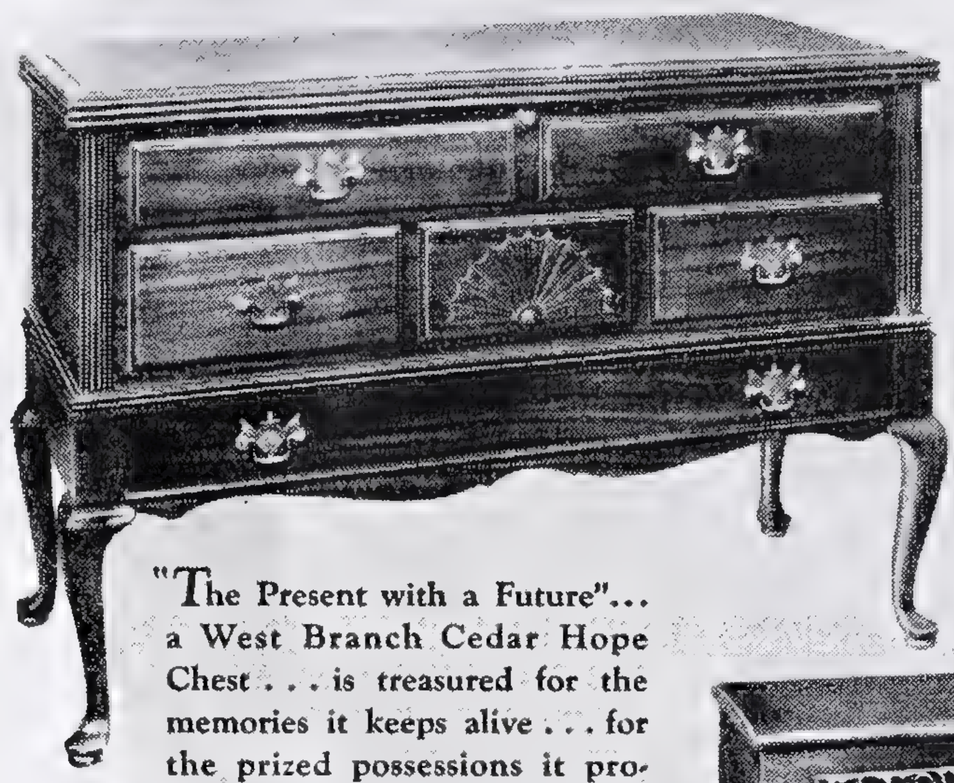


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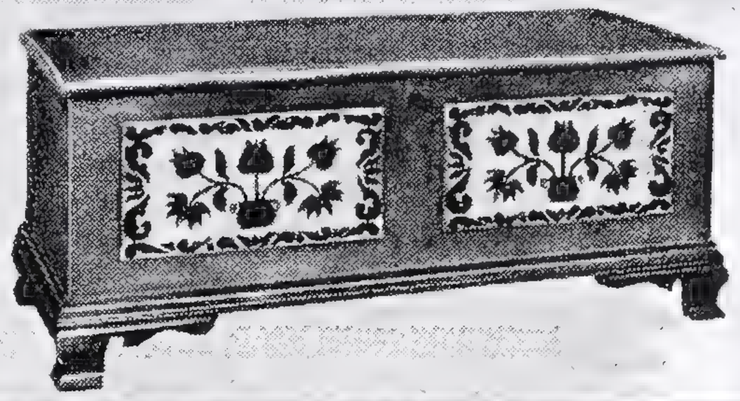
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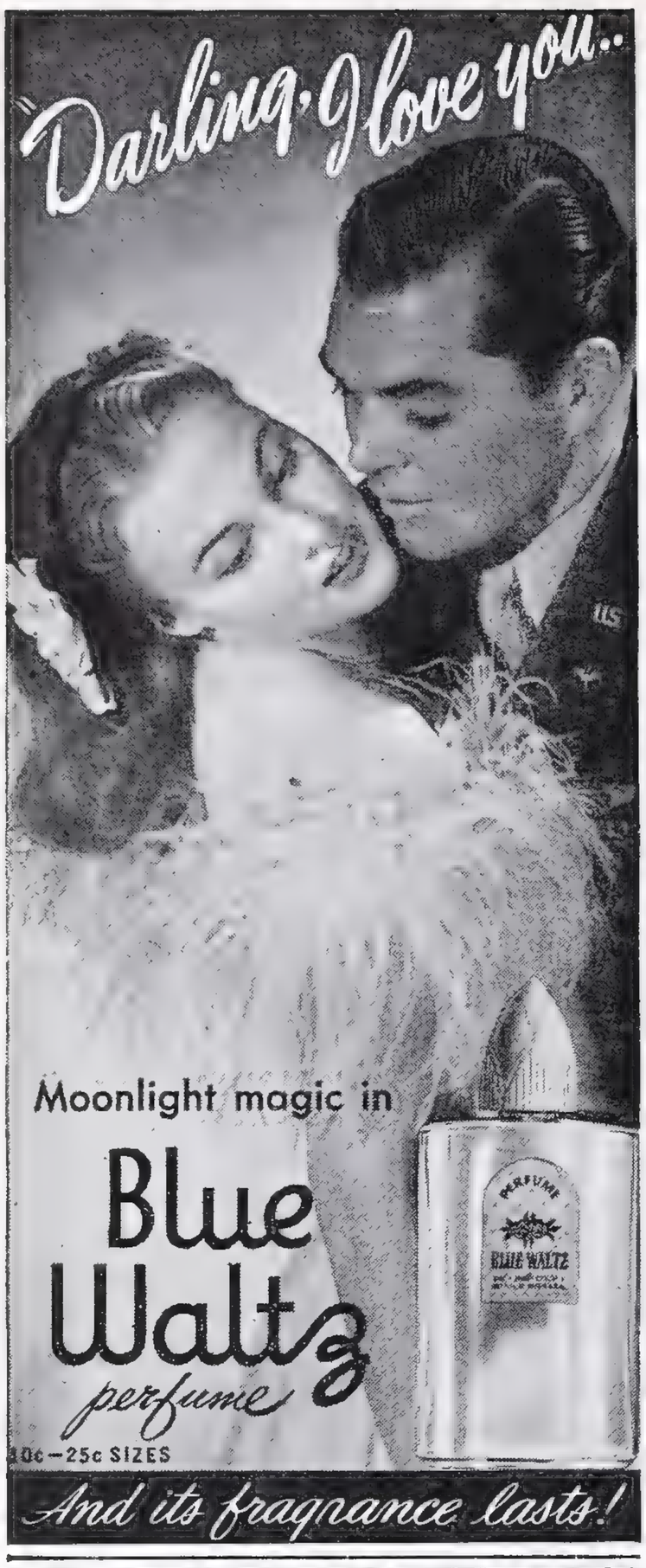
No. 9395 (left). Colonial lowboy in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.

No. 4905 (below). Early American chest in maple—plain or with Pennsylvania Dutch painted decorations (shown).



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me off was your indifference to Flynne's death."

"Why should I have cared?" he asked reasonably. "I shot the wrong person. I had no motive. So I shouldn't be suspected, provided I forgot all about it.

"But Peggy figured it out."

"She was my greatest danger," he said.

"I put it together this way," I said. "She questioned a piece of business at the moment Flynne was shot and started to ask you. You were gone and she made a note of it. The next day, she remembered you were gone and wondered."

"Peggy didn't really know anything," he said, "and she'd have dismissed the thought. But I was nervous. When I saw her put her hand to her mouth—" He paused. "Still, perhaps it was best."

"You were behind the sound truck."

"Yes."

"What did you do with the guns?"

"I have one of them with me, of course."

"The bullet will be identified. You'll be caught."

He nodded. "Yes. This is a matter of personal revenge, now. Young Hake recovered about an hour ago. He'll tell that deputy all the facts. You are responsible for my blunder in killing Peggy and I'm going to even my score with you."

"How am I responsible?"

"Your reputation, old boy. You are *The Falcon* and *The Saint*. That, of course, is why I put the cyanide in the water I drew for Carla to give you. Too bad you didn't take it."

"I belong to the opposite school of thought," I said. "By the way, there's one thing I don't understand. Why did you use a .38? All the guns were .45's."

"Not yours, George. You carried .38's. I figured that the gun would be found on you and the whole affair passed off as an accident."

"Why did you plant the gun in Carla's wagon?"

"That was no plant. I simply put it there to remove later. When you brought up the question of murder, I had to leave it and hope for the best."

"SHERRY?" I asked him.

He got to his feet. "I think not. You doubtless planned for that deputy to arrive at eight and eavesdrop on our conversation. And to arrest me when I'd made a damaging statement. That's why I arrived early; not that it matters now."

"I expected you to arrive an hour early."

"Naturally, I didn't underestimate you, George. I watched the house for two hours before I came in, to make certain you didn't set any traps."

I got to my feet and moved so that when he faced me his back was toward the open bedroom door. "I'm not going with you."

"Oh, I think so," he said pleasantly. "You don't wish to be killed here, do you?"

"I'm not going to be killed."

"Oh, I think so." He was still pleasant. "I've rather developed a taste for killing."

"That isn't why you killed Paul. It was because he asked you about Herman Smith. He remembered that Smith was a remittance man and would inherit if his father and elder brother died."

Riegleman nodded. "I overheard Paul telephone a friend in Hollywood and corroborate that fact. When he headed toward your trailer, I killed him."

"Wait a moment. How did you know Lord Cecil was coming to my party?"

"I invited him, of course."

"Why, so did I."

Riegleman smiled. "So I learned. I pretended to be you on the telephone and that I had—or you had—invited so many that it had slipped your mind. I asked him to come early. He was going to identify me as his cousin, who was the next of kin. The title wouldn't pass to me, only the money."

"The money has always been your first consideration," I said. "You waylaid him, left him for dead and waited for somebody to arrive?"

"I drove down the street and parked until Wally arrived in a cab. I came in with him, you remember?"

"I hadn't noticed. Did you use a hammer on Lord Cecil?"

"Yes, it's in my toolbox. I haven't decided whether to use it or a gun on you."

He brought the gun out of his pocket. "I've got to kill you. Here and now."

"You won't," I said, "because Lamar James has you covered."

Riegleman grinned. "That's an old gag. You thought I was going to turn my head and you'd have a chance to dive at me."

Lamar James' voice said, right behind him, "Don't move, Riegleman. I won't kill you, because I want you to stand trial. But I'll shoot you at the base of the spine. That would hurt."

The gun sagged in Riegleman's hand.

Lamar James said, "Hand your gun to George."

Riegleman did so. It felt comfortably reassuring in my hand.

"All right," I said, loudly, "you can come and get him now."

"Okay," Lamar James' voice said.

From the loudspeaker came the click of a telephone being cradled and then the dial tone. Riegleman jerked his head toward it, then glared furiously at me.

"He was listening in his hotel room," I said. "He'll be along in a moment. I was afraid you might have remembered my telephone set-up here, but it probably wouldn't have mattered. I could have handled you anyway."

At least, I thought, *The Falcon* and *The Saint* always could handle such situations. "I had to use the telephone set-up," I said, "because I didn't dare have anyone come here. I was afraid you'd be watching."

IT WAS like an old-fashioned family reunion. Melva looked ecstatic and Fred was trying to talk into four telephones at once. Wallingford came in just as Carla was released from her cell and rushed into the waiting room. Wanda had come in with Wallingford and she and Carla dived at me simultaneously.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Wanda cried. "Wally's going to let me do comedy. I'll be leading woman in your next, George."

"George," Carla said. "I just knew you wouldn't let me rot here. Oh, I thank you!"

"You girls run along," Wallingford said crisply. "I lost a director just now. We got a picture to finish. George, maybe you can help out, huh?"

I couldn't keep the delight out of my eyes. Not only was I playing *Hilary Weston*, I could direct the picture, too.

Wallingford turned to me and he seemed embarrassed. "George, I got bad news. About that present I promised you. I can't get one. There ain't any."

I remembered I had asked him for a transit, a twenty-two-inch achromatic.

"It was a gag, Wally. There's one on Mount Wilson, but it's very special."

"What's on Mount Wilson?" he asked.

"An achromatic, twenty-two-inch transit. That's what I asked for."

"Oh!" he cried. "And I wired every circus for a twenty-two inch acrobat!"

THE END

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"Nicest Guy in the World"

(*Continued from page* 41) guy with cabbage—but I don't expect him ever to throw it away. He wore it when he left for England on the clipper and he had it on when he got back from Africa. On Bond tours and during golf tournaments, it usually turns up at least once.

He loves ice cream. When he's dead tired after a hard day at the studio, or maybe a hard day at the studio plus a hard night at an Army camp, he takes a shower, climbs into bed, eats a big dish of ice cream, then turns out the light and snoozes fast. At best he never averages better than six hours of sleep a night. He never gets to bed before midnight even when he's making a picture. There are always broadcasts, benefits, Bond drives or hospital tours.

It relaxes him to drive a car, preferably with the radio playing soft music, and he loves movies. Bob Hope goes to the movies the way Joe Blow goes to the movies—with his wife, to the local movie house. And afterwards he takes her to the corner ice-cream parlor, sits her on a stool at the fountain and buys her a soda.

HIS greatest friend is, of course, Bing Crosby. They play golf together, work together, do benefits together, hang around the house together. It was Bob who drew Bing out of the hard shell he'd been in for years. Bing, who had twice been chosen by the West Coast press as the most unco-operative actor in Hollywood and was famous for never stirring an inch when movement could be avoided, suddenly became human and a demon for singing free. Now he is one of the movie colony's foremost contributors to the war effort; he does benefits and tours the Army camps with a troupe for which he pays all the expenses.

Bob calls him "Blubber." Bing's nickname for Bob is, of course, the famous "Ski Nose." When they are apart they bombard each other with ludicrous fan mail. In Bizerte, Bob was overjoyed to come upon a post card showing a lonely little Arab trudging up a dirt road. He mailed it to Bing with the tender message: "This shows the crowds rushing to see your 'Holiday Inn'."

What is Bob Hope like when you get to know him?

Well, he's an easygoing guy with easygoing ways. He does a lot of things in a little time, but he does everything smoothly so that it looks effortless, and he never seems to be anxious or in a hurry. He dislikes high-pressure people and offhand that's all I can think of that he dislikes. Promoters get nowhere with him.

He doesn't bet on horses except now and then for laughs when one of Bing's nags is running. He plays gin rummy for a penny a point and almost always wins, but beyond that he doesn't care for gambling. His natural wit makes it fun to play cards with him; he keeps up a running fire of wisecracks throughout the game and his partner gets an amiable, often hilarious Bob Hope script in miniature with every hand.

His house is big, rambling, unpretentious, with a wide lawn and flowers everywhere. Its tall gates, controlled by electricity, are always locked to keep out strangers, burglars and autograph pests. Inside the house everything is informal, warm, comfortable, with man-sized lounge chairs, a convenient bar and an oil painting of Linda and Tony—the Hopes' two adopted children—over the fireplace.

Bob and Dolores sleep in a big four-poster double bed, but have separate bathrooms. The children share a two-room nursery unit. In another wing of the house

there is an office where Bob's two girl secretaries work answering his fan mail and attending to all other paper work. He receives as many as 50,000 letters a week, most of it from his radio audience and the families of service men.

Soldiers' mothers and fathers write Bob to thank him for touring in Italy, North Africa and the Aleutians and entertaining their sons. Some of them write so poignantly that he is in tears when he reads the letters. Even for a comedian, fan mail is more serious these days. There are not so many requests for autographs or pictures or advice on how to break into the movies. Most of the letters just say thanks.

Bob shakes his head over these and his wonderment is genuine. "What do they thank me for?" he asks. "I should thank them."

AS THE years go on he manages to spend more and more time with five-year-old Linda and three-year-old Tony. They both came to the Hopes through the Cradle in Chicago, but by a happy and amusing accident Tony is the image of Bob, even to the ski nose in a smaller version, and he exhibits more than a touch of Bob's ebullience. Linda, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, possesses a dainty grown-up air that delights her father. He treats her like a miniature princess. When he has been away from home for a long time, you often hear him sneak in a "Goodnight, Linda" over the air as his radio program ends. Linda is always listening.

Ever a one to sit around in the cafes and trade laughs with the other boys, Bob used to enjoy night clubs as a diversion, but now when he has a night off he goes to the Hollywood canteen. No fuss attends his appearances there—he just strolls in and before anyone knows it, he's on.

He is a terrific ad-libber and many of the best cracks in his pictures are his own. The script girl who never leaves his side takes them down as he says them. Often they're put into a scene on the spot.

Another prolific source of Hope gags is moon-faced, good-natured Barney Dean, a little bald ex-vaudevillian who is considered a great character in comic circles. Bob has him on the set as a writer, at $350 a week, but actually Barney is more what might be termed a "gag doctor." He tells Bob how to set up a gag, or how to rephrase it for a bigger laugh. Bob has great respect for his judgment and a warm liking for his company, so he takes him on camp tours whenever possible.

Bob has a pleasant way of remembering the names of unimportant people, and of those he knew when he was unimportant, too. He doesn't make a great point of it, but he keeps in touch with old friends. I recall one evening—right after he'd become a big Hollywood star—walking down Broadway, he suddenly said: "I've got to go over to the Lincoln drugstore."

"Lincoln drugstore?" asked his companion. "Why?"

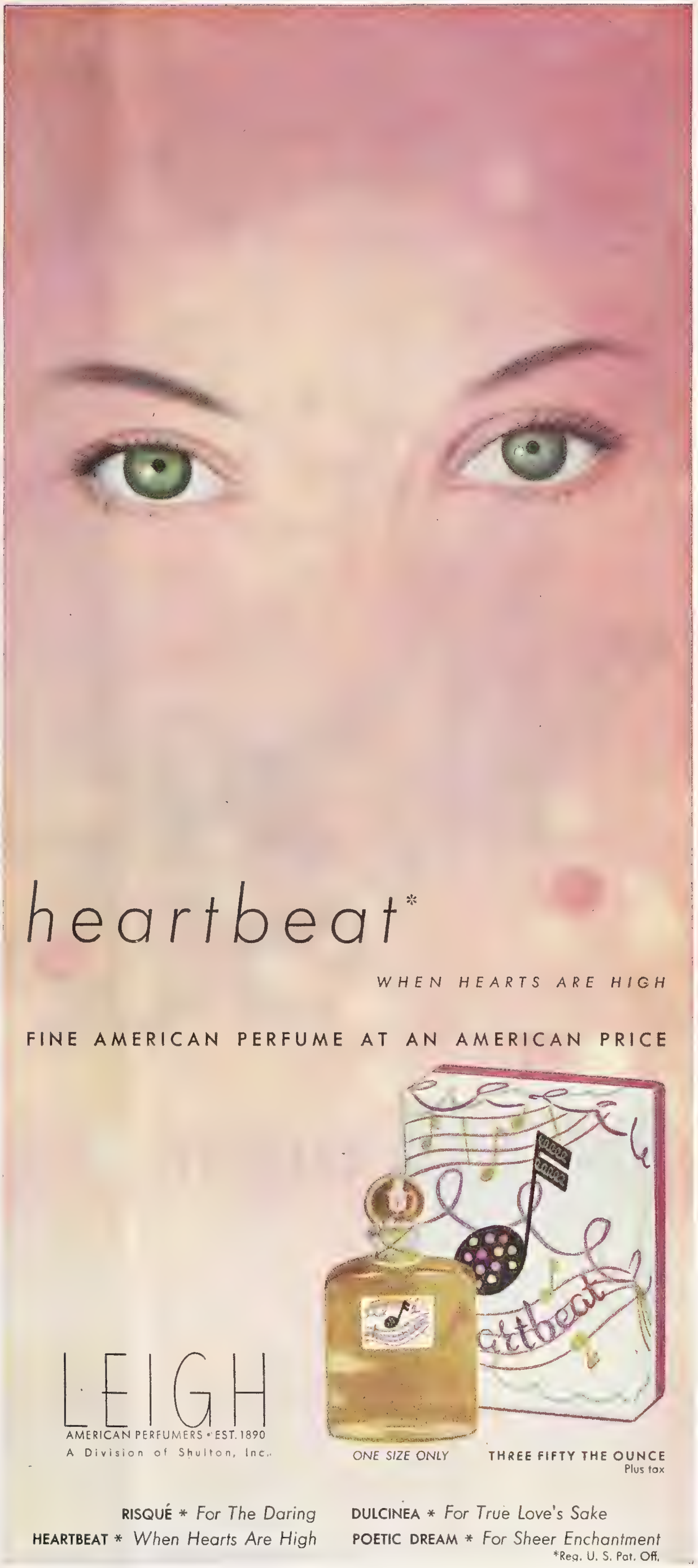
"I used to live at the Lincoln and hang out a lot at the drugstore and I knew the counter guys over there pretty well."

So he went there. He sat at the fountain and chinned with the guys who used to let him charge things when he was low on funds and it was as if he'd never been away, never earned more than coffee and cake money, never become famous.

That's the way he is when you get to know him.

He's a good citizen, this comic, a very good joe. You can talk about the boys in the war fighting for baseball and blueberry pie and the old jalopy on Sunday afternoons, and probably they are. A lot of them are fighting for Bob Hope, too, and with deep humility he knows it.

THE END



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Hutton Heart-to-Heart . .

(*Continued from page* 58) they began playing indications, the game in which one person acts out a word while the rest guess what it is . . . and Bob's word was "Liebestraum," the name of the famous Liszt piano number. What Bob knows about music you could put in your tooth-paste cap; but he nevertheless began acting it out in syllables. When people screamed, "Is it opera?" he nodded, and went on acting. Well, you know the rest; it isn't opera, and the players wasted ten minutes over the false information given them by Bob—and once the word was guessed, everyone was withering to him. "Don't you even know famous music?" one star snarled at him. But Bob didn't even hear that sneer—he was already sitting in a far corner, miserable and forsaken in his own mind. It took three other Cary Grant parties before he could look the other guests in the eye again—or join them in any games!

BUT this shyness in an actor isn't hard to understand, if you first know that Bob *became* an actor to overcome his overwhelming shyness. (The treatment hasn't worked, obviously, but he's still hoping!) His real name is Bruce Winne and he's an only child who hails from Kingston, New York, his family definitely not theatrical at all. Bob, trying his hand at tennis and track at the Blair Academy in New Jersey, also turned to dramatics in order to learn to speak without going through a red-faced agony. Summers he continued the hopeless job of curing his shyness with the Woodstock Playhouse Stock Company. Once he was finished with school, he nervously arrived in New York City to conquer the world. He was to conquer part of it (Hollywood) shortly, and very simply, but he didn't know that yet—and he had a few shy and sordid experiences.

One was the week end he spent quietly living on a bottle of milk and a box of crackers, huddled in his boarding-house room. "Why, I only had fifty cents," he says now, looking back on it. "Not enough to go to the movies, even!" This trial ended with the Monday-morning mail, which brought him a ten-dollar check for posing for pictures illustrating a magazine story—in which he had panted shyly into a girl model's negligee to re-enact the molten yarn. "I saw that check," says he, "and then I rushed out to a movie!"

You can draw two conclusions from this: One, that he certainly wasn't weighted down with fright about life; and two, that movies preyed on his mind. They preyed even harder a year and a half ago, when he was back playing summer stock, and an agent saw him—and presto! he was wafted to Warner Brothers, with no bother at all. There he began acting and gravitating nervously but steadily to various girls, including Dolores Moran and Joan Leslie—to whom he was even reported engaged. This was untrue and Bob shyly objected when reporters called him about it. "I have never yet," he told them honestly, "proposed to a girl."

IT WAS that night that he met his Nemesis, and four days later he had proposed. Miss Nemesis was one Natalie Thompson, the prettiest society girl in Beverly Hills. He met her on a blind date, asked her out at once for the next three nights—and on the third night he proposed.

Now, after almost a year of marriage, they are still a couple of kids enjoying life. They live in a five-room Beverly Hills apartment, completely dominated two days a week by a huge colored maid named Jeffy, who casually calls Natalie "Beautiful" and Bob "Big Boy." Also sharing the apartment are two cocker spaniels, one blond, one brunette, and wearing the monikers "Hut" (for Hutton) and "Vic" (for Victory). But neither the dogs nor Jeffy see an awful lot of the pair come sundown, for when Bob doesn't have an early studio call in the morning he and Natalie are invariably out circulating among their many friends—among whom are half of the non-movie people in Beverly Hills, as well as the Cary Grant group, as well as Director Delmer Daves and his wife, and Fred de Cordova, the Eddie Brackens, the Dane Clarks, Steve Crane, Steve Brody—and anyone else who comes to your mind!

Nights when they aren't going anywhere with friends, they go places with each other—usually to dinner at the Brown Derby, La Rue's or Romanoff's and then to a movie. It's only on evenings when Bob looks forward to a dawn rising that they stay home and then Natalie cooks a superb dinner. She learned how to cook secretly at a cooking school—thus making her youthful husband mad with suspicion! He was convinced she was losing interest in the name Hutton; and she had to introduce him to her chef-hatted teacher before he calmed down! After dinner, if you peeked in the window of the Hutton apartment, you'd find Natalie playing the piano while her husband sat at his desk in the living room making miniature furniture—this being his favorite hobby. So far he's made enough furniture to fill a twenty-room house, so long as it's doll-sized. Often, while he's carving out a tiny wing chair, Natalie leaves the piano and settles down at a near-by table—rising at bedtime with some poetry, which some day she plans to publish in book form. Her favorite brain child deals with her husband. The first few stanzas praise him to the skies and in the last verse she lambasts him for his one fault: Snoring!

He hasn't many other faults, as she well knows. At 6:30 in the morning when he rises for an early studio call, he sneaks from their bedroom quietly and concocts his own breakfast—a huge glass of orange juice, cream of wheat, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee. Oh, he eats enough to have a figure like Sophie Tucker's, the only trouble being that none of it sticks to his lanky frame. All day long he gnaws at sandwiches, at home or abroad. And when dinnertime comes he tucks away everything you can imagine, but vegetables.

Their two closets of clothes, and their two cars—hers a blue convertible, his a tan coupe—are their only possessions in their furnished apartment. Which is one reason that they are both searching endlessly for a house. In it they'd like to put some hand-picked furniture and in it they long to give parties to repay their many social debts. In it they'd also like to find some much-needed privacy.

As you can see, Bob S. Hutton (S for Shy) is doing better than a lot of the brashest, boldest men in the world! The moral of this story? Brother, if you're shy, stay that way—that is, if you want to succeed!

THE END



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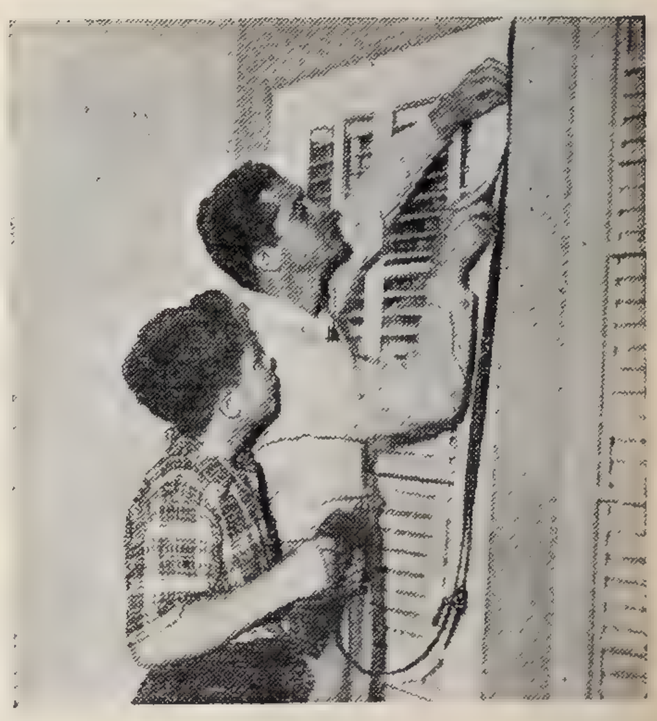
Short on Fuel? Then be Long on these Heat-Hoarding Hints



Dana Andrews finds pulling the heavy drapes over the windows helps keep the cold out and the heat in and saves fuel. It's a vital point in the home-front fight for freedom. Co-operate for victory by doing all you can to conserve fuel



Unwelcome are those blasts of cold from under doors. Dana finds it effective to stuff a towel under the door. Keep on your toes—hasten victory by having your house ready for winter. Save fuel!



Cold creeps in around doors. Dana and son David put tape around the door cracks. See that your furnace is clean, your walls insulated, your storm windows on. Our boys on battlefronts must have gas—and it is made from coal and oil

(*Continued from page 43*) moan in anguish —she can't tell you how to copy what she has!

FAVORITE BETWEEN-MEAL SNACK: Milkshakes—any flavor at all.

MOST EXCITING MOMENT: When, right after her baby's birth, the doctor leaned over her and said, "Well, what do you think it is?" "A girl!" said she delightedly —and burst into tears.

COLORS SHE LIVES IN: Red, yellow, gray and beige.

WORST LIE SHE EVER TOLD: When, during the shooting of "Pin-Up Girl," she claimed she wasn't having a baby. Reason? Well, she wanted to do the picture—so she lied like mad before admitting the truth.

ROLES SHE LOVED PLAYING: Her parts in "Coney Island" and in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"—because of the stories, the music, and the luscious costumes.

WHAT MOST PAINS HER AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE: False stories printed about her in the newspapers. Like the once-printed charge that she and her husband are great Scotch drinkers—when the truth is they drink nothing but cokes.

CLOTHES SHE CAN'T RESIST: Casual clothes of all types; slacks, suits, pinafores, skirts, shorts. And high-heeled shoes—which she wears with all of them!

WHAT MOST WORRIES HER ABOUT THE PUBLIC: That they don't understand that even movie stars have bad moods and headachey days—when they don't feel like smiling and helloing everyone. Such as the dog days in New York when she and Harry were courting; the heat wilted her and the public was hurt.

PET POSY: Orchids, if the truth be known. But she welcomes any and all kinds of flowers to her hair.

FAVORITE AMUSEMENTS: Listening to music of all kinds, which is why she likes to hear Harry's orchestra rehearsing daily in their garage! (So do neighbors Olivia de Havilland and Ginger Rogers!) She loves every type of music, from jive to symphonic; she faithfully attends the ballet's every performance—wherever music is, there is Betty. Unless it's the opera, which she avoids like bubonic plague!

FAVORITE WASTES OF ENERGY: Occasional swims in her pool; constant gum-chewing from dawn until dark; and playing poker with friends . . . who are mostly non-movie-ites.

BIRTHDAY: December the eighteenth—when she'll be twenty-eight years old.

WHAT SHE'D LIKE TO BE DOING WHEN HER HAIR IS WHITE: Leading the same life she is now, minus the acting! She'd like to be just Mrs. Harry James. wife and mother.

MOST EMBARRASSING HABIT TO HER FRIENDS: She's right on time to all appointments. This is why, when she's invited to dinner at eight, she's there promptly—finding the hostess still in curlers and the other guests not arriving till nine!

HOW MUCH DOES SHE WEIGH:? The Figure is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighing 112 when she's not working—and putting on ten more pounds when she's killing herself doing dancing routines. Explain that one!

MOST HO-HUM DUTY: Sitting under the drier one hour every day of her working life, getting the Crowning Glory ready for the cameras.

WHAT WEARIES HER MOST IN OTHER PEOPLE: There's just one thing that really dejects her about people—affectedness. She can stand anything else, from those who sneeze in your face to those who pull chairs out from under you —if only they're natural though obnoxious!

IDEAL HOME: She's living there now—it includes a sun-drenched California house, a big garden studded with a pool, and her husband and daughter. Fact is, for this home she'd give up anything. Which includes her career.

CHORE SHE ADORES: Taking care of baby Victoria Elizabeth on the nurse's days off—which Betty enjoys more than you'd enjoy a mink coat.

WHAT BETTY KNOWS BUT THE PUBLIC DOESN'T: That by this time any interest she had in giddy night life is over. She's shed her sequins for an apron!

THE END



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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 26*)

garet is the last of the *Cantervilles* until it's discovered that American Robert Young is actually a descendant of the ghost. Laughton is superb. (Sept.)

✓*CASANOVA BROWN*—International: When professor Gary Cooper discovers he's a father on the eve of his wedding to Anita Louise, things begin happening. When he discovers the baby's mother Teresa Wright wants to give it out for adoption, he finds a unique way to stop that! With Frank Morgan, Patricia Collinge and Mary Treen. (Oct.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal: Most of this rather tired film takes place in an old opera house with a mad doctor, Boris Karloff, of course, hypnotizing people and hoarding corpses in spare rooms. Susanna Foster sings beautifully, Turhan Bey doesn't have his usual sex appeal, but Gale Sondergaard is swell. (Nov.)

DIXIE JAMBOREE—PRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Guy Kibbee's showboat. Eddie Quillan is the trombone player who's in love with songstress Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in selling patent medicine on the side. Frances sings divinely. (Oct.)

✓✓*DRAGON SEED*—M-G-M: A magnificent picture, dealing with Jap-occupied China and its peasants who grow from simple kindly people to a united people of strength and purpose. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Turhan Bey, Katharine Hepburn and Akim Tamiroff are all outstanding. (Oct.)

ENEMY OF WOMEN—Frank-Monogram: Goebbels' life from the time he was a private tutor to the time he became propaganda head for Hitler, but it doesn't paint him black enough. Paul Andor turns in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels, Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods her husband. (Nov.)

FALCON IN MEXICO, THE—RKO: Tom Conway, the *Falcon,* goes to Mexico to solve a mystery and people get killed all over the place. Nestor Paiva is clever as the Mexican detective; Martha MacVicar is cute; Mona Moris is very good and Conway is the same old smoothie as the *Falcon.* (Oct.)

✓*GHOST CATCHERS*—Universal: It's fun and laughter and nonsense when Olsen and Johnson are called in from their night club to a house next door which Martha O'Driscoll, Gloria Jean and Walter Catlett have rented. Andy Devine, Lon Chaney and Leo Carrillo are the heavies; there's plenty of singing and laughs. (Sept.)

GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST—RKO: Hal Peary as *Gildersleeve,* is running for police commissioner and two ghosts plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. There's a crazy scientist and a gorilla in it. It's all very silly, but fun. (Sept.)

GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART—Republic: A scandalmongering newspaper reporter, Robert Livingston, buys a small town paper and rips apart all the honest people of the community, including Judge Thurston Hall. Livingston invents a blonde on whom to lay the blame and then finds himself arrested on suspicion of murder. With Ruth Terry. (Sept.)

GREAT MOMENT, THE—Paramount: This purports to tell how Joel McCrea, as *Dr. William Thomas Green Morton,* invented a practicable anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. Betty Field, as his wife, and Harry Carey wander on the outer edges of the story and William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges's pictures. (Sept.)

✓*GREENWICH VILLAGE*—20th Century-Fox. Bill Bendix operates a Greenwich Village cafe in which Vivian Blaine sings, and into which wanders composer Don Ameche. Talented people including Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally De Marco entertain you and it's all very gay. (Nov.)

GYPSY WILDCAT—Universal: Maria Montez and Jon Hall romp around again in Technicolor, this time in a story of a gypsy girl who turns out to be a missing heiress. Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around in it too. (Nov.)

✓✓*I LOVE A SOLDIER*—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's a shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with service men but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sonny Tuffs sets out to change Paulette's ideas and the ensuing fun is enjoyable. Mary Treen, Walter Sande and Barry Fitzgerald contribute some good bits. (Sept.)

✓✓*IMPATIENT YEARS, THE*—Columbia: This comedy, built around a vital problem, emerges vitalizing entertainment. Sgt. Lee Bowman returns home on furlough to find his wife Jean Arthur, whom he has known only four days, embroiled in household duties and child care. When they fly to the divorce courts, Jean's father, Charles Coburn, and the judge order them to relive their courtship. (Nov.)

✓*IN SOCIETY*—Universal: Abbott and Costello are a pair of plumbers summoned to a wealthy matron's home to fix a faucet. After practically destroying the home, the matron sends them a note of complaint, but by mistake they receive an invitation to a week-end party and the riot goes on from there. (Nov.)

✓*INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE, THE*—Universal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard, so scientist John Carradine

renders him invisible and he haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is their daughter and Alan Curtis her fiance. (Sept.)

✓✓*JANIE*—Warners: Young, gay, heart-warming and so funny: You'll love this picture. Sixteen-year-old *Janie,* played delightfully by Joyce Reynolds, keeps her family in a constant uproar due to her beaus and her sister Claire Foley's tattling and when a company of soldiers moves into town it becomes a furor. Robert Hutton is *Janie's* boy friend. (Oct.)

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Acquanetta is an ape girl who is transformed into a beautiful girl by means of a magic drug. But when she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl she falls in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter and the fur flies in all directions. (Oct.)

✓✓*KISMET*—M-G-M: A fanciful fairy tale, beautifully mounted, with Ronald Colman as the king of the beggars who's determined that only a prince may wed his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page. Edward Arnold is the grand Vizier who wants to overthrow the Caliph, James Craig, who has fallen in love with Joy Ann, and Marlene Dietrich is the tempestuous beauty in Arnold's harem whom Colman loves. (Nov.)

LOST IN A HAREM: Abbott and Costello and Marilyn Maxwell are a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient, and John Conte is a deposed prince who promises to get them back to America if they'll help him regain his kingdom. Jimmy Dorsey's music helps out, but it's a none too funny picture. (Nov.)

✓*MADEMOISELLE FIFI*—RKO: This is a story of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 and a mighty good little story it is, too. Simone Simon proves herself a fine little actress as the French peasant who suffers humiliation and scorn from the Prussian officers and Kurt Krueger is really one of the most loathsome villains you'll ever meet. (Oct.)

✓*MAISIE GOES TO RENO*—M-G-M: *Maisie's* ordered to take a rest, so she joins a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves she undertakes a mission for soldier Tom Drake, whose wife, Ava Gardner, is about to divorce him. Once in Reno, trouble develops, so *Maisie,* played as usual by Ann Sothern, enlists the aid of card-dealer John Hodiak to get to the bottom of the affair. (Nov.)

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Lot's of action, all about the Marines in camp, in combat and in love. The battle scenes are terrific, but the Leathernecks deserve a better picture. Pat O'Brien plays the role of the colonel. Ruth Hussey's the girl Robert Ryan loves and Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do. (Sept.)

✓✓*MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR*—M-G-M: Lana Turner lifts this treatment of marriage among our young moderns into entrancing entertainment by the sincerity of her performance. John Hodiak is miscast as her Boston blue-blood husband and James Craig is solid as Lana's suitor who almost wrecks her marriage. (Nov.)

✓✓*MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE*—Warners: A knockout chiller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer, setting out to unravel the life story of the evil, unscrupulous *Dimitrios,* played by Zachary Scott. In Lorre's travels he encounters some fabulous characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, and Faye Emerson. (Sept.)

✓*MERRY MONAHANS, THE*—Universal: Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan cavort against a backstage setting and it's mighty entertaining over halfway through the picture. Then the old corn moves in. Jack Oakie plays the kids' father, Ann Blyth is Donald's sweetheart, John Miljan is the passe actor, and Isabel Jewell the meanie. (Oct.)

✓*MINSTREL MAN*—PRC: A simple, tender, nostalgic story, this has minstrel-man Benny Fields leaving his newly-born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father's profession she wants to become a minstrel woman. The music is good and Fields is superb. (Sept.)

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—Universal: Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the crew of a merchant marine ship out to his ranch and finds that it's been taken over by women. Elyse Knox is the foreman, the Andrews Sisters sing like mad and the boys expect to have a wonderful time. (Nov.)

✓✓*MR. SKEFFINGTON*—Warners: The fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains keeps your interest high. Bette is the vain, selfish woman who marries Rains for his money only to divorce him later. Surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry way until an illness destroys beauty and she finds herself alone. (Sept.)

✓✓*MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR*—Columbia: An appealing movie, with timid, hen-pecked Eddie Robinson going off to war. In the Army he heckles his sergeant until he gets into the combat mechanic unit and finally sees action. Ruth Warrick, Bob Haymes, Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong contribute to this whimsically different story. (Oct.)

✓*MUSIC IN MANHATTAN*—RKO. A cute, snappy little yarn, not very original in idea, but aglow with humor and enhanced with good acting. Anne Shirley is a fine comedienne, Phillip Terry is so good and Dennis Day is a riot as Anne's suitor. (Oct.)

✓*NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, A*—RKO: Plenty of drama with Tom Conway defending a man for murder when he has evidence that might easily point to Tom himself, for he was there when his wife's lover was



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killed. Audrey Long as the wife is most pleasing newcomer. (Sept.)

OH, WHAT A NIGHT—Monogram: Edmund Lowe is a jewel thief out to snatch the jewels of burlesque-queen Marjorie Rambeau, but Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis and Claire DeBrey are after the same thing. Jean Parker is very cute as the girl. (Nov.)

✓✓*OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY*—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are perfect choices for the roles of the two innocent young girls who practically throw Europe into an uproar. James Brown and Bill Edwards couldn't be better and Charlie Ruggles and Dorothy Gish as Gail's parents fit the story beautifully. (Oct.)

✓✓*PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE, THE*—Goldwyn: It could have been funnier, but Bob Hope as a friendly coward back in pirate days will give you laughs. Vic McLaglen is the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the nitwit pirate and Virginia Mayo is the beautiful princess. (Nov.)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Republic: Roy Rogers and Ed Gargan try to get jobs on Dale Evans' ranch in order to find some thugs. All the cow hands are girls because Dale is trying to thwart her sister Jean Porter's romantic tendencies. The story is too frail for Rogers, but the music is first-rate. (Nov.)

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD—Republic: The men of Britain who decode German secret messages are aware that a German spy is among them; and when Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed, his twin brother from Scotland Yard takes his place. Suspicion falls on everyone in the picture. (Sept.)

SECRET COMMAND—Columbia: Nazi spies again, this time in an American shipyard. So Pat O'Brien, Federal agent, pretends he's broke in order to land a job in the shipyard's crew of his brother, Chester Morris Pat has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. (Sept.)

✓*SENSATIONS OF 1945*—U. A.-Andrew Stone: Some mighty terrific entertainment is hung upon a weak little story in which stage dancer Eleanor Powell takes over as head of a publicity office just to show junior partner Dennis O'Keefe how to run his job. W. C. Fields, Eugene Pallette, Sophie Tucker, Dorothy Donegan and several good bands really liven it up. (Sept.)

SEVEN DOORS TO DEATH—PRC: A mystery chiller, with June Clyde inheriting a shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in. June is very cute; Chic Chandler tries to solve the crime. With George Meeker and Casey MacGregor. (Nov.)

✓✓*SEVENTH CROSS*—M-G-M: Seven men attempt to escape from a German concentration camp in a film that's tops in adult entertainment. Spencer is wonderful as the harrassed, tortured escapee who is helped by Hume Cronyn, whose performance is brilliant. Signe Hasso, Feliz Bressart, Agnes Moorehead and Jessica Tandy are all good. (Oct.)

✓✓✓*SINCE YOU WENT AWAY*—Selznick: Overly long and repetitious in spots, this story of the experiences of one family in the year the husband and father is at war is an emotionally moving one. Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple her daughters, Monty Wooley, their lodger, Joe Cotten, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead as the busybody, and Hattie McDaniel are all standouts. (Oct.)

✓*SONG OF NEVADA*—Republic: Dale Evans, daughter of ranch owner Thurston Hall, is about to marry a wealthy playboy, John Eldridge, when Roy Rogers thwarts him in his plan to get the ranch for himself. It's a good Western with Mary Lee and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers. (Sept.)

STARS ON PARADE—Columbia: Stand-ins Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick decide to organize a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand-in, but a misunderstanding results when Larry imagines Lynn is giving him the brush-off for Ray Walker. Jeff Donnell is a cutie but has too little to do; the musical numbers are none too good. (Oct.)

✓✓*STEP LIVELY*—RKO: Frank Sinatra is very pleasing in this remake of "Room Service," the oldie about a stranded theatrical troupe that refuses to be ejected from their one hotel room. George Murphy is the producer who tries to persuade Frankie to sing with the troupe, Gloria De Haven is the girl, Adolphe Menjou the hotel efficiency expert. (Sept.)

STORM OVER LISBON—Republic: Vera Hruba Ralston is a beautiful spy who poses as a dancer in Eric von Stronheim's cafe, and Richard Arlen is the American secret agent carrying secret films. Miss Ralston looks beautiful and gives an outstanding performance, and Otto Kruger, Eduardo Ciannelli and Mona Barrie add intrigue in the story. (Nov.)

✓*SWEET AND LOW-DOWN*—20th Century-Fox: Benny Goodman promotes young trombonist James Cardwell whom Linda Darnell loves until he gets a swelled head, and with some persuasion by singer Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Joslyn, steals Benny's boys and starts his own band. Jack Oakie injects some humor, but it's the music that makes the picture. (Nov.)

✓✓*TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT*—20th Century-Fox: Taken from the radio show, the bulk of this picture is made up of scenes from old Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan, whose wife is going to have a baby, must guess the right answers. Phil Baker plays himself and you'll enjoy seeing Alice Faye,

Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and others in various former films. (Oct.)

✓*THREE LITTLE SISTERS*—Republic. A cute, pleasing little picture. Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a visiting soldier, though you'd think they could have found something less strenuous than laundry work to do. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks. (Oct.)

✓*TILL WE MEET AGAIN*—Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are woven into the time-worn tale about an American aviator, Ray Milland, who's forced down in France and eventually reaches the coast through the help of Barbara Britton, a novice in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. Constantin Shayne is the German major. (Nov.)

WAVE, A WAC, AND A MARINE, A—Monogram: This is about two Broadway stars and their understudies who are signed by rival Hollywood agents, with all sorts of mixups resulting. Elyse Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do the best they can. (Oct.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: A whodunit that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she's met only a few times on a chase from the police. Seems as how husband Dean Jagger is suspected of murder. Neil Hamilton is excellent despite inadequate material. (Nov.)

✓✓✓*WILSON*—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year. Alexander Knox plays Wilson with complete conviction and the story of this great Democrat, his term as president and his fight for the League of Nations is truthfully and brilliantly told. Charles Coburn, Gertrude Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell are just a few of the impressive cast of this impressive picture. (Oct.)

✓✓*WING AND A PRAYER*—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkeroo, becomes an almost factual sincere document. It tells the story of a carrier and its cargo of planes. Dana Andrews as the squadron commander, Don Ameche, Bill Eythe, Richard Jaeckel and Kevin O'Shea all turn up with fine performances. (Oct.)

Additional stores where you can buy *Photoplay First Run Fashions* on Pages 78 to 82

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Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store

Coro dog-collar and comb

Boston, Mass.—W. Filene's Sons Co.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.

Cobert reversible vest

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Lerner Shops
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

Betty Barnes' Tattersall shirt

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Co.

McArthur plaid lumberjacket suit

Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th Street
Seattle, Wash—The Bon Marche

Hip-Grip slacks, pedal pusher pants, wool jersey blouse . . . all by Duchess Royal

Detroit, Mich.—Saks Fifth Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's-Wilshire Store
Toledo, Ohio—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson

Prestige colored stockings

Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co.
Schnectady, N. Y.—H. S. Barney Co.

Hollander Muskrat coat

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—John T. Shayne & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller & Co.

Sporteen wool suit

Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Bros. Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Brothers

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Cadets on Call

(*Continued from page* 62) at the importance of my part, however small it was.

These little experiences of mine as a nurse's aide aren't a circumstance to what you as a Cadet Nurse would have, but the glow that comes to each and all of us from that wonderful sense of usefulness is the same. So if you're really serious about wanting to make a contribution to your country's war effort—*enlist today as a member of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!*

JUST in case you don't know exactly what the Corps is, I'd like to tell you.

At the start of the war the nursing profession, hospitals, and so forth knew they couldn't possibly meet the stepped-up need for trained nurses in the armed forces and still provide for the home front. So they appealed to Washington for help and Congresswoman Frances Bolton of Ohio started the ball rolling by presenting to Congress an act appropriating funds for an extended nurses' training program which was passed unanimously by both houses in July, 1943. The resultant organization was called the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, and immediately launched a drive to recruit 125,000 new student nurses by July 1, 1945.

On its first birthday, the Corps proudly announced that 65,000 were already in training. But I have had sore feet and an aching back from working long hours often enough to know what the Surgeon General's office is talking about when it reports that the supply of trained nurses is still dangerously low and that tens of thousands more girls are needed at once.

The qualifications vary somewhat from state to state in accordance with laws, but generally they are these: You must be between the ages of 17-18 and 35; in good health, a graduate of an accredited high school with satisfactory grades.

If you meet these requirements and those of the school you choose, you are ready technically to apply for membership in the Corps. From what I have seen of nursing, however, it would be a good idea to ask yourself a few more questions.

Are you interested in people? Are you interested in science? Have you a sense of humor? Have you an orderly mind? Are you neat? Are you deft with your hands? Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

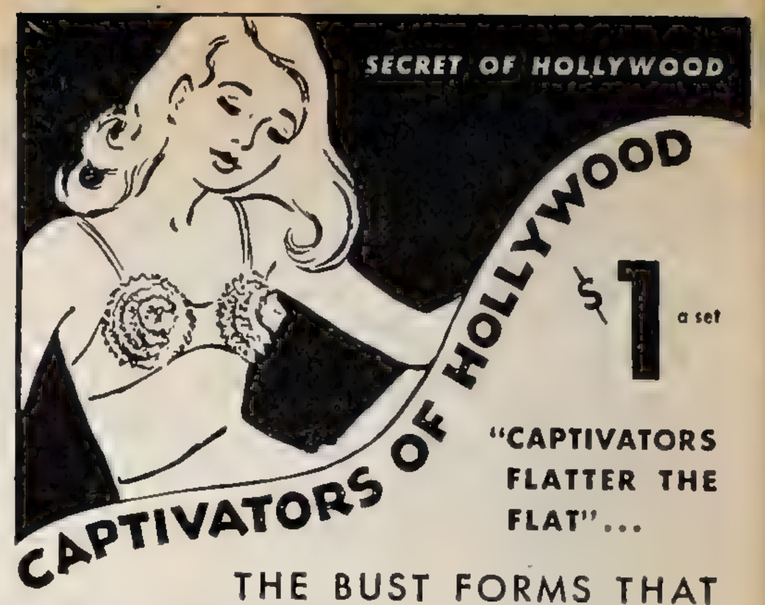
If you can say yes to these questions, you'll undoubtedly make rapid progress as a student.

Here's a very important point. You receive all this invaluable training at no expense to yourself. Your complete tuition is paid by the Corps, along with all fees, books, room and board (you will live in a girls' dormitory, as you would at college), uniforms (and they're *so* attractive!) and monthly cash allowances.

Pre-Cadets (your title for the first nine months of training) receive $15 per month in spending money in addition to all living expenses; Junior Cadets (next 15 to 21 months) receive $20; and Senior Cadets (in schools where somewhat longer training periods are in effect) at least $30.

The educational program, while accelerated to meet war needs, is nonetheless a complete nursing training. Many states permit graduation after 24 months, but in states where 36 months' training is required, Senior Cadets, until graduation, are given important assignments under

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supervision either in the home school of nursing, or other institutions.

SINCE this appeal is to girls I'll tell you more about the Cadet Nurse uniforms. Molly Parnis designed the trim suits and top coats—both of gray wool (cotton for summer months) with red epaulets and sleeve insignia, a silver Maltese Cross on a red ground. The hats are wonderful! An exact copy of the cocky berets which General Montgomery has made famous, they have been designed by Sally Victor to flatter any face. So you're going to be not only well-read and well-fed, but attractively dressed, too.

Many of you plan to marry as soon as those boys of ours come home. Nurses make fine wives and good mothers, as well as unusually able careerists. The marriage rate among nurses is high. Many essential fields, including the Army Nurse Corps are open to married nurses, and an increasing number of schools admit them.

As our Surgeon General, Dr. Thomas Parran, has said: "The young woman who has come face to face with the problems of life and death, of suffering—who uses a warm heart, wise hands and a cool head in administering to her fellow human beings in need—who has acquired an understanding of the beginning and the end of life—has indeed achieved the richest measure of her potentialities as a woman.

"Young women enlisting in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps will be serving their country in its present moment of crisis—and will be prepared to play their vital part in the days of peace to come."

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TO APPLY

For more detailed information on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, get in touch with your local hospital, write your State Nursing Council for War Service, or mail this coupon.

To join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, apply to the school of nursing of your choice. A list of more than 1,000 approved schools of nursing is obtainable from any one of the above sources. Secure information from at least two schools before making your decision, then select the school that is right for you.

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS
Box 88, New York 8, N. Y

I have read the Photoplay story on Cadet Nurses. Please send me information booklet and list of approved schools.

Name

Address

City

State

Age

High-school senior

High-school graduate

College graduate

Graduation date

Degree

Present occupation

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DRESS HIM UP FOR CHRISTMAS

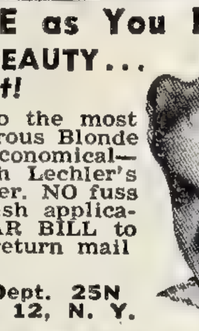


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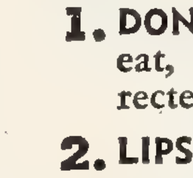
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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

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Name.....Have You Instr.?.....
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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 4*)

$1.00 PRIZE
Ayres in Attendance

THERE has been a lot of talk about Lew Ayres, both good and bad. When I heard the following story it confirmed my feeling that Lew Ayres is a fine, sincere person.

A friend of mine has a brother who was wounded on Guam. He was then moved to a large base hospital and he was so badly wounded he could not write. His sister began to receive very nice letters telling the full extent of his injuries and personal news from him. These letters were all signed "A Red Cross Worker." It seems that the writer was an assistant to the chaplain there, and was writing letters for the boys and doing many things to help cheer them. This person was none other than Lew Ayres.

Patricia A. Potter,
Aspinwall, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Coming Up"

HOLLYWOOD knows that the young personalities of today in the movie world are gaining top honors and soon will be ranking with the renowned stars.

Take, for example, cute and petite June Allyson. This young star has risen from obscurity to what she is today—a girl who has stolen the hearts of millions of Americans. She is a budding sample of American youth at its best. I'd like to pass this on to her studio, M-G-M: Please put her in more musicals. Her performance in "Two Girls And A Sailor" was oustanding. In fact, I enjoyed it so much I took the delight of seeing it seven times.

Eleanor Muth,
Baltimore, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Memory Lingers . . .

WE WERE all overjoyed that Paris was liberated, but when I read that Maurice Chevalier had been reported shot for collaborating with the Germans, I was taken back in memory to the 1930's.

Many an afternoon during those years we were all entertained on the screen by a fellow with a straw hat and wide smile. He sang and danced his way into our hearts and had a certain sex appeal which many of the actors of today lack. Whenever I think of Chevalier, I like to think of him as "painting his clouds with sunshine," and therefore know that it was with a sigh of regret that we read of the terrible mistake he was said to have made. I write this as a tribute to the way he fought in World War I, and to the many entertaining moments he gave us.

Martha A. Jones,
Cumberland, Md.

$1.00 PRIZE
Boots and Buddies

FARLEY GRANGER was my buddy. We bunked side by side in Farragut, Idaho. We were great friends and I have come to know a great guy and a wonderful pal.

Your articles concerning him have been pretty good, but I always smile anyway at Hollywood's "glamour" biographies. I

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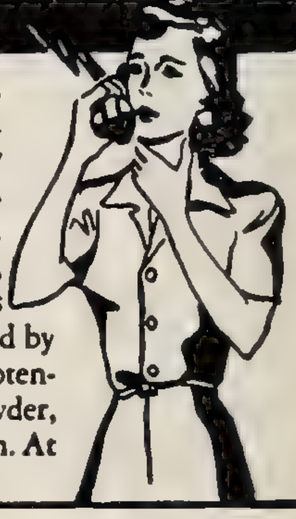


Clearly a designer's triumph—this smart new zippered purse for bills and coins. Only 3¾" x 3½" closed, but amply roomy when open. Of long-wearing satiny plaid with moire lining. **$1.50,** including 20% tax.

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Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES. Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 6204, Detroit 4, Mich.

never went "Hollywood" because of splash publicity, fame or fashion. Nor did I go "Hollywood" when I knew Farley. His pure character and honest true friendship are the credit points.

I have been with Farley in many activities. In everything I have always seen a real swell guy.

If he ever becomes decadent and loose, a visitor of the divorce courts, and worldly, Hollywood should get a good swift kick. God bless the kid. I'll never forget him.

Gilbert G. Gervais, Y3c, USNR.,
USNTC, Farragut, Ida.

HONORABLE MENTION

I WONDER how many of the fans whose devotion to movies have made them the popular success they are know that hundreds of books and articles have been written on the subject.

What man or woman who loves the movies would not be enchanted with its magic history as unfolded in the pages of Terry Ramsaye's "A Million And One Nights"? Or in Linda Griffith's "When The Movies Were Young" and in William De Mille's "Hollywood Saga"? And how could they resist the enchantment of the old stills in Rotha's "Movie Parade" or the more recent "Pictorial History Of The Screen"? Almost I think we owe it to our old favorites—the Pearl Whites, Theda Baras, Francis X. Bushmans—to renew our acquaintance with them.

Sonia Volochova,
Los Angeles, Cal.

I WOULD like to congratulate Irene Manning on her wonderful plan to tour the camps and sing religious songs. I am just one among millions who has someone in the service and would like him to see and hear an entertainer who does something else besides show her figure and give witty sayings. May some more stars follow in Miss Manning's footsteps?

Marcella Hurlack,
East St. Louis, Ill.

THE boys overseas appreciate all the celebrities who come over to entertain them. Some are headliners who exact payment in publicity . . . But there are the unsung others who go the hard way without the stimulus of the spotlight.

I heard about one of them from Pvt. William Beiswanger in Italy. This gallant lady isn't beautiful or glamorous, is not a big name any more. But she is popular with the boys because she goes to sequestered sectors passed up by the "important names." She puts on shows (and puts them over) where the GI's are the actors and she acts as Mistress of Ceremonies.

Her name is Polly Moran. I can imagine Marie Dressler, her former sidekick, looking on from wherever she is and shouting, "You're wowing 'em, trouper!"

Lucky Crane,
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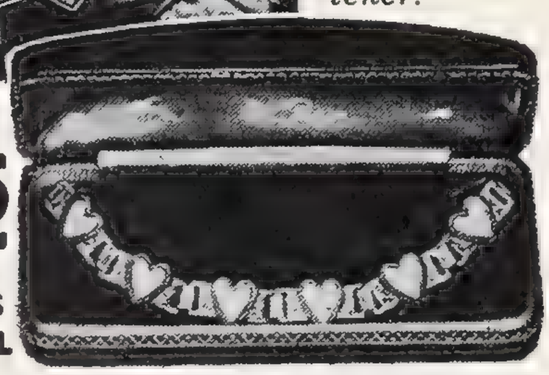
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BABES ON SWING STREET—Universal: *Carol Curtis,* Ann Blyth; *Trudy Costello,* Peggy Ryan; *Joe Costello,* Andy Devine; *Malcolm Curtis,* Leon Errol; *Francis Carlyle,* Anne Gwynne; *Dick Lorimer,* Kirby Grant; *Fern Wallace,* June Preisser; *Martha Curtis,* Alma Kruger; *Billy Harper,* Billy Dunn; *Corny Panatowski,* Sidney Miller, and Marion Hutton, Freddie Slack and his Orch and the Rubenettes.

DARK MOUNTAIN—Paramount: *Don Bradley,* Robert Lowery; *Kay Downey,* Ellen Drew; *Steve Downey,* Regis Toomey; *Willie,* Eddie Quillan; *Whitey,* Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Sanford,* Ralph Dunn; *Ranger,* Jack Gardner; *Uncle Sam,* Walter Baldwin; *Aunt Pattie,* Rose Plumber; *Aletha,* Virginia Sale; *Harvey Bates,* Byron Foulger; *Hunk,* Johnny Fisher; *Dave Lewis,* Alex Callam; *Waiter,* Eddie Kane; *Bookkeeper,* Angelos Desfis.

DEAD MAN'S EYES—Universal: *Dave Stuart,* Lon Chaney; *Heather Hayden,* Jean Parker; *Allan Bittaker,* Paul Kelly; *Stanley Hayden,* Edward Fielding; *Tanya,* Acquanetta; *Dr. Wells,* Jonathan Hale; *Nick Philips,* George Meeker; *Capt. Drury,* Thomas Gomez.

DOUGHGIRLS, THE—Warners: *Edna,* Ann Sheridan; *Nan,* Alexis Smith; *Arthur,* Jack Carson; *Vivian,* Jane Wyman; *Mrs. Cadman,* Irene Manning; *Slade,* Charlie Ruggles; *Natalia,* Eve Arden; *Julian,* John Ridgely; *Breckenridge Drake,* Alan Mowbray; *Buckley,* John Alexander; *Tom,* Craig Stevens; *Mrs. Cartwright,* Barbara Brown; *Lt. Keary,* Stephen Richards; *Mr. Jordan,* Francis Pierlot; *Judge Franklin,* Donald MacBride; *Timothy Walsh,* Regis Toomey; *The Stranger,* Joe De Rita.

FRENCHMEN'S CREEK—Paramount: *Dona St. Columb,* Joan Fontaine; *Jean Benoit Aubrey,* Arturo de Cordova; *Harry St. Columb,* Ralph Forbes; *Lord Godolphin,* Nigel Bruce; *William,* Cecil Kellaway; *Rockingham,* Basil Rathbone; *Henrietta,* Patricia Barker; *James,* David James; *Prue,* Mary Field; *Martin,* David Clyde; *Lady Godolphin,* Doris Lloyd; *Thomas,* Charles Coleman; Pierre Bianc, *Billy* Daniels; *Edmond,* Harald Ramond.

GOIN' TO TOWN—RKO: *Lum,* Chester Lauck; *Abner,* Norris Goff; *Sally,* Barbara Hale; *Abigail,* Florence Lake; *Squire,* Dick Elliott; *Cedric,* Grady Sutton; *Wentworth,* Herbert Rawlinson; *Jimmy Benton,* Dick Baldwin; *Zeke,* Ernie Adams; *Clarke,* Jack Rice; *Dr. Crane,* Sam Flint; *Parker,* Andrew Tombes; *Jameson,* George Chandler; *Mrs. Wentworth,* Ruth Lee; *Grandpappy Spears,* Danny Duncan; *Camellia,* Marietta Canty; *N. T. G.,* Nils T. Granlund.

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING—20th Century-Fox: *Maggie,* Jeanne Crain; *Lt. Daniel Ferguson,* Frank Latimore; *H. B. Preston,* Eugene Pallete; *Mrs. Preston,* Mary Nash; *Lt. Red Pianatowski,* Stanley Prager; *Shirley,* Gale Robbins; *Jerry Armstrong,* Jane Randolph; *Mrs. MacAndrews,* Doris Merrick; *Mrs. Sayre,* Cara Williams; *Mrs. Bennett,* Ann Corcoran; *Maj. Phillips,* Reed Hadley; *Mrs. Nelson,* Heather Angel; *Mrs. Farnum,* Bonnie Bannon; *Lt. Farnum,* William Colby; *Col. Corkery,* Cliff Clark; *Mrs. Corkery,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Mrs. Cook,* Marjorie Masson; *Lt. Sayre,* Lee Bennett; *Lt. Sullivan,* Roger Clark; *Maj. Reid,* Carleton Young; *Emma,* Mae Marsh; *Mrs. Phillips,* Ruth Clifford; *Capt. MacAndrews,* Frank Wilcox; *Lt. Larkin,* Glenn Langan; *Henry,* Clarence Muse; *Lt. Eley,* Blake Edwards; *Lucille Eley,* Mary McCarty; *Hiram Morehouse,* Olin Howlin; *Mrs. Morsby,* Evelyn Mulhall; *Mrs. Sullivan,* Geraldine Wall; *Lt. Bennett,* Don Hayden; *Mrs. Dalrymple,* Lillian Bronson; *Milkman,* Eddie Acuff; *Billy Sullivan,* Merrill Rodin; *Cathy Reid,* Janet Burston; *Maj. Gen. B. R. Garnett,* Paul Harvey; *Postman,* Milton Kibbee; *Junior Phillips,* Marvin Davis; *Capt. Morris,* Charles Haves; *Colonel Jessup,* Frank McLure; *Man at Station,* B. S. Pully.

MASTER RACE, THE—RKO: *Col. Von Beck,* George Coulouris; *Maj Philip Carson,* Stanley Ridges; *Helena,* Osa Massen; *Andrei,* Carl Esmond; *Nina,* Nancy Gates; *Mrs. Varin,* Helen Beverly; *Bartok,* Morris Carnovsky; *Katry,* Paul Guilfoyle; *Frank,* Lloyd Bridges; *Capt. Forsythe,* Gavin Muir.

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MY PAL WOLF—RKO: *Gretchen,* Sharyn Moffett; *Miss Munn,* Jill Esmond; *Mrs. Blevins,* Una O'Connor; *Ruby,* Claire Carleton; *Wilson,* George Cleveland; *Mrs. Anstey,* Leona Marille; *Mr. Anstey,* Bruce Edwards; *Mr. Eisdaar,* Charles Arnt; *Mrs. Eisdaar,* Olga Fabian; *Karl,* Bobby Larson; *Alf,*



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NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—RKO: *Ernie Mott,* Cary Grant; *Ma Mott,* Ethel Barrymore; *Twite,* Barry Fitzgerald; *Ada,* June Duprez; *Aggie Hunter,* Jane Wyatt; *Jim Mordinoy,* George Coulouris; *Lew Tate,* Dan Duryea; *Dad Prettyjohn,* Konstantin Shayne; *Ma Chalmers,* Eva Leonard Boyne; *Taz,* Morton Lowrey; *Sister Nurse,* Helene Thimig.

SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU—Universal: *John Caldwell,* Jon Hall; *Virginia McCooley,* Louise Allbritton; *Philip McCooley,* Edward Everett Horton; *Nelson,* Eric Blore; *Bus Driver,* Buster Keaton; *Miss Jones,* Irene Ryan; *Walter McCooley,* Rudy Wissler; *Joey McCooley,* Gerald Perreau; *Larry McCooley,* Charles Bates; *Pete McCooley,* Don Davis; *Miss Lake,* Florence Lake; *Percy,* Chester Clute; *Mrs. Lovelace,* Sarah Selby.

TALL IN THE SADDLE—RKO: *Rocklin,* John Wayne; *Arly,* Ella Raines; *Clara,* Audrey Long, *Dave,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Miss Martin,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Garvey,* Ward Bond; *Haroldav,* Don Douglas; *Clint,* Russell Wade; *Juan,* Frank Puglia; *Bob Clews,* Paul Fix; *George Clews,* Harry Woods; *Jackson,* Emory Parnell; *Cap,* Cy Kendall; *Doc Riding,* Bob McKenzie; *Zeke,* Raymond Hatton.

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: *Tim Jones,* Richard Arlen; *Betty Moody,* Ellen Drew; *Dr. Svatzky,* Leonid Kinsky; *R. P. Moody,* Minor Watson; *Hilton Payne,* Richard Bailey; *Miss Wilson,* Marjorie Manners; *Hettie Moody,* Madeline Grey; *Dr. Calloway,* Alex Callam; *Barber,* P. J. Kelly; *Office Boy,* Billy Benedict; *Waiter,* Jack Chefe.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN—PRC: *Ted Benson,* James Lydon; *Bill Regan,* Regis Toomey; *Pat Benson,* George Cleveland; *Mr. Benson,* Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Petersen,* Dorothy Peterson; *Tom Cary,* Harry Shannon; *Andy,* Lucien Littlefield; *Joe,* Luis Alberni; *Old Pan Handler,* Emmett Lynn; *Engineer,* Joseph Crehan; *Joey Benson,* Warren Mills; *Peggy,* Jill Browning; *Barbara,* Roberta Carling; *Medical Officer,* Larry Thompson.

Three Wonderful Weeks

(*Continued from page* 29) and Hollywood.

Finally, he said, "Miss Bari, do you mind if we go inside?"

"Of course not," I told him.

"You see," he explained, "what you are telling me is very interesting and I don't want to miss any of it."

"Why—" I began. He interrupted me quietly.

"I am stone deaf. And it is too dark to read your lips."

I guess I looked shocked, because he hurried to reassure me. "It's quite all right. I get along fine."

That's right. He did get along fine. He'll get along fine all the rest of his life, I feel sure, whether or not he ever hears again. And, besides, he may hear again. That's the wonderful thing about modern science.

Yes, it's wonderful what is being done for the wounded and the sick and the maimed in this World War II. But, wonderful as it is, it isn't half so wonderful as the spirit and the courage of the men it is being done for. That is the best of all.

Oh, I don't mean that everything is sweetness and light at these servicemen's hospitals scattered over the country. It isn't. There are boys there who are very sick and boys who have been badly injured. To see them brings home to you just how terrible a thing war is. But in the main, and no matter what has happened to them, the boys that Ray and I met on that long tour of ours were on their way back, if not to complete recovery physically, at least to mental and spiritual normalcy.

You can't keep an American boy down, I guess. And realizing this firsthand, as Ray and I did, was a privilege I shall always be grateful for.

THE END



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Beauty Workshop
by Betsy Sanford

Look To Your Locks



For that gleam and gloss in your hair do as lovely Janet Blair does. Brush with long firm strokes as you lie across the bed, your head hanging over the side

STAR after star in Hollywood does her own hair, especially between pictures. Their hair-do rituals, based on proper diet, brushing and faithful care, are simple but they get results as you very well know from the shining heads you see on the screen.

Sparkle . . . Gloss begins with brushing, green vegetables and fruit, says Hollywood, to say nothing of strict cleanliness. So you brush, brush, brush, head lowered as in Janet Blair's technique or at least with head bent over for circulation's sake. Veronica Lake uses two brushes, one in each hand; Louise Allbritton carries a small one in her handbag for in-between fix-ups. Brushing is a fetish with Hollywood's brightest stars, you see.

Shampoos . . . The shampoos the stars use are no secret formula, but the same excellent shampoos available to you and you. These run the gamut . . . shampoos to brighten light hair, others with oil base or hair-conditioner to do an all-round marvelous job of making every hair gleam. Still others are designed to combat special scalp problems. Some stars even keep two shampoos on hand, one for regular use and one for emergencies to dry-clean their hair in a jiffy.

Tints, Rinses . . . You've probably wondered about these, maybe wished you dared try them to change the shade of your hair slightly and give it new highlights. It's a grand idea and Janet Blair has no hackneyed inhibitions about them. Actually, the modern tinted rinse is easy, harmless to use, isn't permanent but is subtly glamour-giving, a slick trick before special dates.

Home-Care Rules . . . After you've washed all your combs and hairbrush—(a good stiff one) apply cuticle remover to your nails to soften rough dead edges while your hands are in soapy water. "Three-and better, four—sudsings should cleanse your hair thoroughly," says Ellen Drew. "And the more rinsing the better until your hair squeaks." Now the tinted rinse or a rinse that merely adds sparkle and lavender fragrance and you're ready to set your hair.

Please, no dinky little tight curls! Make *big* curls with plenty of hair in each clump you pin down. Hedy Lamarr, whose gorgeous raven locks are something to dream of, makes very large curls, her hair wound around two fingers.

Shampoos have the tendency to dry the skin of face and hands, so repair the damages at once with face and hand creams and lotions while your hair is drying. One final jog to your memory. Don't forget that bright ribbons, pastel snoods and nets do away with that discouraging "drowned rat" look until the bobby pins come out and your hair looks shining, smooth and lovely again.

Four Stars' Tricks

Loretta Young *doesn't necessarily wait until bedtime to brush her hair! She picks up her brush at odd moments during the day. She styles her own hair, too, because she feels that she herself can work out more variety.* Lana Turner, *next appearing in "A Woman's Army," has this recipe for keeping her lovely blonde hair so brilliant: A weekly shampoo, vigorous brushing (lots of it) and sun, sun, sun on her hair!* Merle Oberon *believes in changing her hair styles often—because, she says, "It keeps you out of a beauty rut."* Greer Garson, *whose cedar-red hair is famous even in Hollywood, says she gets a curlier effect if she partially dries her hair, in the sun if possible, before pinning it into curls.*

SHE'S WEARING 'SPELLBOUND'

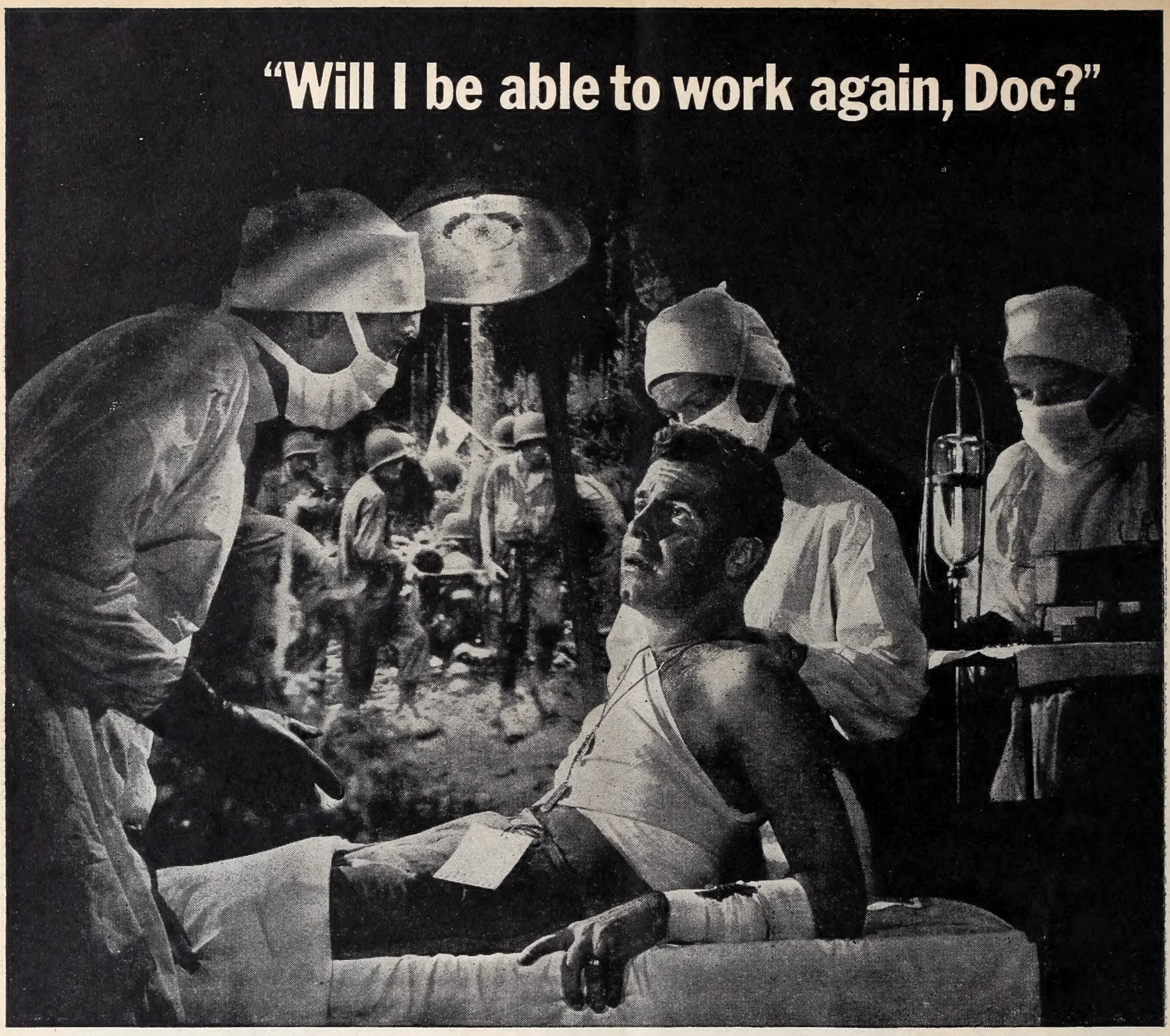
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Lynette





"Will I be able to work again, Doc?"



Sure, he'll be able to work again. As good a machinist as ever. Because wartime science is working miracles.

But, he could have asked this question—and it's not one for the doctor to answer.

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Will 10 million fighting men find jobs when they come back to the industrial pace of peace? . . .

Will more *millions* of men and women now at full-time all-out war-jobs—have work in postwar America?

The answer "yes" is right in your hands—the hands that today are making the goods of war.

You can give America the "go ahead" for a peacetime prosperity you've never dreamed possible! *You* can protect YOUR JOB—*you* can make jobs for our war veterans when they come back.

It's just this simple: You have a job right now because someone—WAR—is a ready customer for everything you can make. And WAR can pay cash for it.

What more and more people *must* know and believe is that war isn't the only customer big enough to make jobs enough. What one big customer can do millions of smaller ones can do *if* they have the money. And today's War Bonds are the surest, simplest way for American families to have that ready cash later on... cash that holds the key to jobs.

The electric refrigerator you save for now to buy after the war will make *jobs* as well as *ice*.

It'll be your money that pays welders, electricians, and truckmen . . . your money that "buys" all the jobs in the making of your one electric refrigerator.

Multiply the postwar refrigerator you're saving for now by millions of refrigerators that other families save for, *your* postwar car by millions of other cars, *your* postwar radio by millions of other radios, and postwar jobs can total up to the millions America will need when the shooting stops.

Yes, this can all be true IF you and millions like you have War savings enough to *spend* later.

No other group in America is big enough to do this job. *That's why America depends on you.*

—*PHOTOPLAY*

War Bonds Today can be JOB BONDS Tomorrow!

BUY YOUR SIXTH WAR LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

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LENORE AUBERT
Samuel Goldwyn Star
Called the girl with the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood.



Both far and near to ALL—Good Cheer

Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you that at Christmastime when you get together the best of everything for real enjoyment . . . the cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is ★ ★ ★

CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

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